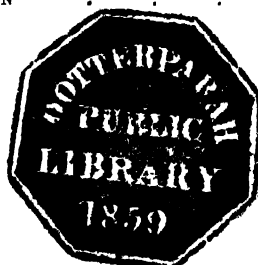
DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCI. SEPTEMBER, 1849. Vol. XXXIV.

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DUBLIN

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WM. S. ORR AND CO. 147 STRAND LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The Editor of the Dublin University Magazine, finding it quite impossible to read and answer the innumerable communications sent to him, gives notice that he will not undertake to read or return MSS. unless he has intimated to the writer his wish to have them forwarded for perusal.

Dublin, January, 1849.

THE DUBLIN
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No. CCI. SEPTEMBER, 1849. Vol. XXXIV.

The Queen.

Short as is the interval which must elapse before these pages must be in press, we cannot suffer them to go forth to our readers unimpressed with the record of the profound and heart-thrilling emotions which her Majesty's most gracious visit has called forth. Our Queen has been among us. Like a bright and lovely vision has been her brief sojourn; but for ever upon the hearts and memories of thousands and tens of thousands of her Irish subjects are the impressions of that vision engraved—deep, cherished, and ineffaceable. Ardent as was the enthusiasm with which we rushed to meet our Sovereign on our shores, it burned brighter and more intense every moment of her stay; daily and hourly she won upon our hearts up to the very moment of her departure; and when the royal yacht that bore her from our coast had faded in the distance, and our straining eyes could no longer recognise our Queen as she waived us her adieux, when we at last despaired that our "one cheer more" could strike upon her ear, and we turned homeward; there was not one among the countless multitude that witnessed that overpowering scene, not one who was exposed to the electric shock of loyalty which thrilled through that mighty throng, who did not feel that blank of heart that is occasioned by parting with one we love, and who was not moved in his inmost soul to say—God bless her.

We glory in our Queen, and we are proud of our countrymen for the reception which they gave her. There is not a man of the thousands who rushed forward to tender his homage and give assurance of his loyalty, who does not feel his breast glow with a conscious satisfaction that in no part of her dominions has her Majesty met with such a reception, and that it never can be surpassed. Of strong passions, of ardent imagination, and with a deference to rank and sex unequalled at this age in any country, Irishmen found, in devotion to their Queen, the true object for one of the strongest and most generous emotions of their nature. It was not for any expected gaieties of the metropolis that our gentry, regardless of all inconvenience, crowded up in thousands to our city. To suppose this were simply absurd. A levee and drawing-room, the public entrance and departure of our Sovereign, with a review in the Park, comprised all the proceedings of the week at which the vast majority could participate; still less was it occasioned by any expectation of advantage to result from the royal visit. It was simply the generous impulse of disinterested feeling; it was the spontaneous and uncontrollable outburst of loyalty.

There is implanted in every man a generous admiration of rank, a respectful submission to authority, a veneration for that which is powerful, which is exalted, and which is hallowed by high, by glorious, and by heart-stirring associations—society would be a chaos, man would be a ruin, were it otherwise. From the simplest relations of domestic life up to the most comprehensive connexions of society, this principle of our nature is perpetually exercising its beneficent functions. If the children of a family were to refuse to love and obey its head, until they had satisfied themselves of his wisdom, his worth, and the propriety of his desires; if the mob of the country were to refuse to obey its laws until they had thoroughly convinced themselves of their policy; if, in short, man were abandoned to the guidance

of his mere intellect, and were able to shake off the embodied wisdom of his forefathers which is represented in the prejudices he has inherited, and the veneration for authority and exalted station which is a part of his very nature, we know of no form under which society could be preserved but that of stern tyranny on the part of the more powerful and a forced obedience on the weaker part, the charm of existence would be gone; nay, even religion itself, the faith and reverence in which our prospects of eternity consist, depends largely on this very principle of our nature.

Surely if anything could read a lesson to those shallow coxcombs who would govern a people on the wretched principles of mere political economy, it would be the enthusiastic throbbings of disinterested emotion which beat in every heart while our Queen was amongst us. How will those men, if any such there be, who have been so "cheated by nature," so "deformed, unfinished," as not to feel those high qualities on which loyalty depends —who see nothing, who feel nothing, in the august presence of their Queen, but that she is the chief magistrate of a powerful state, and know no stirring of the heart until they have calculated the advantages which flow from her beneficent rule—how will they explain the intensity of emotion which Ireland has just exhibited? And should there chance to be any stray republican amongst us, we would ask him, if he be an honest man, could any elected magistrate chosen by the people from among themselves, no matter what be his virtues or his worth, could he command one tittle of the respectful homage which it is the glory of Ireland to have paid to her liege sovereign; and what substitute will he suggest in the government of a nation for this amount of free-given, unpurchaseable devotion to its chief?

It delights us to dwell upon the manifestation of love and duty which our country has just presented. To our brethren in the sister kingdoms, who know us not, who form their estimate of Irish feeling from our public press, debased as it for the most part is by subservience to the narrow interests of party politics and sectarian animosities, it must have been astounding. The nobles and gentry of Ireland, of every shade of politics, without any distinction of religious faith, crowded to the court of our Queen. Our counties, our great cities, Belfast, Limerick, Cork, Clonmel, Waterford, Carlow, and others, sent deputations to present addresses. The radical corporation of Dublin, the ever loyal and Protestant University, the Wesleyan Methodists, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and those unequalled benefactors of their country, the Society of Friends, all concurred in doing homage to their Sovereign. Thousands of the middle classes, the farmers and shopkeepers of the country, whose circumstances admitted of it, hastened to the metropolis to look upon their Queen, and give her welcome. All the middle classes of Cork, of Dublin, and of Belfast, the three cities which she graced with her presence, made universal holiday while she sojourned with them. The public opinion could not possibly be more justly tested nor more unequivocally expressed; it declared, as with the voice of one man, long as has been our suffering, dire as has been our distress, angry and exasperating as have been our mutual collisions, we will forget the one, and, at least, suspend the other—we can, at least rejoice, and rejoice in concert, in the presence of our Queen.

Must we, then, acknowledge with grief, must we avow with indignation, that there were any to be found who withheld the expression of their congratulations on this auspicious occasion. Yes, be it ever remembered, that no fewer than TWELVE of the Roman Catholic prelates of Ireland withheld their signatures from the address, cautious and lukewarm as it was, which was presented by their fellows, and that that address guardedly declared that those who signed it, fourteen in number, did not profess to speak the sentiments of others. TWELVE Roman Catholic prelates were found in Ireland who declined to acknowledge the supremacy of their Queen.

Our own opinions as to Roman Catholic loyalty are well known. We are entirely convinced that the Roman Catholic *priesthood* do not now, and we greatly fear that they never will, bear true allegiance to the Protestant monarch of a Protestant state. And we believe that their influence, so ong as it lasts, will be exerted to the

uttermost to curb and to divert the loyalty of their people. And we are equally convinced that the loyalty of the Roman Catholic *laity* who have shaken off, or are removed by their station from the political trammels of the priesthood, is steadfast and sincere. Every step that is taken towards the improvement of the people, everything that tends to restore the landed gentry of Ireland, or where that is unhappily impossible, to introduce a new and vigorous proprietary, to secure to Ireland a race of landlords who by discharging the duties will command the influence of their station, will rapidly diminish the political influence of the priesthood, until it entirely disappears, and the loyalty of even the lower classes of the Irish laity present no blemish. And surely, so far as the spirit of loyalty can be developed by religious faith, no form of Christianity can compare with the Roman Catholic, grievously as it is in error. Its claim to antiquity, its solemn mysteries, its spacious temples, its gorgeous ceremonies, its authoritative teaching, control and keep in check the arrogance of man's intellect, and develop, even to an undue intensity, his imagination and his affections. They teach him to bow to that which is above him, and to invest it with mystery, with reverence, and with awe. The usurped and anomalous assertion of political influence by the priesthood may to some extent obscure *the object* to which the loyalty of the heart would turn; but this will disappear, and with affections and imagination naturally strong, and disciplined to a great extent by religious faith, the heart of the nation will recognise the true object of its loyalty in the powerful, benign, and lovely monarch, who has graced us with her presence.

We have already noticed the universal manifestation of loyalty from the Roman Catholic nobles, gentry, and middle classes—from the entire bulk of the Roman Catholic population who can disregard the political shackles of their priests—from all who should be taken account of in the estimate of public opinion, and all who were fitted to give it expression—we record it with joy and with pride. We have, on the other, noticed how nearly one-half of the Roman Catholic prelates refused to tender their allegiance to their Queen. But this is not all: from the very moment that her Majesty announced her gracious intention of visiting this country, the leading journal of the Roman Catholic priesthood exerted itself to the utmost limit that, with decency, it could venture to do, to damp the ardour of her reception. In this respect it but followed in the footsteps of the late Mr. O'Connell and others, who, by every threat of annoyance, have hitherto persisted in excluding her Majesty from her Irish dominions. We remember when it was formerly intimated that the Queen was to visit us, Mr. O'Connell came forth with a blustering menace that he would have every wall in Dublin placarded with "Repeal"—that the loud cry of "Repeal" should ring in her ears from the moment that she landed on our shores until she left us. We recollect, too, that the *Nation* newspaper threatened that "the black flag of Skibbereen" should be carried before her ministers in her progress through the country, from one extremity of it to the other. These things, which we gladly would have forgotten, are called to our recollection by the paper to which we have referred, the *Freeman's Journal.* Take, for example, the following, from the publication of the 9th July last:—

"THE ROYAL VISIT—THE STATE PRISONERS.

"The Queen is coming, and the Swift has come. One of her Majesty's vessels of war has already anchored in Kingstown to bear away the state prisoners to their sad destination—a fitting prelude to the mock ceremony which her Majesty's ministers and advisers have prepared for her first introduction to her Irish subjects.

* * * * *

"And is this the way they commend the Queen and her consort to the admiration and applause of the Irish people? Have these men eyes to see, or ears to hear, or hearts to feel? Do they not see the false position in which they place their royal mistress? Surely the events of the last week must have removed the film from their eyes, and enabled those blind and narrow-souled men to comprehend fully the force of public opinion. They have done everything in their power to weaken the effect which such a visit was otherwise calculated to create. The Queen went to Scotland in state, surrounded with all the pomps and adornments of roy-

alty—they bring her over to Ireland without any of those accompaniments which should grace the first advent of the Monarch to her realm of Ireland.

"The royal yacht will run into Cove, and enable her Majesty to catch a passing glimpse of the beautiful harbour—the noblest in her Majesty's dominions—and the whitewashed houses that run up in pleasant terraces from the water's edge. She will see Haulbowline the deserted, and, perhaps, pay a visit to Spike Island, the first station of political convicts on their dismal way to the tropics. Four days, with an undress levee and drawing-room at the Castle, it being generously considered that the Dublin shopkeepers and merchants should not be pampered with too large a sale of goods, lest Irish manufacture should flourish for a week—four days are the liberal allowance for the first visit to the second city of her dominions.

* * * * *

"We anticipate nothing; but to withhold the extension of the royal clemency from the last remnant of the state prisoners, at a time when an act of mercy would redound so much to the popularity of the sovereign, imposes a responsibility which no advisers of the crown would willingly accept. We had some hopes that the ministry would reserve this act of generosity for the first appearance of Queen Victoria in the realm of Ireland. But the sailing of the Elphinstone has dissipated the expectation. The Swift will soon be on the same track. All must be pure and clean for the Queen's presence—disaffection and discontentment must not taint the air. Would that we could greet the Queen with such a charming reality!"

Surely, we need not pause to comment on this extract—we can afford to pass it by with the contempt with which it was received by the country—we cite it but as an instance of the tone which was adopted by a journal largely supported by the Roman Catholic priests, to damp the national ardour on the occasion of her Majesty's visit—we adduce it simply as corroborating the views which we have long held, and here again repeated as to the disaffection of the Roman Catholic priesthood. We pass by the unmanly insult which calls her Majesty's well-meant, considerate visit, "a mock ceremony;" the sneer at the levee and drawing-room, than which St. James' never exhibited any more brilliant; the audacious sympathy with the most sanguinary revolutionists that ever imperilled a civilised land; men, who, whatever we may have heard of the private amiability of some of them, yet in their public counsels goaded on their followers to massacre, and massacre in the most revolting forms. These things we would not dwell on here, nor on the covert threat of discontent and disaffection with which this extract concludes. This journal had forfeited the confidence of these very traitors; it lost it by illustrating in its fullest sense, the old adage of "letting, I dare not, wait upon I would;" it had ever a lively fear of the Attorney-General before its eyes; and now it struggles to conciliate the remnant of a faction, whose only virtue was their courage, by subtle efforts, to mortify a lady, and their Queen. But there is just one thing we would notice—this article falsely states, that the Queen had gone in state to Scotland, and it does so, that its readers might infer that Ireland was a less esteemed—that it was a slighted portion of her dominions. Now, this is simply false—the Queen did not go in state to Scotland; and, even had she come to us surrounded by all the emblems of majesty—even had she been attended by all the paraphernalia of her exalted station—we are convinced that she never would have won upon the Irish heart as she did by coming amongst us as we saw her, accompanied by her noble consort and her children; graced by all the womanly virtues which we prize so highly, and can estimate so well, in the simple elegance which flows from a pure taste and refined mind; rejecting the ostentatious display of pomp and parade which feeble minds only delight in; driving through our streets, visiting our institutions unattended by any escort, but that of the cheering thousands of her Irish subjects, and seeking, by every act of kind consideration, not to impress us with her supremacy, but to win upon our love.

We are bound to say that the organ of the Roman Catholic priests did not stand alone in its struggles to render her Majesty's visit unsatisfactory to her, and painful to every loyal mind.

Other newspapers of the radical party hounded in to the cry. A few, even of our conservative journals, although declaring strongly, and no doubt truly,

their devotion to the royal person and family, yet, too decidedly expressed their feeling, that the royal visit, which at another time would have been most acceptable, was now ill-timed. In this opinion we never could concur. If there be, as unhappily there is, a pressure on the various classes of Irish society, arising from the dreadful visitation of famine, with which for three successive years it has pleased the Almighty to visit this land—if there be, as thank God there is, an abundant promise for the future, what fitter time could the Queen have chosen for her visit than that in which she came to us, cheering us by her presence after the affliction through which we had passed, and herself a bright harbinger of the future. The official announcement of her intention to visit us considerately declared that, by reason of our straitened circumstances, she did not desire any expense to be incurred in preparations for her reception. We know of no outlay which any one incurred, except that attendant on a week's residence in Dublin; and if this expenditure withdrew a certain amount of each visitor's income from the poor of his own district, it distributed it amongst those who are equally deserving and equally necessitous — the traders and artisans of the metropolis. But the truth is, that the intelligence of the country, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, is rapidly advancing; all who are to be taken account of in the estimate of public opinion are beginning to think and to act for themselves, and will less and less every day suffer themselves to be rough-ridden, either by public agitators or writers in newspapers; and right nobly did they manifest this determination, by the enthusiastic heartiness which greeted our Queen on every hand during her too brief stay amongst us.

It would be idle and impossible to attempt to describe the particulars of her Majesty's visit. They have been already copied into every newspaper in the kingdom, and in our limited space we could give no clear conception of them. We would be but repeating a narrative which is already familiar to the greater portion of our readers; a very brief outline is all that we shall attempt.

Early on the morning of Friday, the 3rd of August, her Majesty first set foot on Irish soil, in the noblest harbour of her dominions—the Cove of Cork, henceforth to be known as Queenstown, her Majesty having, at the request of the inhabitants, been pleased to change the name, in commemoration of the auspicious occurrence. That day her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert and four of the royal children, drove through the city of Cork, escorted by the Earl of Bandon, the high sheriff of the county, and nobly did the warm-hearted and intelligent men of the south manifest their loyalty on that occasion. Her Majesty was deeply moved with the cordiality of her first welcome. The noble earl had the honor of dining in the evening in the royal yacht, and Prince Albert having remarked how much the Queen was "pleased" with her reception, her Majesty, correcting him, interposed, and said, "not pleased, but delighted." About ten o'clock on the morning of the 4th, the royal squadron sailed from Queenstown, and anchored that night at Passage, in the Bay of Waterford. Meantime the excitement in the capital was hourly increasing; the several railways could with difficulty, even by running extra trains of prodigious magnitude, convey the passengers from every part of the country to the metropolis. As one walked along the streets, in every direction groups of friends, who had not met for years, could be seen cordially greeting each other. From every face beamed gladness and the joy of anticipated gratification. On the 5th, when the fleet was expected to arrive, the anxiety became intense; rumours of her Majesty's arrival were hourly circulating through the city — every height around the coast, from Bray Head, by Killiney, to Dalkey and Kingstown, was crowded with anxious observers; and some notion of the excitement may be formed from the fact, that the passengers on that day by the Kingstown Railway amounted to upwards of thirty thousand. At length, at about 5 o'clock, the anxiety of the expectant multitude was relieved; the royal squadron hove in sight, and shortly before six the royal yacht, attended by its gallant convoy of seven war-steamers, amid the firing of cannon, the waving of flags and banners, the cheering of the multitude, and every species of loyal demonstration, came to anchor in the harbour of Kingstown.

As we have stated, we can but ad-

vert briefly to a few of the leading incidents connected with her Majesty's visit. We pass, then, at once to the entry into the city, which took place on Monday the 6th, the day after her arrival at Kingstown.

From an unusually early hour that morning, the city presented a scene of unwonted bustle and activity. In every direction along the line of route were to be seen carpenters busily engaged completing the stands and scaffoldings from which the procession could be viewed. Triumphal arches were being rapidly finished, and even before seven o'clock parties were to be met with bright looks and holiday attire, many of them carrying their baskets of provisions, repairing to secure their places in the windows which they had engaged. At about nine o'clock the troops began to line the streets, and the windows were filling rapidly with their company. Another hour, and the distant booming of cannon proclaimed that her Majesty had landed at Kingstown, and at eleven o'clock, the Queen, having left the railway, and entered an open carriage at Sandymount, approached her ancient city of Dublin. The Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales sat with her Majesty, and two others of the royal children followed with their attendants in the next carriage. As the Queen drew near the city, we thought she looked unusually pale; but after the hearty cheering that met her at the city gate at Baggot-street, where the keys were presented her—when she saw, as she moved onward, every window, every railing and door-step, every available spot, literally "from turret to foundation-stone," through the entire length of the city along her whole route, by Merrion-square, Nassau-street, Sackville-street, Great Denmark-street, Eccles-street, and so by the North Circular-road to the Park, crowded with her loyal and warm-hearted subjects, all eager to do her honour, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and giving every other respectful demonstration of their loyalty—she flushed high with excitement, and many there were who saw the moisture glisten in her eye, which the flashing emotions of pride and joy had called up.

We were prepared to welcome our Queen right loyally under any circumstances, but we knew not, nor could we have imagined, that our enthusiasm admitted of being so greatly increased as it was by her presence amongst us. Her Majesty's countenance is eminently expressive of truthfulness; it discloses a mind incapable of guile, and that knows not suspicion. When in repose, it expresses that self-reliance for which she is remarkable; but she appears readily moved to mirth, and even to hearty and most exhilirating laughter, as we observed at the review in the Park, at Carton, and on other occasions, when conversing with those around her, as she constantly did in a most animated strain. But in the frankness of her nature, her Majesty never loses her conscious dignity as a Queen—Queen of the most powerful nation upon earth. Her acknowledgment of the greetings of her people was plainly the grateful recognition of that to which she was entitled, but never, even when most deeply moved, descending to regard it as a favour bestowed. It was obvious to every one, that had her reception, to our lasting reproach, been the opposite of that which it had been, her Majesty bore within herself an amount of courage, which she inherits from her royal race, of conscious dignity and worth, which, though it might not secure her against being grieved, would assuredly have preserved her from being humbled. This frankness of nature, this courage and sense of personal dignity, so manifest in the look and bearing of our Queen, stamped a nobility on her mien which more than realised our most sanguine expectations, and called forth the most intense enthusiasm.

Of exceedingly active habits, her Majesty had scarcely arrived at the Viceregal Lodge, before she set forth to visit the Botanical Gardens of the Royal Dublin Society. On that night the city was illuminated with a degree of splendour and magnificence entirely unprecedented. On the next day, Tuesday, she visited the University, the National Schools, the Royal Hospital, and other public institutions; and on Wednesday, she held her levee. And never did Dublin witness such a levee: from one o'clock until six, as close and as rapidly as they could leave their carriages, the nobility and gentry of Ireland were setting down at the Castle. The spacious apartments which adjoin the presence-chamber,

the staircase, and far out into the courtyard, were densely filled with a brilliant throng of Ireland's peers, prelates, and gentry, and of the elite of her professional classes, all in the court costume of their several ranks, waiting their turn of being presented to their sovereign. The drawing-room of the next evening was fully equal, in point of rank and numbers, to the levee of the preceding day, and in brilliancy far exceeded it. With unalloyed pride and satisfaction did the gentlewomen of Ireland bow before a sovereign with whom they could so largely sympathise—who, in the trials to which woman is ordained, in the virtuous enjoyments of domestic life, in unsullied purity of character, had so much in common with themselves.

If any could have been said to have been lukewarm on the occasion of her Majesty's arrival, they had by this time been entirely won over by her presence, and become enthusiastic in her favour. Crowds of persons daily assembled in every thoroughfare, at the corner of every street by which it was expected that she might pass, and waited there for hours in patient expectation, for the satisfaction of giving one hearty cheer as she drove by, and deemed themselves well repaid by the cordial bow of recognition with which she acknowledged their greeting. Friday was the day appointed by the Queen to review her troops, and hardly a human being was left in the city. The shops were all closed; vehicles of every description, from the coronetted carriage to the humble jaunting-car, omnibusses, old stage-coaches, and breaks, with wheels of every colour, hastily put together for the occasion, all crowded to excess, from the earliest hour in the morning, stretched forward in a continuous stream towards the Park. And when that brilliant military spectacle had closed, and the royal carriage proceeded to leave the ground—when the dragoons, standing in their stirrups, waved their swords and lances in the air and shouted lustily—when the infantry, taking off their caps, loudly hurraed — one mighty contagion seized the entire multitude; in vain, for a moment, did the soldiery try to preserve the lines, it was idle—it was impossible to attempt it: the crowd burst through on every side, and rushing around the royal carriage, as it moved slowly onward, with cheers that rent the air, proclaimed their enthusiasm, their devotion to their Queen.

On Saturday her Majesty was to leave us, and every heart was saddened as we read that morning the arrangements for her departure. The early part of the day the Queen spent at Carton with Ireland's worthy duke, the Duke of Leinster. With characteristic generosity, he had thrown open his ample demesne to the public, who largely availed themselves of his liberality. Later in the day, the multitude began to pour down towards Kingstown, and at six o'clock every available spot around that spacious harbour was densely occupied. And never was so noble a sight as that harbour that day presented. The evening was a glorious one. Close to the jetty the royal yacht was moored, every officer bearing on his breast the well-earned decoration of his services, and her crew selected from the best-conducted sailors of the fleet. The ship itself was a gallant one, though plain and unadorned in its fitting up, characterestic of the simple taste by which the Queen is distinguished—manned as it was, however, with those gallant sailors, every one of whom is devotedly attached to his Queen—it seemed, indeed, a worthy dwelling for the sovereign of these Islands. Further out, lay the majestic war-steamers, seven in number, which composed the royal squadron, while innumerable yachts and private vessels, some of them most perilously crowded, moved slowly to and fro. Shortly before seven, the loud cheering of the multitude around the terminus of the railway, and the royal flag run up the flag-staff, announced that the Queen had arrived—leaning on her royal consort, and leading the Prince of Wales by the hand, she moved slowly forward, bowing constantly to the surrounding multitude, and repeatedly turning to make them her farewell. At last she reached the jetty; another minute, and the royal flag of England unfurled at the mast-head, three loud hurrahs from the sailors of the yacht, and the majestic booming of the cannon from the ships of war, proclaimed that she had embarked. For a time the pealing of artillery drowned the acclamation of the people, but when it had ceased, and the smoke had cleared away—

when the royal yacht, released from its moorings, led slowly onward along the eastern pier, with the stately ships of war following in their order, each with every yard manned, and their gallant seamen from their lofty heights chanting forth loudly in chorus the national anthem—it burst forth again, loud, long, and enthusiastic. The Queen was greatly moved; she waved her handkerchief uninterruptedly towards her people; as her vessel drifted slowly round the eastern pier—she sprung with the activity of a sailor up the lofty paddle-box, that she might continue within sight and hearing of her warm-hearted Irish subjects, and gratify them with her presence to the last. This was but the occasion for renewed cheering and for fresh acknowledgment. Turning rapidly round, she gave some order to an officer, and immediately the royal flag of England, before which the nations of the earth have bowed, was lowered until it dipped the wave, lowered by the Queen in recognition of the loyalty of her people. And thus waving us her adieux, and constantly lowering her royal standard, the evening closed as Queen Victoria sailed from her Irish capital. It was a scene that ever will be remembered and felt.

Irishmen have then found that there is, at least, one sentiment which they hold in unison—one chord to which every heart is attuned. Shall we not, then, reflect whether the jarring discord which has so long prevailed may not have been owing to our own perversity?—whether the exasperating strife of party conflict was ever worth the angry passions which it called forth, or the grievous losses which our disunion has occasioned? Will we who have stood side by side, animated by the same sentiment, acknowledging the same feeling with which we cheered her Majesty during her stay, could we turn round and resume our paltry squabbling so soon as she is out of sight? We have proudly acknowledged a common sovereign—must we not feel, too, that we have a common country? We have joined heart and soul in doing honour to our Queen—shall we not, then, struggle to the utmost in serving our native land? It needs energy, industry, self-reliance; these qualities we have, have them in abundance; but in Ireland only are they obscured and undeveloped; and why? Because we need one thing more, and that is — *Union.* The strifes which have divided us, irritating always in proportion to their unimportance, have obscured these qualities—have taught us to look to the support of a particular administration, or the success of a particular party, for those advantages which can come only from ourselves, from the resolute exertion of our own energies, from the inspiriting force of confidence and co-operation. Nothing that government can do for us can compare with these. Many a man can date the abandonment of an evil habit to a steadfast resolution made on some marked epoch of his life. Why should a nation differ from an individual?—why should a country not also resolve to turn over a new leaf? The impressions created by her Majesty's visit will long be engraven on our hearts. But surely the event is one that merits a public commemoration; and what more worthy of the occasion, what more worthy of ourselves could we construct, than that of—Concord. Let us, then, at least, indulge the hope that our country will henceforth wear the aspect which its capital has just presented, and that it may long continue "like a city that is at unity with itself."

But whatever we may hope for the future, we can, at least, rejoice in the present; and indulge the conscious pride that amid the shock of revolution, in the general wreck of nations, the throne of this ancient monarchy stands steadfast—exalted by the virtues of its illustrious occupant—guarded by the chivalry of her people. and that we shall transmit to our children, and our children's children, the blessings of the mild, beneficent, and constitutional government, which has so fit an emblem in the lovely and gracious sovereign who has just graced us with her presence,

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MEMOIR OF SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH, K.B.*

This is the memoir of an upright diplomatist, a character which we are disposed to hope is not altogether so rare as many think; at all events, the work before us shows that there once lived an envoy who, with a sound judgment and a perfect acquaintance with his position, combined the directness of a soldier, and the honour of a true knight. The character of Keith is developed by the most satisfactory of all methods, the exhibition of his own letters, together with those of his correspondents, and in this manner laid open to the light of day, it commends itself unfailingly to our admiration and esteem. In his private relations he was exceedingly amiable. Although possessed of but a moderate fortune, he saved little from his emoluments as ambassador, conceiving that it was his duty to maintain, by a generous expenditure, the dignities of his station; and not only was his personal honour unquestioned, but, what we wish could be said of every minister in every land, in all his transactions he never sought to sap the integrity of others. His simple answer to an inquiry respecting the secret-service money placed at his disposal was, that in the twenty-five years during which he had been employed in various missions he had never charged a shilling to the account of Government for secret service. The correspondence embraces letters from the celebrities of the day · from Frederick the Great of Prussia; from that Admirable Crichton of real life, whom even Walpole praised, Marshal Conway; from the too-famous Duchess of Kingston; from Mr. Bradshaw, treasurer of the navy, and afterwards one of the Lords of the Admiralty; and from other House of Commons' men and *habitués* of the clubs. The story of the memoir is not devoid of incident, but its other points of interest are almost absorbed by the stirring circumstances connected with the Danish revolution of 1772, when the life and reputation of the young Queen Caroline, sister of George III., were endangered by a successful conspiracy and a court intrigue, and when Keith came forward to her rescue

> "And saved, from outrage worse than death,
> The Lady of the Land."

It was a proud and happy hour for our ambassador, when, having dared the authorities of Denmark to touch a hair of her head, he led the injured princess through the halls of Hamlet's Castle,† and placed her in security.

Robert Murray Keith, born on the 20th of September, 1730, was the eldest son of Robert Keith, who was for some time ambassador at the courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg, and of the ancient line of the Keiths of Craig, in Kincardineshire. His mother was a daughter of Sir William Cunningham of Caprington, a family in which there were two baronetcies, both now represented by Sir Robert Keith Dick Cunningham of Prestonfield, near Edinburgh. Robert Murray's brother was Sir Basil Keith, who died in 1777, governor of Jamaica; and his sister was Mrs. Anne Murray Keith, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and whose engaging character the novelist, as he himself tells, endeavoured to pourtray under that of Mrs. Bethune Baliol, in the "Chronicles of the Canongate." Keith was early thrown upon the world. His father's duties kept him much abroad, and at the early age of eleven he lost his admirable mother, to whose training, even up to that period, his family ascribe much of the tenderness and delicacy of feeling which marked his character. He was for a time at the High School of Edinburgh, but at sixteen was removed to an academy in London, with, apparently, the object of being prepared for the army,

* "Memoir and Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith, K.B." Edited by Mrs. Gillespie Smyth. Two vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1849.

† The Castle of Cronenburgh, near Elsinore, supposed to be the scene of Shakspeare's tragedy.

as in a letter of this date to his uncle, Sir Robert Dick, he says—" My present studies are, riding the great horse, fencing, French, fortification, music, and drawing." He seems, however, to have been well-instructed in the classics, as he was, in after life, enabled to make use of Latin as a means of intercourse in parts of Europe where he could not easily have availed himself of any other tongue. His acquirements in modern languages were, at that time, quite unusual. French he wrote and spoke like a native, and he was almost equally conversant with Dutch, German, and Italian. These acquisitions attest that early diligence, without which distinctions are not often gained; nor did they embrace the whole of his polyglot store, as we find him subsequently alluding to his " ten tongues." On leaving school he obtained a commission in a Highland regiment in the Dutch service, known by the name of the " Scotch-Dutch," and remained there until he was two-and-twenty, when the corps was disbanded. After having graduated in the Scotch-Dutch as a captain, he transferred his services to one of the German States, with the object of improving himself in military science. Whatever knowledge he then acquired was dearly purchased by the hardships and privations to which he was exposed. The allowances were so insufficient that there was not enough of fuel, and the necessity which Keith was under of keeping guard over his store of firewood during the depth of a severe winter, brought on in him, we are told, a habit of somnambulism. Keith served in an active campaign under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and afterwards acted for a while as adjutant-general, and as secretary to Lord George Sackville, who at that time commanded the English branch of the allied forces. On the resignation of that nobleman, he was again without employment, but his own services and his father's interest had influence enough with Mr. Pitt to secure his appointment to the command of a new Highland force about to be raised and sent to the scene of war in Germany. The corps was to consist of five companies, and Keith's rank was that of Major-Commandant. His commission was made out in the most gratifying manner, his command being quite a separate one, and only under Prince Ferdinand and Lord Granby. It was not long before " Keith's Highlanders" became well known to the public. General Stewart of Garth, in his spirited account of the Highland regiments, after remarking that the body commanded by Keith joined the allied army under Prince Ferdinand, in 1759, observes—" The opinion early formed of this corps may be estimated from the fact of their having been ordered to attack the enemy the *third day* after they arrived in the camp of the allies. In what manner this duty was executed, may be learned from the following statement:—

" The Highlanders, under Major Keith, supported by the hussars of Luchnee, who commanded the whole detachment, attacked the village of Eyback, sword in hand, where Baron Fremont's regiment of dragoons were posted, and routed them with great slaughter. The greater part of the regiment was killed, and many prisoners taken, together with 200 horses and all their baggage. The Highlanders distinguished themselves greatly by their intrepidity, which was the more remarkable, as they were no other than raw recruits just arrived from their own country, and altogether unacquainted with regular discipline."

The good opinion which Prince Ferdinand formed of this corps, led him to recommend its being augmented. This was accordingly done, and the men who had been marched down from the Highlands, and embodied at Perth and Stirling, joined the allies in Germany in 1760. They were immediately paid the distinguished honour of being placed in the grenadier brigade.

" The campaign having opened," says General Stewart, " on the 29th July, 1760, the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick marched for the camp at Kelle, with a body of troops, including the two battalions of English Grenadiers and two of Highlanders; and on the 30th, in a smart action, defeated the enemy with considerable loss. The Prince, in writing to George II an account of the battle, after stating the loss of the enemy at fifteen hundred men, and more than an equal number of prisoners, adds, ' Ours, which was moderate, fell chiefly on Maxwell's brave battalion of English Grenadiers, and two regiments of Scotch Highlanders, *which did wonders.*'

"On a subsequent occasion, that of a night attack on a fortress, he says:—'The Scots Highlanders mounted the breaches, sword in hand, supported by the chasseurs The service was *complete*, and the troops displayed equal courage, soldier-like conduct and activity' Another account says —'The brigade formed of Grenadiers and Highlanders distinguished themselves remarkably on this occasion'

"In the battle of Fellinghausen, in July, 1761, the conduct of the Highlanders (who had now acquired the character of veteran soldiers) was again honoured by a flattering mark of approbation by the commander-in-chief 'His Serene Highness Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick has been graciously pleased to signify his entire approbation of their conduct on the 15th and 16th of July The soldier like perseverance of the Highland regiments in resisting and repulsing the repeated attacks of the *chosen troops of France*, has deservedly gained them the highest honour The intrepidity of the little band of Highlanders merits the highest praise' He adds—'The humanity and generosity with which the soldiers treated the great flock of prisoners they took, does them as much honour as their subduing the enemy'"*

After the battle of Fellinghausen, Keith wrote to his father that Prince Ferdinand, to show his sense of the gallantry of the Highlanders, "deigned to embrace your son in the presence of all the general officers, which favor he accompanied with the most flattering expressions of regard for the brave little bodies." So high was their reputation that Marshal Broglie, who commanded the troops to which they were opposed, said, in reference at once to their stature and their courage, "that he once wished he were a man six feet high, but that now he was reconciled to his size, since he has seen the wonders performed by the little mountaineers." The testimony to their good conduct wherever they were known did them equal honour. As they marched through Holland, on their route home, they were received with acclamations, the women presenting them with laurel leaves, and the children imitating their dress and swords. In England they were hospitably entertained at the different towns through which they passed; and at Derby not only was no payment accepted from them for quarters, but subscriptions were raised to give gratuities to the men. This last exhibition of feeling, we may be well assured, arose not merely from an admiration of their heroism, but from the grateful recollection of the people of the town, that when the Highlanders were there under Charles Edward, they had respected persons and property, and conducted themselves in all respects with exemplary propriety.

The Highland corps was disbanded in the summer of 1763, and the following year was passed by Keith chiefly in Paris, where he was received with a great deal of attention In 1765 he returned to London, and for four years formed one of a set of clever men, most of whom held high appointments in the government, and who all lived much together In the interval he was given the regular rank of colonel in the British army, and in 1769 was appointed envoy to the court of Saxony. Mr Pitt, who was disposed to be his friend, was aware of his acquirements, and had the opportunity of knowing something of his business habits, and no doubt thought that he was well suited for the line in which his father was already distinguished His new position, however, seemed only likely to develop his social qualities, as the following account of the routine of his existence indicates —

"Now I'm about it, I'll give you a little sketch of my way of living Morning, *eight o'clock*—Dish of coffee, half a basin of tea, *billets doux*, embroiderers, toymen, and tailors *Ten*—Business of Europe, with a little music now and then, *pour egayer les affaires* *Twelve*—*Devoirs* at one or other of the courts (for we have three or four) From thence to fine ladies, toilettes, trifles, and tender things *Two*—Dine in public—three courses and a dessert, venture upon a half glass of *pure wine*, to exhilirate the spirits without hurting the complexion *Four*—Rendezvous, sly visits, declarations, eclaircissements,

* "No trait in the character of the Highlander was," says Mrs Gillespie Smyth, "more noticed in the army, than the respect paid by them to their chaplain, Mr Macaulay, and the influence he possessed with them"

&c. &c. *Six*—Politics, philosophy, and whist. *Seven*—Opera, *appartement*, or private party. A world of business, jealousies, fears, poutings, &c. After settling all these jarring interests, play a single rubber at whist, *en attendant le souper*. *Ten*—Pick the wing of a partridge, *propos galans*, scandal, and petites chansons. Crown the feast with a bumper of Burgundy from the fairest hand; and at twelve steal away mysteriously—*home to bed!* There's a pretty lutestring kind of life for you!"

In telling of a run which he made to Berlin, Keith describes the Great Frederick as "younger, handsomer, and livelier by far than he had figured to himself, his conversation as keen and interesting, and his looks, when he was in good humour, as agreeable." While there, he made the acquaintance of a remarkable man, who was a near relative of his own—George Keith, ninth Earl Marischal of Scotland, who, on account of the part he took in the rebellion of 1715, was obliged to leave his country, and was invited by Frederick to reside, as his friend, in Berlin. The Lord Marischal deserves some episodal notice. At the age of four and-twenty he arrived in Paris on a mission from the English Jacobites, and while residing there with his uncles the Dukes of Perth and Melfort, he became attached to a young lady of great beauty, and of the noble family of De Breteuil. One day he said to her, *apropos* to nothing—"If I dared to fall in love with you would you ever forgive me?" "I should be enchanted," was the fair reply; and the handsome Scotchman was permitted to read Spanish with the object of his love. As to English, no one then thought of learning it or any other northern language. The Marischal's proposal of marriage was formally made and regularly submitted to the heads of the family, amongst whom was unluckily an aunt, who shrieked at the idea, "because the Maréchal of Scotland must be a Protestant." The sequel of piety, constancy, and despair is told by the lady herself, when young no more, and after having been long married to another:—

"I had never thought of that! The discovery burst upon me so suddenly and so grievously that I cannot, even now, dwell upon it without shuddering, and without having a bitter recollection of what I suffered. We ascertained, however, that he was a Calvinist, and he said so himself; and heaven is my witness that from that moment I did not hesitate. I refused the hand of Milord Maréchal, and two days afterwards he set out to return to his own country, from whence he wrote to say that grief and despair would lead him to acts that might bring him to the scaffold. There, my child, is the history of the only predilection I ever had in my life for any one except Monsieur de Créqui, to whom I was honest enough to talk of it without reserve."

The lovers never met again until the lady was a grandmother, and the chevalier threescore years and ten. The scene is described by Madame de Créqui, as before:—

"The visit of the Maréchal of Scotland took place in the presence of Madame de Nevers, and it moved her to the depths of her soul. You were then born, my dear grandson, and the Maréchal was seventy years of age 'Listen,' said he, 'listen to the only French verses I ever composed, and perhaps the only reproaches that ever were addressed to you:

"Un trait, lancé par caprice,
M'atteignit dans mon printems
J'en porte la cicatrice
Encore, sous mes cheveux blancs
Craignez les maux qu' l'amour cause,
Et plaignez un insensé
Qui n'a point cueilli la rose,
Et qui l'epine a blessé.'

—Vol. i. p. 137.

The Lord Marischal was, on the intercession of the King of Prussia, restored to his estates in Scotland, and Mr. Adolphus says that having then but lately returned from Spain, he, to show his gratitude, communicated to our government their earliest information on the subject of the remarkable treaty known as the "Family Compact." He was the brother of the gallant Marshal Keith, to whom, we may observe, our Sir Robert Murray Keith erected a monument at Hochkirchen, where he fell, and the inscription on which was written by Metastasio. The Lord Marischal retained, until he was past eighty, the winning liveliness of his manner; and Madame de Créqui, surviving him many years, died at nearly a hundred.

After a two years' residence in Dresden, Keith was, much to his sorrow, sent as ambassador to the court of Denmark. It pained him to give

up the intimacies he had formed in Saxony; and he could not contemplate without repugnance the colder climate and more formal manners of Denmark. The appointment was, however, a proof of the confidence which the government reposed in him, and eventually proved to be the means of extending his influence and reputation. To show how greatly he was regarded in Dresden we may mention that the Electress Dowager, of whose talents and character he had always expressed a high opinion, was, during his stay in Denmark, his weekly correspondent, and, as he said himself, "on as easy a footing as my sister Anne."

Keith's connexion with this northern court leads to the story of that young, fair, and injured princess, Carolina Matilda, Queen of Denmark, which forms the most interesting portion of these volumes, and was, as the editor assures us, at first their only object. There is not, we believe, an historical romance connected with the annals of any country which is at the same time more tragical and more affecting; and its details are not, in our day, so well remembered but that they may be referred to with interest.

Carolina Matilda was the posthumous child of Frederick Prince of Wales, and sister of King George III. She was, from her earliest years, remarkable for the sweetness of her character, and her mind was highly cultivated. To an acquaintance with the classics she added a knowledge of French and German, which she spoke with perfect fluency. Her charities, while a girl, made her known to the indigent in the neighbourhood of Kew; and when Queen of Denmark she often took with her own hands supplies of money to the poor, with stockings for their children, knitted by herself and her ladies. She was above the middle height, well-formed, yet inclined to *embonpoint*. "Her face was a regular oval, and her eyebrows, arched with symmetry, added sweetness and expression to her beautiful eyes. Her lips and teeth exhibited the lively colours of coral and the whiteness of alabaster. She had a good complexion, although not so fair as some of the royal family, and her hair was of a light chestnut. Her voice was sweet and melodious, and her aspect rather gracious than majestic; but she had in her *tout ensemble* a most prepossessing physiognomy." Such was she at sixteen, when her hand was sought in marriage by Christian VII., the young monarch of Denmark. The proposal, it is said, was received by her in sadness, although there is no reason to think that she regarded the young king—then but seventeen—with anything like repugnance. He is described as rather under the middle height, yet finely proportioned, light, compact, and possessing a considerable degree of agility and strength. "His complexion remarkably fair; his features, if not handsome, were regular; his eyes blue, lively, and expressive; his hair very light: he had a good forehead and aquiline nose, a handsome mouth, and a fine set of teeth." He was, it is added, elegant in his dress, courteous, and generous to profusion. The darkest share of their tragic fates is that which relates to him. He was left by his father, when very young, in the charge of an ambitious stepmother, who sought, even in his father's lifetime, to repress rather than cultivate his mental powers, disregarding, at the same time, both his principles and his health, in the hope that he might be early removed, and that her own son, who was but four years younger, should be made king in his stead. This much is necessary to make our reference to the narrative intelligible.

The youthful pair were married at the Chapel Royal of St. James's, on the 1st October, 1766—and on the 18th, the bridal Queen first landed in her new dominions. The bridge at Altona was covered with scarlet cloth, "on one side whereof were arrayed the ladies, and on the other the men; and at the end were two rows of young women, dressed in white, who strewed flowers before her Majesty as she approached."

"How irresistibly," says Mrs. Gillespie Smyth, "do these details of the contemporary chronicler in the quaint language of the times—the 'bloom-coloured' dress, white wreath, and flowers strewed before the virgin bride by the young maidens of her new dominions—suggest to those acquainted with the sad sequel, the idea of an unconscious victim proceeding to her doom. Yet, among those who witnessed this brilliant reception, who would have ventured to predict that within five

years the interposition of her royal brother of England would have been called for, to rescue from popular fury and the virulence of faction, the princess so enthusiastically hailed; or imagine that the cannon which pealed the welcome from the forts of her new capital would, within that period, with extorted courtesy, give the signal of her perpetual exile from a kingdom of which she had been the delight and ornament? It was not until after the event, that an honest eye-witness thus remarks: 'The tears of her majesty on parting from the dear country in which she drew her first breath, might have inspired in those who beheld them gloomy forebodings as to the issue of the voyage she was about to undertake.'"—Vol. i., p. 63.

In January, 1768, the young queen gave birth to a son, but notwithstanding the event, the Queen Dowager continued to practise her ambitious arts, and to avail herself of the ascendancy which she had early acquired over the king, as well as with his leading counsellors. Her object now was to separate him from his wife, and afford herself the chances of making out causes for their domestic unhappiness. With this view she suggested his travelling for improvement and observation, and it was accordingly determined that he should visit, first London, and then the other great courts of Europe. Except one faithful statesman, Count Bernstorff, it was remarked that every nobleman in his train was well calculated to pervert his principles, and aid him in all that was wrong. On their reaching England, Horace Walpole, the great authority in little things, thus describes the royal Dane —

"I came to town to see the Danish king. He is as diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in the fairy tales. He is not ill-made, or weakly made, though so small, and though his face is pale and delicate, it is not at all ugly. Still, he has more of royalty than folly in his air, and considering that he is not twenty, is as well as any one expects a king in a puppet-show to be."

And again:—

"Well then, this great king is a very little one. He has the sublime strut of his grandfather (or a cock-sparrow) and the divine white eyes of all his family on the mother's side. His curiosity seems to have consisted in the original plan of travelling, for I cannot say he takes notice of anything in particular. The mob adore and huzza him, and so they did at the first instant. They now begin to know why, for he flings money to them out of the window, and by the end of the week I do not doubt they will want to choose him for Middlesex. His court is extremely well ordered, for they bow as low to him at every word, as if his name were Sultan Amurath. You would take his first minister for only the first of his slaves. I hope this example, which they have been good enough to exhibit at the opera, will civilise us. There is, indeed, a pert young gentleman who a little discomposes this august ceremonial; his name is Count Holke, his age three and twenty, and his post answers to one that we had formerly in England, ages ago, called in our tongue, a high favourite. Minerva, in the shape of Count Bernstorff (or *out* of all shape, in the person of the Duchess of ——) is to conduct Telemachus to York races; for can a monarch be perfectly accomplished in the mysteries of *king-craft*, unless initiated in the art of jockeyship?"—Vol. i., pp. 173-4.

Count Holke, the Narcissus of the group—ever his own admirer—was, as well as Molke, his rival in the royal confidence, a shallow follower of pleasure, and the scenes into which they led their thoughtless master were of the most discreditable kind. Monarchs, however, who go about incognito, sometimes meet with warnings which they would not be likely to receive under other circumstances, and so it proved with our young Christian VII. One evening he and his friends went in disguise to some place of resort frequented by Danish and Swedish shipmasters, and Count Holke asked an old skipper what he thought of his king; and if he were not proud of the honours paid to him by the English? "I think," said the seaman, drily, "that with such counsellors as *Count Holke*, if he escapes destruction it will be by miracle." "Do you know Count Holke, friend," said he, "that you speak of him thus familiarly?" "Only by report," said the Dane; "but every body in Copenhagen pities the Queen, attributing the coolness which the King showed to her, as he was setting out on this voyage, to the malice of Count Holke." "The confusion of the minion," says Mrs. Gillespie Smyth, "may be conceived; while the King, giving the skipper a handful of ducats,

bade him 'speak the truth and shame the devil.'" The moment the King spoke in Danish, the old man knew him, and looking at him with love and reverence, said in a low and subdued tone, "Forgive me, sire, but I cannot conceal my grief to see you exposed to the temptations of this vast metropolis, under the pilotage of the most dissolute nobleman in Denmark." This incident, we are told, led to the decline of the influence of Holke, and to the rise of that of a more celebrated person, the Count Struensee, who had also accompanied the King to England, as his physician, and of whom, as he is a leading character in our tragic tale, it is needful for us now to speak. John Frederick Struensee was the son of a poor and humble clergyman, who was afterwards, but long before his son came into power, advanced to a bishopric in Holstein, and who, it was known, never ceased to lament the elevation of his child. Struensee was born in Holstein, in 1737, received his early education in the Orphan House of D'Franke at Halle, passed on at fourteen to the University, and leaving that, practised with some reputation as a physician at Altona. His evil fortune led him to Copenhagen, where very considerable talents, a fine person, and graceful manner, commended him to the King. On the return of the royal party to Denmark, Christian presented Struensee to the Queen with his own hand, recommended him to her confidence as a physician, and very soon afterwards promoted him to the station of privy councillor. His influence was now in the ascendant, and an occasion offered which at once, and very naturally, established it. The follies and excesses of the King, which, bad as they were, were all, through the artifices of his stepmother, exaggerated to the Queen, led to their being alienated from each other, and to their living apart. Struensee succeeded in reconciling them. From that day he received every hour new marks of their regard, was soon known as the confidential adviser of the King, and in a little time appointed his first minister, with almost unlimited powers. He was moreover given the highest title of nobility, that of a Count of Denmark. This rapid elevation was most unfortunate for him. It exposed him to the envy of a jealous aristocracy, and rendered him unpopular, the Danes not liking that a foreigner —and such they counted the natives of Holstein—should have so much power in the State. Struensee, while simply a doctor, was generally beloved, and in his new sphere he exhibited great industry, and considerable administrative talents; but he was prone to rash innovation, and some of his measures were both ill-judged and unpassable. He offended the military by disbanding the regiments of guards, on the ground of economy; he incurred the hostility of the nobility, by suppressing the privy council, and excited the indignation of the people at large by repealing one of their ancient laws, which punished adultery with death. This last proceeding was accepted as a proof of his sympathy with vice, and his leaning to licentiousness. It was not enough attended to that he was the first minister of an absolute monarch who abolished torture, that he did much toward the emancipation of the serfs; that he encouraged agriculture, commerce, and manufactures; exempted from censure all literary productions, and granted to all religious denominations the free exercise of their worship. The good that he did "was buried with him," while his errors were too bitterly remembered. He was deficient in the vigilance and sagacity needful for one who had to contend with numerous enemies, and he did not possess that purity of personal conduct which might have eventually set him right with the people. He had the reputation of being a profligate, and this was the main cause of his ruin, as well as of the fall of the innocent Queen. Caroline Matilda was but nineteen, and it will not raise the wonder of any one that she should with youthful warmth exhibit her gratitude to one who had restored her to influence, and served her so materially. She undoubtedly conducted herself in regard to him with extreme imprudence, dancing with him in public, having him as her attendant in her daily rides, and permitting him, as our editor observes, to assume towards her an air of ostentatious intimacy which gave great offence. In these, as well as in some particulars of less importance, she was too indifferent to appearances. The very circumstance of her ordinary equestrian costume is said to have aided

quite as much as anything else in disposing the people to believe the scandalous rumours which were circulated against her.

"When Queen Matilda rode out a-hunting, her attire too much resembled a man's Her hair was pinned up closer than usual; she wore a dove-coloured beaver hat, with a gold band and tassels, a long scarlet coat, a frilled shirt, and a man's cravat, while from beneath the coat was seen to peep a more unfeminine appendage still, too much in keeping with the terminating spurs. That she made a noble figure, mounted on a majestic steed, and dashing through the woods after the chase, her cheeks flushed with health and violent exercise, may readily be conceded."

Her love for hunting arose, it is said, from a desire to counteract, by following the chase, a tendency to *embonpoint*, and the fatal influence of her costume is another evidence that a failure in decorum is often more severely censured than a want of morals. Keith, writing home, says in reference to this ungraceful fashion:—

"An abominable riding-habit, with a black slouched hat, has been almost universally introduced here, which gives every woman the appearance of an awkward postilion. In all the time I have been in Denmark, I never saw the Queen out in any other garb."

Mrs. Gillespie Smyth cites from a Danish writer the following description of a celebrated picture of the Queen at Copenhagen:—

"Over a marble table hung a portrait in a broad gilt frame. It represented a lady in a dress of bluish satin, embroidered with gold and edged with lace; the sleeves and puffs over the full bosom being of brownish brocade. Round her neck was a closely strung necklace of pearls, and similar rings were in the ears. The hair was turned up and powdered · it occupied a height and breadth which, agreeably to the fashion of the time, exceeded that of the whole face, and was decorated with a gold chain, enamels, and jewels, entwined with a border of blonde, which hung down over one ear. The face was oval, the forehead high and arched; the nose delicately curved, the mouth pretty large, the lips red and swelling; the eyes large, and of a peculiarly light blue, mild, and, at the same time, *serious, deep*, and *confiding*. I would describe the entire dress, piece by piece, and the features, *trait by trait*, but in vain should I endeavour to convey an idea of the peculiar expression, the amiable loftiness or lofty amiableness, which beamed from that youthful face, the freshness of whose colour I have never seen surpassed. It needed not to cast your eye upon the purple mantle, bordered with ermine, which hung carelessly on the shoulder, to discover in her a Queen! She could be nothing of inferior rank. This the painter, too, had felt, for the border of the mantle was so narrow as almost to be overlooked. It was as though he meant to say, 'This woman would be a queen without a throne!'

"A higher title was conferred on his long-dead mistress by an old court chamberlain, who, looking on the picture, said—'That was an angel!'

Who this faithful Polonius was we are not told, but we glean from another source* a still more engaging portrait of the Queen, which the reader will agree with us in thinking, goes quite as far towards justifying his praise. It refers to a period when the weak monarch and his worthless friend were wasting health and character amidst the mysteries of Paris, or the low orgies of London:—

"During the absence of her giddy lord, Matilda resided, principally, at the palace of Fredericksburg, in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen, and her conduct was free from reproach. Though courted and menaced by conflicting parties, she joined with none, nor showed the least ambition for political power. She appeared to feel a truly maternal affection for her child, and, in spite of remonstrances, had the infant and nurse to sleep in her own apartment. She sometimes visited, and was visited by the Queen Dowager, but lived very retired. She was grown in stature and appearance much more womanly than when she arrived in Denmark. The glow of robust health was on her cheek; she often nursed her child, and a more interesting object could scarcely be conceived than this lovely and lively queen playing with her babe.

"During this period of retirement she visited the houses of the farmers and peasants who resided near the pa-

* Danish MS. quoted in "Brown's Northern Courts."

lace; and though she could not converse fluently* with these poor, grateful people, she gained their warm hearts by her condescension in visiting their cottages, smiling graciously on their wives and daughters, and distributing useful presents. Thus innocently Queen Matilda passed her time, during the travels of her wild and dissipated husband."

When the ambitious Queen Dowager conceived that her artifices were successful, that she was supported by the military, the dissatisfied nobility, and might probably rely on the people at large, she formed a conspiracy, in which the chief agents were, her son, Prince Frederick, a courtier named Koller Banner, and Count Rantzau, a general of great influence, who had been much in the French and Russian interests, but of whom Keith says, that "had he lived within reach of Justice Fielding,† he would have furnished matter for an Old Bailey trial, any one year of the last twenty of his life." Their object, no doubt, was to make Prince Frederick king, but their first step was to influence Christian VII., who, from early dissipation, was become weak in mind, to sign a warrant for the arrest of Count Struensee, and of the Queen, and then, it was said, to have them both put to death. They endeavoured to persuade the king that there was a plot against his person and dignity, at the head of which were Struensee and his wife, but though taken by surprise, and feeble in understanding, Christian refused to sign the document, and it was only on false representations urged by the Queen Dowager and Prince Frederick, that he gave at length a reluctant consent. The order once given, was immediately carried into execution. It was long past midnight. Struensee was found in bed, and awakened from a deep sleep to the horrors of his condition. The queen had for some time retired to her own apartment, and was also asleep.

"It was about five o'clock in the morning, when she was awakened by a Danish female attendant, who always lay in the adjoining room. Holding a candle in one hand, she held out a paper to the Queen in the other, which, with marks of agitation, she requested of her majesty to peruse. It contained a request, rather than an order, couched in very concise but respectful terms, stating that the 'king of Denmark, for reasons of a private nature, wished her to remove to one of the royal palaces in the country for a few days.' The Queen in her first surprise had imagined that the note which she saw in the woman's hand, came from the Baron de Bulow, her master of the horse, and that its purport was to inquire whether it was her pleasure to hunt on that day. But no sooner had she cast her eye over the paper and read its contents, with the royal signature annexed, than she instantly comprehended the nature and extent of her misfortune. Conscious that if she could only gain access to the king, she could in a moment overturn the plans of her enemies, she sprung out of bed, and without waiting to put on anything except a petticoat and shoes, she rushed into the ante-chamber. There the first object which she met was Count Rantzau, seated quietly in a chair. Recollecting then her dishevelled state, she cried out, 'Eloignez vous, Monsieur le Comte, pour l'amour de Dieu, car je ne suis pas présentable.' She immediately ran back to her chamber, and hastily threw on some clothes, assisted by her women. On attempting a second time to leave her room, she found that Rantzau had withdrawn himself, but had stationed an officer in the door-way, who opposed her farther passage. Rendered almost frantic by this insult, added to her distress, she seized him by the hair, demanding to see Count Struensee or the King. 'Madam,'

* This was indicated by a circumstance mentioned in a letter of Keith's, written before the Queen's attempt:—"A few hundreds of Norwegian sailors, who had some demands of pay, and were unable to feed themselves in this dear capital, went three weeks ago, in a tumultuary, though deliberate manner, to demand justice at Hincholm—the King's palace near Copenhagen. Upon the first promise of redress, they returned quietly to town, but it was easy to see what might have been effected by this handful of men, if they had been led to the palace by a less pardonable impulse than hunger. The possibility of such an application is now manifest, as well as its impunity; and what is very important to the fortune of Struensee, it is generally believed that his boasted intrepidity forsook him upon the appearance of the sailors."

† The well-known novelist, at that time Divisional Magistrate of Police in London.

said he, 'I only do my duty, and obey orders. There is no Count Struensee now, nor can your majesty see the King.' Having pushed him aside, she advanced to the door of the antechamber, where two soldiers had crossed their firelocks in order to stop her progress. The Queen commanded them to let her pass, and added promises of reward if they obeyed. Both the soldiers fell on their knees, and one of them said in Danish, 'It is a sad duty, but we must perform it. Our heads are answerable if we allow your majesty to pass.' As no man, however, dared to lay hands upon the Queen, she stepped over the musquets, which were crossed, and ran, half wild along the corridor to the King's apartment. She even forced her way into it by violence; but her enemies, aware that she might try to gain admittance, and justly apprehensive of her influence over him, had taken the precaution of removing him, betimes, to another part of the palace.

"Exhausted by the agitation of her mind, and by such exertions of body, the Queen attempted no further resistance. She returned to her own chamber, where she was aided to dress herself, and informed that she must instantly quit Copenhagen. Rantzau had the insolence to say to her, alluding to his gouty feet, 'Vous voyez, madame, que mes pieds me manquent; mais mes bras sont libres, et j'en offrirai un à votre majesté, pour l'aides à monter en voiture.' She was then put into a coach, which waited for her at the door, near the chapel of the palace. Two ladies, a maid-servant, the little princess her daughter, and a major in the Danish service, got into the carriage with her. They took the road to Cronenburg, a distance of about twenty-four miles, which, as they drove at a great rate, they soon reached, and in which fortress the Queen was confined."

"There was immured," writes a cotemporary author, "in the gloomy mansions of guilt and horror, a queen, whose personal charms and mental accomplishments would have melted into compassion the heart of a ruffian. In this inhospitable fortress she had not even been permitted to have the necessary clothes to prepare herself against the severity of the weather in this frozen region; nor was she indulged with more conveniences in her apartments than those granted to criminals of the lowest station, but treated with the greatest indignity by her unfeeling keepers and an insolent soldiery."—Vol. I. pp. 244 to 247.

The charges against the Queen were two; first, that of adultery with Struensee, and next, a design to poison the King. Although they were altogether unsupported by evidence, the populace received them as if they were already proved; and this bad feeling was stimulated by wretches who were paid to cry out, "Justice against Matilda!"—"Vivat Regina Juliana." The Queen Dowager ruled the King and the kingdom, Prince Frederick was given the significant title of *The Hereditary Prince*, and the council, now composed of the enemies of the Queen, pronounced her, without even the form of a trial, guilty of adultery, and of having been privy to poison being administered to her husband. There appears to be no doubt that the intention of the conspirators was to put her to death. They perfectly well knew the influence which she possessed with her weak and wavering husband, and that so long as she lived, her return to power would be, at any time, probable. This view is corroborated by the authority of Archdeacon Cox, who, after having twice visited Denmark, and carefully inquired into the matter, expressed himself as well assured, that the Queen was "not only uncertain of the fate that awaited her, but had reason to apprehend that the party who arrested her meditated still more violent measures." It was under such circumstances that Keith, the English minister, forced his way into the council, and stood forward as the defender of the Queen; he refuted the statements made against her, vindicated her innocence, denounced the vengeance of her nation, and threatened the bombardment of Copenhagen, if justice were not done to her, and, by his energy and firm demeanour, prevented them from passing a sentence which would have been, no doubt, promptly carried into effect. He then despatched a messenger to England, and locked himself and his household up until the answer should arrive. Four tedious weeks elapsed, and the messenger returned, bearing his despatches in a large, square packet. Keith, not without emotion, cut the strings, and the Order of the Bath fell at his feet. The insignia had been enclosed by the hands of George III. himself, who directed him to invest himself, and appear forthwith at the Danish court. His majesty had, with great delicacy, desired Lord Suffolk, the Secretary

of State for Foreign Affairs, to inform Colonel, now Sir Robert Murray Keith, that he chose the time previous to the issue of the negotiations relative to the Queen of Denmark on purpose to *distinguish his merit, independent of his success*, and the distinction was the more signal, as there was, at that time, no stall vacant. It is right also to observe that the Order of the Bath, which has been since extended, was then confined to twenty-five knights, and only given to persons of the highest grades in the public services.

To return to the principal characters of our tragedy: Struensee was, during his imprisonment, chained so closely that he could hardly sit upright on the side of his bed, and he suffered the barbarous punishment of having first his right hand and then his head cut off. The dismal story of his closing days derives a deeper interest from the circumstance that amidst his misfortunes the early teaching of a pious father came back upon him, and that aided by these, and by the instructions and prayers of the chaplain, a holy man, there is reason to believe that he died a Christian. The case of the Queen will move the reader's pity, as it once did the indignation of all England. Her trial, which proceeded slowly, was held in secret; and the Queen Dowager, who appeared to have regained all her ascendancy, assigned her, with ostentatious impartiality, the most celebrated advocate in Denmark. This, like all her acts, had a double motive. The public, she hoped, would say, that if he could not show her to be innocent she must be guilty; and as he was the ablest man of her party, and the one on whom she could most rely, she hoped to arrange with him so to conduct the cause of his client as that he might indirectly injure it. She understood the character of her friend, and the demon artifice was successful. The name of this individual was Uhhldahl: we give it, as it would be wrong to deprive him of the infamy he deserves. After all, the trial was a failure; the public, who had time to reflect, disbelieved the charges, and the Queen Dowager, whose original purpose was to have Matilda punished with death, and her children declared illegitimate, felt herself compelled to change the sentence to that of perpetual imprisonment in the remotest of the frozen regions of Jutland. The case, as got up against the Queen, was before her trial sent over to London, and submitted to the most distinguished civilians of that day, who, though their opinions were taken separately, all agreed that so far from affording grounds for conviction, it did not sanction a presumption of her guilt. The unhappy King of Denmark, during all this time, never once accused his queen of infidelity. He, on the contrary, repeatedly avowed that she was worthy of a better husband, and that his excesses and irregularities justified the indifference she had long exhibited towards him. The Queen Dowager, however, counted so surely on his weakness that she hoped, at least, to get him divorced from his wife. Had she succeeded, it would have been, as Walpole remarks, "the *unique* instance of a divorce passed without the consent of either party." In this, as in her other perils, Keith was the real defender and sole champion of the Queen. It is true that he knew he was supported by the English government, and that he was enabled with perfect earnestness, to threaten all Denmark with the vengeance of England. But it is also true that it was his judgment, energy, and firm demeanour, which made these threats effective before an English fleet appeared, too late perhaps to save Matilda. When we consider the daring and ambitious character of the Queen Dowager, and her ascendancy at the moment, we are disposed to wonder that she did not incur all other hazards rather than that which was to her the greatest—the letting her victim live. She knew that the King retained an affection for his queen, and that her restoration to influence, which would, of course, be followed by her ruin, and that of her friends, was, while she lived, at any time probable. The dangers of the alternative, of putting Matilda to death, might easily have appeared to her to be less. There was the hope that the English government, however much it might threaten, would not, when the Queen of Denmark was no more, make her case the cause of a national war; and there were again the chances of Russian and French interference, aided by the fact that

the leading men of the Revolution in Denmark were, and had long been, much in the interest of these powers. These views may enable us to appreciate, in some degree, the difficulties with which Keith had to contend in his endeavours towards saving the life of the young queen, and obtaining her liberty. He at length compelled the government of Denmark to deliver her up into his hands, to consent to her residing in the electorate of Hanover, and to allow her a pension of £5,000 a-year; and on the 27th of May, 1772, he had the heartfelt happiness of escorting her through the gothic gates of Hamlet's Castle, so long her prison, and of embarking with her on board an English frigate at Elsinore. Even the hour of her escape from Denmark was rendered in the highest degree distressing—she was obliged to give up her infant child, whom she had until then nursed herself.

"She fondly pressed for some minutes the babe to her bosom, and bedewed it with a shower of tears; she then attempted to tear herself away; but the voice, the smiles, the endearing emotions of the infant were claims that irresistibly drew her back. At last she called up all her resolotion, took her once more in her arms, with the impetuous ardour of distracted love, imprinted on the lips of the babe the farewell kiss, and returning it to the attendant, exclaimed, 'Away, away, I now possess nothing here!'"

This guiltless and more than widowed queen, resided for five years at Zell, in Hanover, where she was beloved, and where, her health having been impaired by her misfortunes, she closed her painful life, on the 10th of May, 1775, at the early age of twenty-four.

We have been led to give this outline of the story of Caroline Matilda, because the narrative of her life fills, as we have already said, a great portion of these volumes, and is of the deepest interest. The part which Keith took as her defender, was the great achievement of his life, and justly established his influence and his fame. He was soon afterwards appointed ambassador at Vienna, and held that high office until a few years before his death, which took place at his residence near London, on the 7th of July, 1795. His memoirs and letters, now collected, form the best monument to his honourable name, and they are illustrated with a very remarkable industry, and great happiness of research.

WICKED WOMEN.

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS—NO. II.

CATHERINE became an historical personage when her son, Francis II., at the age of sixteen years and six months, ascended the throne of France; then for the first time she was able to give scope to that ambition by which she had been secretly devoured during the reign of her jealous husband, and to exercise those crafty intrigues by which she trusted to obtain complete control over the administration. At this period the reigning family, the House of Valois, regarded its junior branch, the House of Bourbon, with jealousy somewhat similar to that which the Bourbons, in a later age, manifested towards the House of Orleans. The advent of the Bourbons to the throne, said to have been foretold to Catherine by an astrologer at the period of her marriage, was a fear constantly present to her mind, and though the prediction must have appeared less probable when, after being ten years childless, she rapidly became the mother of a large family, yet she feared that it might be verified by her sons dying in succession without male heirs. Astrology was universally believed in her age, but by none more firmly than Catherine, who had some pretensions herself to be an adept in that mockery of science. As is usual with the younger branches of royalty, the Bourbons favoured what in modern times would be called "the Opposition;" they secretly supported the Huguenots, as the House of Orleans, at a later date, patronised the Voltaireans; not so much from motives of religion or irreligion, but as a political party which enabled them to make a stand against the jealousy of royalty. The four sons of Henry II. rendered the political position of the Bourbons a nullity, especially as they all were excessively poor, and all involved in the odium which the treason of the Constable de Bourbon had brought upon his family.

The Huguenots of France, like the Puritans of England, derived their inspiration from Geneva; they were followers, not of Luther but of Calvin; they sought political as well as religious reformation, and advocated in their publications the necessity of placing restraints on the power of princes, as well as checking the excesses of priests. Hence their doctrines were favoured by many of the nobles who cherished the traditions of the feudal independence which their ancestors had enjoyed before the reign of Louis XI., and by a portion of the upper *bourgeosie* who equally recollected the important privileges that had anciently been enjoyed by the municipalities. It was, probably, in consequence of its being thus to some extent associated with aristocracy and feudalism, that the reformed religion made but little progress with the people of France, and was viewed with such hostile jealousy by the operative classes and the peasantry.

Louis XI., with a prescience to which historians have not done justice, had intended to make Tours the capital of his kingdom instead of Paris. Vauban revived the project in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., and there is some reason to suppose that Francis II. had also meditated this change, for his favourite residence was the castle of Blois. Paris, with its turbulent population, its repeated contests between the higher and lower *bourgeosie*—its mobs ready to rush into sanguinary violence for any cause that could afford a pretext and a cry, was viewed with suspicion by most of the princes of the House of Valois—had the same feeling descended to the Bourbons, it might have averted more than one revolution. At the accession of Francis II. the city was involved in continual broils by the struggles for precedency between the confraternities of the drapers, the mercers, and the furriers, in which the furriers finally triumphed.

We may be permitted so far to digress, as to explain the cause of this triumph. Two centuries ago, furs were so rare, and therefore so highly

valued, that the wearing of them was restricted, by several sumptuary laws, to kings and princes. Sable, in those laws called *vair*, was the subject of countless regulations; the exact quantity permitted to be worn by persons of different grades, and the articles of dress to which it might be applied, were defined most strictly. Perrault's tale of "Cinderella" originally marked the dignity conferred on her by the fairy, by her wearing a slipper of *vair*, a privilege then confined to the highest rank of princesses; an error of the press, now become inveterate, changed *vair* into *verre*, and the slipper of sable was suddenly converted into a glass slipper.

Catherine, anxious to secure the support of the citizens, took, or affected to take, an active interest in the struggles between the confraternities, and exerted herself to secure the ascendancy of those most closely connected with the court.

Another party remains to be described—that of the Guises and of the Papacy. The House of Lorraine, claiming to be descended from Charlemagne, had pretensions to the throne of France, which, though they had long been allowed to slumber, had not wholly fallen into oblivion.

At the head of this family, when Francis II. ascended the throne, were the Duc de Guise, one the best generals in France, and the Cardinal of Lorraine, regarded as the greatest ornament of the church, and possessing unbounded influence over the French clergy. "The Guises were bigots without being believers," said an astute writer of the seventeenth century. Like too many of the period, they affected excessive zeal for religion, and indulged in gross immoralities. They were the most ruthless of persecutors, chiefly because they relied upon the Papacy, in case of the extinction of the House of Valois, to support their claims against the House of Bourbon.

Mary Queen of Scotland, wife of Francis II., was the niece of the Guises, and devoted all her energies to support the schemes of her ambitious uncles. But as she was only sixteen when her husband's accession enabled her to add the regal circlet of France to the crown of Scotland, Catherine omitted to take so youthful a sovereign into her political calculations; and at the commencement of the new reign joined the Guises, as the weaker party, against the combined princes of the blood, with whom the Constable Montmorenci had united. She soon discovered her error; the Guises had no sooner established their ascendancy, than they deprived the queen-mother of all influence, and reduced her to a mere nullity.

Mary, Queen of Scotland and France, early displayed symptoms of that pride and obstinacy, not easily to be distinguished from dignity and firmness, which long years of subsequent suffering were unable to subdue. On the death of Mary of England, she quartered the arms of England with those of France and Scotland; thus actually proclaiming the bastardy of Elizabeth—an insult which was never forgiven or forgotten. Even when this heraldic offence was removed, according to the stipulations of treaty, she preserved her former device, two crowns, with the motto "ALIAMQUE MORATUR," "And she waits for another." Instead of a manageable daughter-in-law, to be guided at pleasure, Catherine found in the young queen a dangerous rival, gifted with keen wit, great powers of sarcasm, and a readiness of repartee which was said to be unrivalled. There was more than one blot in the heraldry and genealogy of the Medicis, which Mary did not fail to hit whenever the queen-mother ventured to remonstrate. Unfortunately the arrows thus shot never ceased to rankle in the wounds they inflicted.

In the long line of French monarchs, Francis II. is the only one of whom it is recorded that he was desperately in love with his wife. Feeble in intellect, and still more feeble in constitution, he appreciated Mary Stuart, and lived only in her presence. The Guises induced him to remove from St. Germains to the Castle of Blois, in the depth of winter, simply by telling him that in the latter place he could more uninterruptedly enjoy the company of his young queen. Catherine was not to be deceived respecting the real object of the journey. In Blois she would virtually be a prisoner, removed from all the alliances she had formed in Paris, and surrounded only by the partisans of the Guises. *The Trans-*

alpine Pope, as the Cardinal of Lorraine was not undeservedly called, formally excluded her from the royal councils, before the court had been three entire days at Blois.

But Catherine was not the only person to whom this removal of the court to Blois had given just cause of jealousy and alarm. Paris was profoundly agitated; the expenditure of a court seems almost necessary to the existence of so artificial a metropolis, and yet no capital in the world has offered more insults and injuries to royalty. The Huguenots were more justly alarmed. Sanguinary as were the edicts already issued against the Reformed religion, it was known that the cardinal of Lorraine, dissatisfied with the slow proceedings of the ordinary courts, had resolved to introduce the Spanish Inquisition, with all its horrors. To save themselves from worse persecutions than those they had already endured, they organised the conspiracy of Amboise, one of the most interesting and obscure events in the history of that age. Catherine is accused, on the one hand, of having organised or encouraged the conspiracy for the purpose of betraying the Huguenots to the Guises, and on the other, of having been prepared to give up her sons to the princes of the blood and the Huguenots. Let us examine the evidence closely, for the events of this conspiracy were a kind of rehearsal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, twelve years later.

There was about this time in Paris, a jeweller named *Ruffange*, who had embraced the Protestant religion, and obtained so much confidence, that the Huguenots appointed him superintendent of the fund which they had collected to relieve the poor of their persuasion. He abused his trust, the peculation was discovered, and he was expelled from the congregation. To revenge this affront, he denounced the conventicles to the authorities; another renegade, *Frete*, joined him, and on the evidence of these informers, several wealthy citizens were arrested. After some time Ruffange discovered two apprentices who had quarrelled with their masters, and he induced these wretches to say that they had witnessed the most licentious orgies in the Huguenot conventicles, and particularly in the house of the Advocate Trouillard, one of them adding, that the advocate's daughter had fallen to his share in the indiscriminate debauchery. Catherine, on hearing this tale, took the lead in directing an immediate investigation; and in Paris it was generally believed that she was the first to suggest that the Huguenots who had been arrested, should be examined by torture. It is therefore exceedingly improbable that she should at the same time have been engaged in confidential communication with the Huguenot leaders.

Among the persons arrested, were a merchant named Le Vicomte, his wife and children; they were seized on a Friday, and, in order to excite the indignation of the populace, a capon, and a joint of meat which had been found in their larder, were borne before them, as they were conducted to prison. It was worse for Le Vicomte that libellous pamphlets, printed in Geneva, were found in his house, severely attacking the character of Catherine and the late king, exaggerating the feebleness of the reigning monarch, and proposing that a regency should be formed under the auspices of the princes of the blood. Further investigation showed that these pamphlets were extensively circulated, and it is therefore incredible that Catherine should have favoured the schemes of the Huguenots, since their purpose was to deprive her, as well as the Guises, of all political power, and to bestow the administration on the objects of her perpetual fear and hatred, the princes of the House of Bourbon.

Threatening letters, printed and written, couched in gross and offensive terms, were addressed to Catherine by the Huguenots. One collection of these, preserved in the great library at Paris, is the most singular mixture of fanaticism, superstition, and religious rancour, which can well be imagined. It appears that when Marot first published his metrical version of thirty psalms, the poetry, or the music, or both, had such a charm, that they became the height of the fashion. Every one in the court selected a psalm, and Henry II. complained that they were all appropriated before he had an opportunity of making a choice. Catherine, who was at that time childless and neglected, selected the 141st psalm; and, according to the author

of the letters, it was the influence of this psalm that reconciled her to her husband, and rendered her a fruitful mother. The writer then charges her with great ingratitude, and menaces her with the vengeance of God and man for sanctioning the prosecution of Du Bourg, who had been arrested for heresy in the preceding reign, and against whom the process had been renewed, as was generally believed, at the instigation of Catherine. That such menaces were not idle threats, had recently been proved by the assassination of Minard, one of Du Bourg's judges, who was shot by a Huguenot, of Scottish descent, nearly related to the young queen, the Chevalier Stuart.

The object of the conspiracy was to compel the king to proclaim Louis, Prince de Condè, then the most able of the Bourbon princes, lieutenant-general of the kingdom. It is doubtful whether the prince himself participated in the design; certainly no conclusive evidence of his complicity has ever been adduced; but Theodore Beza asserts that the design was communicated to him, and that he consented to take the office, if the conspiracy should succeed.

The plot was formed at Nantes, in the February of 1560, and the chief of the conspiracy was Godfrey de la Renaudie; he arranged that bands of Huguenots, from different parts of the kingdom, should meet on a particular night at the Castle of Blois, secure the persons of the royal family, arrest the Guises, proclaim a regency, and convoke the States-General. The Viscount de Tavannes avers that the conspirators further designed to give France a republican constitution, similar to that of Switzerland, but Beza declares that their views were limited to establishing some permanent elective council, which would serve as a constitutional check on the royal authority. Renaudie's arrangements were made with great skill and secresy. After having completed the organisation of the provinces, he came to Paris, and took into his confidence the advocate *Avenelles*, who, though a strict Huguenot, betrayed the secret to the secretary of the Cardinal of Lorraine. Information was immediately sent to Blois, upon which the Guises conducted the royal family to Amboise, which they secured with a strong garrison.

Although emissaries were sent in every direction, yet such was the general detestation of the Guises, that no information could be procured of the movements of the conspirators; and had the armed bands reached the rendezvous simultaneously, they would probably have succeeded. On the morning of the 16th of March information was received that small troops of soldiers had been seen defiling on the road between Tours and Amboise, and that others were assembling at Norsay. The Duc de Nemours immediately set out with a troop of horse to reconnoitre, and arrested two captains, who mistook the royal cavalry for some of their friends. The Baron de Castelnau-Chalesse, with a few followers, threw himself into the castle, and sent to warn Renandie of his danger. But the Duc de Nemours having been soon reinforced, Castelnau, perceiving that his men were inadequate to the defence of the place, capitulated on conditions, which were violated as soon as they were made. Instead of being allowed free access to the king, Castelnau and his officers were confined in dungeons, and placed at the mercy of the Guises. The scattered bands of the conspirators were cut off in detail; Renaudie was almost the only chief who resisted, and died the death of a soldier; nearly two thousand of his followers were captured, and reserved for the rack or the scaffold.

All the cotemporary authorities exonerate Catherine from any share in the horrible tragedies that followed, and attribute the cruelties inflicted on the prisoners to the Guises. The most horrible tortures were inflicted on the chief prisoners, in the hope of getting them to accuse the Prince of Condè. Castelnau, to use the expressive phrase of the time, was *helled* (*gehennè*); he remained on the rack several hours, but no amount of torture could induce him to accuse his friend, or deny his faith. More than twelve hundred persons were hanged, drowned, or decapitated. The chiefs were reserved for the last; their execution was made a spectacle; the queen-mother, and her three sons, the queen-consort, and all the ladies of her court, the princes of the blood, and the officers of state, were present at the beheading of these men, brought in litters to the scaffold, as their limbs,

crushed and broken by torture, were unable to support them. The Chancellor Olivier, who was forced by the Guises officially to preside over the trials by torture, was so overcome by these horrors that he sickened and died. He was succeeded by the celebrated l'Hôpital, whom Catherine pretended to oppose, and by thus misleading the Guises, ensured his success.

These atrocious cruelties provoked rather than daunted the Huguenots. Condè, having joined his brother in Navarre, began to organise a confederacy against the Guises, and there is every reason to believe that the project was received favourably by Catherine. But the plot was early discovered. Condè employed as a messenger an indiscreet soldier, La Sague, who boasted of the confidence reposed in him to a comrade he had known in Piedmont; this crafty wretch, having induced him to carry his confidence farther than he first intended, revealed the secret to the Guises, and measures were taken to arrest La Sague as he returned to Navarre, charged with the replies of the nobles to Condè's invitations. Dread of the rack extorted from *La Sague* an ample confession; he revealed the secret of the sympathetic ink in which several of the letters were written, and the most menacing of them were found to be written by the Vidame de Chartres, whom scandal declared to be the favoured lover of Catherine. Certain it is that the queen-mother, after having shown excessive partiality for this nobleman, exhibited towards him extraordinary hatred; it was at her instigation that he was arrested and sent to the Bastile, a measure which the Guises would have avoided for fear of alarming the Bourbons.

Late in the October of this eventful year, the States-General were convoked in Orleans, which the Guises had secured by a strong garrison. The King of Navarre and his brother Condè, though warned of the danger to which they were exposed, attended the assembly with a very small train of followers; but no sooner had they reached the city, than Condè was arrested, and Navarre placed under the strictest *surveillance*. Never was Catherine in greater danger; the Cardinal of Lorraine openly treated her with the greatest disrespect, and she saw clearly that the decisive triumph, which in all human probability the Guises were likely to achieve, would be followed by her imprisonment or exile.

Condè's trial was conducted with a precipitancy which was inconsistent with the etiquette observed towards princes of the blood, and the Chancellor l'Hôpital gained a few days delay by protesting against these informalities. In the interval, Francis II. was seized with an abscess in the ear, which soon baffled the skill of the physicians. So soon as the disease appeared likely to terminate fatally, the Guises urged Catherine to arrest Navarre, and execute Condè; she steadfastly refused, but she took advantage of the crisis to obtain from the King of Navarre a formal cession of his claims to the regency. In the midst of these intrigues the king died, after a reign of only one year and five months. His obsequies were conducted with indecent haste, and with a negligence which provoked many bitter comments.

The death of Francis II. was so opportune for the princes of the blood, that they were said to have bribed his physician, the celebrated Ambroise Parè, to poison the young monarch. At a later period, a similar charge was made against Catherine, and several grave historians have intimated that there were reasonable grounds at least for suspicion. The circumstance on which the queen's enemies most confidently rely, is the agreement which Catherine made respecting the regency, while the king was yet alive, but this is at once explained by Castelnau, who informs us that the physicians had declared the king's case hopeless the day before this suspicious interview. It may be added, that the Guises, who were so deeply interested in the young monarch's fate, never showed any suspicion of the queen-mother, and always maintained that the death of Francis had resulted from purely natural causes.

The Guises hoped to continue their ascendancy, by uniting their niece, the widow of the late king, to the new monarch, who was little more than ten years of age. Charles IX. expressed a boyish passion for his beautiful sister-in-law; but Catherine having received early intimation of the intrigue, insisted that the Queen of

Scots should return to her own kingdom. Mary left France with the most poignant regret, and subsequent events too fatally justified her sorrow. Charles through life lamented the policy that separated him from the object of his first affections, and was on more than one occasion with difficulty prevented from having recourse to arms to support the cause of the unhappy Queen of Scotland.

Catherine commenced her administration as regent, by issuing an edict of toleration, and procuring the formal acquittal of the Prince de Condè from the parliament. The Guises having gained over the Constable Montmorency, and secured the neutrality of the King of Navarre, were so powerful that the queen-mother was compelled to court the support of Condè, the Colignis, and the chiefs of the Protestant party; she went so far as to propose the convoking of a national council of the French clergy, to discuss the reformation of religion. Instead of the council, it was resolved that there should be a free conference of Catholic and Protestant theologians, at Poissy. The discussion lasted several days, and, as might have been expected, only served to confirm the disputants in their own opinions; but the Huguenots embraced the opportunity of opening their churches and fearlessly preaching their opinions, declaring that what had been endured by the king ought not to be prohibited to the people. This gave great offence to the zealous Catholics. Catherine sent a special ambassador to excuse herself to the King of Spain for having consented to the conference; but Philip II. would not even grant him an audience. The Duke of Guise, the Constable Montmorency, and the Marshal St. Andrê formed a triumvirate to defend the Catholic faith, and compelled Catherine to come with the young king to Paris, where she was for some months virtually a prisoner, while all the royal authority was usurped by the princes of Lorraine. The sanguinary wars of religion soon commenced, and devastated the entire kingdom; but the murder of the Duc de Guise by Poltrot, and the sudden death of the King of Navarre, delivered Catherine from her most dangerous rivals, and enabled her to assume the power as well as the name of regent.

Catherine was enabled to maintain her influence over Charles IX. by securing the support both of his wife and of his mistress. The former, Elizabeth, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, took very little interest in politics, and had so small a share in the confidence of her husband that she did not know anything of the massacre of St. Bartholomew until the morning after that horrible butchery. Marie Touchet, to whom Charles continued passionately attached during his whole life, took the greatest care to avoid anything that might excite the jealousy of Catherine, and frequently used her influence with the King, to induce him to yield to his mother, whenever he differed from her in opinion.

We have too recently described the fearful eve of St. Bartholomew, to touch upon it again. Charles IX., when the excitement of crime was over, began to regard his mother with horror, and would certainly have excluded her from power, had he ever been restored to sound health. Some have asserted that the knowledge of this intention induced Catherine to poison her second son, and adduce as a proof her address to her favourite child, Henry, when he was setting out to assume the crown of Poland. "Adieu," said she, "you will not be long absent from France!" But such a crime would have been perfectly gratuitous; the declining condition of Charles was known to everybody when Henry went to Poland; long before that event, the physicians had declared that his excesses had exhausted the stamina of life.

In the interregnum between the death of Charles and the return of King Henry, Catherine abused her power as regent, to procure the condemnation of Montgomery, whose lance had accidentally killed her husband fifteen years before. The unfortunate nobleman was cruelly tortured; Catherine hoped to force him to confess that he and the Colignis had formed a conspiracy against the late King, which might be pleaded as an apology for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. But the rack only forced from Montgomery cries that the terms on which he had surren-

dered to the royal forces had been perfidiously violated. He was so broken by the torture, that he had to be lifted to the scaffold; and he met his fate with the courage of a martyr. During the civil wars which distracted the unhappy reign of Henry III. Catherine steadily pursued one object—the exclusion of Henry of Navarre from the succession. To accomplish this, she became reconciled to her old enemies, the Princes of Lorraine, and secretly favoured the enterprise of the League. Her son Henry, who had long submitted implicitly to her guidance, resolved to counteract her scheme, by treachery and crime. Concealing his intentions with the most profound dissimulation, he allowed Catherine to invite the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine to Paris. They visited the queen-mother, who declared herself anxious to support their ambitious projects, and led them to believe that the King was equally favourable. Full of confidence, they went to visit his majesty, and were treacherously murdered. Catherine was confined to her room by a slight indisposition when Henry came himself to announce to her this atrocious crime. "The King of Paris is dead, Madam," said he, "and I will be king for the future!" "You have slain the Duke of Guise, then," she replied; "take care that his death may not render you *king of nothing*. Have you taken the precautions essential to your safety?" "I have, madam," he answered; "and you need not disquiet yourself about the matter." He then abruptly quitted the apartment, without even the ordinary salute that etiquette required. The Cardinal de Bourbon, whom Catherine visited in his prison, reproached her bitterly for the murder of the Guises, declaring that they would not have ventured to Paris but for her express invitation. Catherine easily cleared herself of all complicity in the crime, but on her return to the palace she was seized with sudden illness. In her last interview with her son she is reported to have recommended him to seek a reconciliation with the King of Navarre. A confessor was summoned; as he approached the bed, she asked his name, and being told that it was St. Germain, she exclaimed that he was the herald of her death. Favyn, who relates this anecdote, declares that Nostradamus had foretold to Catherine that St. Germain would be fatal to her, and that for this reason she had continually refused to reside in the palace or the parish of that name.

The greatest stain on the character of Catherine is her share in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which we have not attempted either to palliate or to conceal. Her entire life was devoted to maintaining the tottering house of Valois, menaced on the one hand by the house of Lorraine, and on the other by the house of Bourbon. The success of the League would have given the throne of France to Guise; the triumph of the Huguenots would have bestowed it on the King of Navarre. Catherine stood between both, and during a long life, her able though unscrupulous policy held both in subjection. If the house of Valois could have been saved, to her alone would it have been indebted for safety; and we conclude with saying, in the words of an eminent statesman—"If not a good, she was a great woman; her death was not merely that of a monarch—it was the death of a dynasty and a monarchy."

RAILWAY LITERATURE.

HERE may be seen at certain stations on the North Western Railway (we select it as being the sphere to which our own observation has been for the most part limited) certain curious little volumes, with embellished covers, and quaint designs engraven thereupon, which the itinerant vendors of *Punch,* and his contemporary brethren of the press, persist in poking through the carriage windows into the face of the traveller. These commodities are sometimes arranged by the vendors aforesaid like a pack of cards, or, as most of us have seen, the waiter at a German *table d hôte,* with a dish stuck between every finger, so as to make the display as tempting and as effective as possible, for the purpose of attracting the attention of the purchaser in perspective, who is awakened from pleasing dreams of his *domus et placens uxor hic decus,* or his debts, by the shrill voice of some *enfant terrible* exclaiming, "A Bowl of Punch, sir!" "Flirt!" "Ballet Girl! by *H*albert Smith;" "Biscuits and Grog!" "Tuft-Hunter!" by *H*angus Reach; *Times! Chronicle! Daily News! Morning Herald!* and other similar delicacies of the season. Should the traveller thus disturbed have any small change on his person, and be able to get at it without extricating himself entirely from the comfortable rug in which he is enveloped, he will probably expend a few eleemosynary shillings in the purchase of these small works, which, having stuffed into his pocket, he will probably think of no more, until, arrived at his journey's end, the advent of some rainy day or idle evening may tempt him to explore their mysteries. Then it may be will arise the vain regret for the shillings he has so recklessless disbursed, or, as he glances over the pages, the feeling, perchance, of wonder how people who have any respectability to lose, would hazard that contingency by placarding their names in such a manner; or he will perhaps feel surprise that a book, which apparently contains so much, can be sold for so little. Reflections such as these will probably cross his mind according to his mode of thinking, and his opinion on the literature of the day.

The headlong bustle and the toil of life, with its steam always up, and its engine, when not going at full speed, generally preparing for a start, leave men small leisure save to skim the surface of books. Writers know this, and adapt themselves accordingly to the locomotive propensities of the age; and thus has been generated a quantity of literature, if literature it can be called, fit for little else, save to be read in a railway carriage or steamboat, but which is, notwithstanding, greatly calculated to depreciate the taste of the age. There is upon record a story of the late Mr. Daniel O'Connell, which is not inapplicable to our subject. Meeting one day an author newly-fledged, and greatly elated by the hit of his literary first-born, he shook him heartily by the hand.

"Well, my dear fellow, I congratulate you sincerely on the success of your book; I have seen something extremely good in it."

"What was it—eh?" said the delighted author, rubbing his hands and blushing.

"A mutton pie, my dear fellow," replied the Liberator, chuckling slyly.

We are sorry to say that we have not seen anything half so good in most of the railway literature we are about to present to our readers; but we have no doubt the time will ere long arrive when these effusions of Messrs. Albert Smith and Co. may be applied to some purpose equally useful.

Much of the mischief caused by this species of literature, we fear, may be traced to the influence upon the public mind of the great writers of the day, and among the number, Mr. Charles Dickens. If he has done some good in his generation, his works have not been without a certain amount of evil. The charm with which he has contrived to invest the ordinary details of every-day life—his powers of minute description, not only of place but of character, to an infinite variety of which, and not always, by the way, of the

pleasantest or most honest kind, he makes his readers acquainted with—has called into existence a horde of imitators, *servum pecus*, who have all the accuracy of his descriptive powers, without a spark of the talent which has rendered them so attractive. A whole swarm of Cockney writers have started into life, buzzing and fretting away their little hour upon the flags of London—the only scene upon which it is at all probable they will ever act a conspicuous part. One or two of the more audacious have possibly contrived to gain a sight of the interior of some crowded drawing-room, on the outskirts of the fashionable world, or perpetrated the grand tour of Europe by going to Boulogne. Be this, however, as it may, we are inundated by the result of their experience, in prose and verse, in descriptions of travelling and travellers, evening parties and dinners—tales and *conversaziones* — gentlemen about town, or, as they call themselves, gents, and other like matters ; and the strange miscellany of little blue and buff, and pink and green, and crimson volumes to which we have alluded, afford a remarkable proof, that the time has arrived when in order to write it is not necessary to have any knowledge, experience, or information of any kind whatsoever.

The rage for this kind of reading—for there must be a large circulation, otherwise the article would not be supplied—marks a peculiar trait of the English character: we mean the almost universal desire to be acquainted with the details of high life. It seems to be a peculiarity of the Anglo-Saxon, and exhibits itself with equal intensity in the Yankeeised Englishman. The American tourist of even good address and education, thinks he does nothing to gratify his reader till he has described the dress of his host at breakfast and dinner, told the number of towels and wax-lights in his bedroom, and explained how the servant brushes his hat and folds his clothes. Here the mob of the middle class are almost as far removed from our own regions of fashion as if they lived in Natchez or Cincinnati; but with all the curiosity of their Yankee congeners they have a bit of British pride that will not allow them to make so public a profession of ignorance as Jonathan does, when he hires and commissions his literary spies on the domestic lives of the English nobility. The middle class English reader, with better taste, prefers studying the habits of the great indirectly; and just as he trusts his health to quack medicines, he adopts as his guides in matters of high life and elegant manners, these catchpenny prints of the railway and steamboat saloon. The quality of the article supplied is a sure index to the taste that prompts the demand ; and when we look through these heaps of frivolity, vulgarity, and wretched aping of gentility and breeding, we cannot but regret that the class which virtually rules Britain, and is every day acquiring a greater influence in her destinies, should comprise so many empty-headed, coarse-minded, and egotistical people, as must be found to read them. You do not find the same sort of literature on the book-stalls of French and German railway stations. If theirs be more licentious (which, however, we doubt), it is less sordid; and that unmistakable trait of coarse minds, the zest for the exposure of the vulgarities of the semi-genteel, the taste for the "Tittlebat Titmouse" school of satire (we hope Mr. Warren, a man of genius, will pardon us for introducing his name in such company) is nowhere met with.

We are not, heaven knows, ill-natured. We have a kindly spirit and wish to be on good terms with all the world, and especially with our brethren of the quill—with every integral member of which honourable fraternity, however humble, we would willingly smoke the calumet of peace. Our *esprit de corps* is so strong, that every body and thing connected with literature is dear to us. We would have no objection to dine in a quiet way with an honest publisher. We would shake hands with a printer's devil. We have treated with all the kindness in our power a small boy, in a curly head and blue jacket, who used to come to us for proofs (and who we are informed has recently gone to sea, in order to better his condition)—but there are limits to human endurance.

Mr. Albert Smith is known to the British public by being the author of some half dozen of these small volumes, which

we will match against any others in existence for containing an equal amount of nonsense. Turning them over at random we have laid our hands upon one entitled the "Bowl of Punch," which the author informs us in his introduction is not a reprint, but that much of it is entirely original, and that the purpose for which it has been written will be completely answered, should it serve to while away a dull hour in a railway carriage, or anywhere else; and a very dull hour we should say it would be, that would allow itself to be so whiled away in so stupid a manner. We select a specimen of what the author is pleased to call entirely original. In a chapter entitled "Nuts to Crack," may be found the following highly original and interesting conundrums:—

"Why is an umbrella like a Mackintosh? Because it keeps off the wet!

"When is a pane of glass not a pane of glass? When it's smashed to pieces!

"How is Pennsylvania spelt in two letters? Nowhere at all!

"Why do people go to bed? Because they feel tired!

"When does a man, in a brown coat, with a parcel under his arm, go along Fleet-street at the rate of five miles an hour? When he's in a hurry!!!

"When are eggs not eggs? When they're an omelet!

"What is the difference between live fish and fish alive? No difference!!!"

We think this list of *entirely* original and interesting enigmas is scarcely complete without the addition of that well-known query, "Where was Peter when the candle went out?"—and "Why does a miller wear a white hat?" We may observe, *en passant*, that we had at first some doubts as to the existence of Mr. Smith; and still must own we feel some curiosity to know if the variegated covers of the odd little volumes one sees hawked about at Wolverton and other north-western stations be not his only local habitations. Assuming that he is a real personage, and not a "Mrs. Harris" of literature, we should like to have him for a brief season in Galway; but his neck would be scarely worth breaking, after all, and even a half-bred hack would probably kick him out of the saddle in the first five minutes. And this is a writer who amuses and instructs an English public!

We turn over his books at random and have chanced upon the "Flirt," which opens with the following passage:—

"*A nous.* Graceful glorious girls! *Come on*, fair young witches, who alone determine whether, by your presence or your absence, the most splendid evening party shall be a brilliant success or a diurnal failure. Wreath your white arms into a magic circle round our desk, through which for a while no duller subject shall dare to intrude."

This is a very pretty picture, and finely imagined. In the eye of fancy we behold the illustrious Cockney, sitting in his room, four pair up, somewhere north of Oxford-road. He is in his high-lows, and probably, for the weather is warm, without his coat. A large glass of gin-sling is by his side, and around him are trooping the graceful glorious girls present. Why, you audacious fellow, what business could a graceful glorious "gal," as you would pronounce the word, have with such a creature, except to go into convulsions of laughter. We should like to see you just for five minutes in the company of one of the daughters of our own country. We would desire no better sport—in one minute your own mother wouldn't know you. But let us return to the exordium, "*Wreath your white arms, &c., round our desk through which no duller subject shall intrude.*" What is the meaning of this? How could a dull subject intrude through his desk. We know not, unless, indeed, the writer knocked his head through it, as a love-lorn youth, whose path we once chanced to cross, in order to produce an impression on the lady's heart, bumped his own head against the wall, like a battering-ram, very much to the detriment of the wall, so that he had at the same time a headache as well as a heartache. But Smith proceeds in his invocation, calling his divinities by name:—

"Come," he says, "'Belle de Nuit,' for that is the only name we shall give you, fair creature with those *scented ringlets compromised with bands!!* by being looped together round the *small white ear*, so daring in the most rapid polka!"

Ringlets compromised with bands! Did any mortal man ever hear of such expression? We have heard of compromising a lady's character, but her bands! Lauk-a-daisy! And then the "*white ear, so daring in the rapid polka!*" We wish we had a hold of yours in these tongs, Mr. Smith, and the pulling that holy man, St. Dunstan, gave the nose of Beelzebub, would be a joke to what we should inflict upon you. But he proceeds after other invocations—"And Maria WITH THE LARGE BLACK PUPILS!" Good gracious, does he know a lady who takes large black pupils? How remarkably odd! We have never heard of any governess in these parts who devotes herself exclusively to the education of negroes. We should like to see this new Jane Eyre, with her circle of flat-nosed, woolly-headed scholars. But in justice to the author, let us not deprive him of the benefit which the remainder of the sentence can supply—"*in which we saw our tiny photographic semblances!*" by which we begin to perceive that Smith is addressing a lady's eyes, and also that he is a thief, in a small way. The words are Albert Smith's, indeed, but the thought, so obscurely conveyed, that we failed at first to recognise it, belonged to Thomas Moore—

"For we make babies in each other's eyes"

Another of these small works compiled by the same distinguished author, is entitled "Evening Parties," and as far as we are able to discover, it contains nothing which could, in the least, entertain our readers, with the exception, perhaps, of the dedication, which is as follows:—

"To the
Editor of the *Athenæum*,
In acknowledgment of
The impotence of his endeavours
Either to make or break the fortune of
any Book,
(Be it high art or entertaining,)
This little Volume
Is most respectfully inscribed."

By which we are to infer that the august individual who conducts that very distinguished periodical has attempted either to make or mar the fortunes of Smith. If he have succeeded in making them, highly as we esteem his abilities, he is a much abler person than we take him for; if, on the other hand, he has broken this butterfly, or rather gnat, upon the wheel of his criticism, all we can say upon the subject is, that he might have been much better employed. The poor editor of the *Athenæum!* We do pity him sincerely. We can scarcely imagine a heavier grievance than to be handed down to posterity on the title-page of such a volume. We hope a similar compliment may never be conferred upon us.

But to proceed:—

"The Belle has different opinions formed of her. Old mammas with unmarriagable daughters, pronounce her to be 'an exceedingly forward young woman.' Young ladies who are a little jealous, think her a very strange girl in her manners—and the young gentlemen speak of her according to their temperaments and ideas of perfection as 'a splendid creature,' 'a girl with no humbug about her'—a 'black-eyed STUNNER;' or in unfeminine, yet expressive appellation, 'a thorough-going brick!'"

"Young gentlemen speak of her as a black-eyed stunner!!" &c. Has Smith the most remote idea of what is meant by the term gentleman? From our scant experience of his productions, we should say, decidedly not. A stunner! We think a "stunner" judiciously administered by the mother of this belle, whom he thus apostrophises, to Smith, might be of decided advantage, and make him cautious how he speaks of black eyes in future. One more passage from this Cockney ere we dismiss him from our presence, is all we shall trouble our readers with—it is extracted from "The Gent":—

"We met the Gent in the boxes, at one of the theatres. Hither he had come in the full dress of a light-blue stock, and cleaned gloves *re-dirtied.* We knew they had been cleaned—they exhaled a faint camphoric odour, as he put his hand on the iron rail and leaned over us; *and there was none of that sharpness of outline in their dirt which new gloves evince.* It was denser, cloudier, more universal; and the knuckles and nails were remarkably so. This gent also had a little stick. He lighted a cigar at the lobby lamp, on leaving the house, and pulled a staring shawl out of his hat, as he whistled an air from one of the burlesques. He went over to the Albion, the room of which was quite full; and after standing in the centre

for a few seconds, tapping his teeth with his stick, whilst his left hand was thrust into the hinder pocket of his coat, dragged round to his hip, apparently disgusted at not creating any sensation, he turned round on his heel, and crossing Covent Garden, ultimately dined in Evans's. Then we thought that the Gents must be a race by themselves, which social naturalists had overlooked, deserving some attention; and we determined to study their habits, and allot to them a certain position, which, at that time they did not appear to have."

If this be a specimen of that class of individuals touching whom Smith professes to write, and with whose habits he has, doubtless, acquired that familiarity which nothing but constant association can afford, we can no longer wonder at the miserable conceit and intense vulgarity of one so professedly experienced in the mysteries of what he is pleased to call *redirtied gloves.* Society will, doubtless, derive considerable advantage from the extinction of the race, to put down which, as the author terms it, this book has been printed; but we are equally sure that the public at large will derive a benefit far greater from the entire abatement of these literary nuisances, of which Smith is so remarkable a specimen. We shall now let him go for the present, in the hope that it may be long ere we are condemned to read such stupid, odious, and vulgar rubbish again.

We do not like being in an ill humour—it is a frame of mind by no means congenial to our nature. We therefore turn with exceeding pleasure from contemplations which would stir the gall of the meekest of mankind, to three small volumes, by a young writer whose name is unknown to us, but whose literary acquaintance we have pleasure in making, almost as great as if we had an opportunity of shaking him by the hand. He is a clever, pleasant fellow, and a gentleman to boot, we feel certain. In presenting Mr. James Hannay to the favourable notice of our readers, we perform an agreeable task; and we only do him justice, when we express our opinion, that he is a writer of whom, unless we shall be much disappointed, should not the world one day hear more. The three little volumes to which his name is prefixed, were written, as he humbly informs us, in the last year of his minority.

In the work called "A Claret-Cup; or Reminiscences of Mr. Percival Plug, of the Royal Navy," we have a series of sketches more luminous, graphic, and felicitously told, than any that have come under our notice since the days of Boz; who, we may observe by the way, has never surpassed or indeed equalled his Sketches of London. Mr. Hannay, *alias* Mr. Percival Plug, evidently mingled in the scenes which he describes so well; and we think, did he make the attempt, could write a sea novel which either Marryatt or Cooper would have been proud to own. He possesses an infinite fund of sly comic humour, and hits off individual character admirably. Let the second chapter of the "Claret-Cup," entitled "Three Months on Board H.M. Brig the Wavelet," serve as a specimen of his powers:—

"The winter of 184– had passed away in clouds and darkness, and spring descended upon the earth, and shook his wings, scattering fragrant dew. He breathed once, and the hard earth softened, and the gentle snowdrop reared its head; he breathed again, and again the earth relaxed, and the golden-coloured crocus sprung up, and nature put on her finery, preparing to do honour to the summer.

"It was in that season of the year that the Wavelet, one of her Majesty's brigs of war, left England and arrived in the Mediterranean. She passed the black and rocky Pantelearia at a rattling pace, and a strict look-out was kept on board for the light-house at Malta; for such is the lowness of that estimable island, that it is quite possible to miss it altogether, if great care is not taken. The light was descried at night, and reported.

"'I hope,' said Commander Troubadour, 'that the wind will be against us in entering the harbour.'

"The motive for this wish was, that he might show the squadron and the inhabitants how the Wavelet could beat into harbour; and he did so most effectually. The wind was as hostile as he could wish; and everything in favour of an effective display of seamanship; for the harbour was rather crowded, and the *Marina* lined with vessels of all sorts—brigs from England and boats from Sicily. The Wavelet made two or three tacks, and at last stood towards the *Marina.* Captain Troubadour grew proud, and stationed himself, with his

glass under his arm, on one of the carronade slides.

"'Time to go about!' cried the mate from the forecastle.

"'One minute,' said Captain Troubadour.

"There was a pause.

"'Put the helm down!'

"But the one minute was one too many. The vessel neared the shore, and when the helm was put down, flew round, with sails shivering and shaking, and shot up in the wind's eye, and against the stern of a harmless merchant ship a-head, to the astonishment of the knot of dirty fellows collected on her deck, in red shirts and night-caps. Captain Troubadour, as in duty bound, damned the merchant vessel for being in his way. The Wavelet then began to retreat, and pay off on the other tack; but not doing that fast enough, drove her stern into another vessel behind. At last she got clear, and stood off, and got safely to a buoy. All these operations had been watched with ineffable delight from the poop of the flag-ship, and the signal-officer had already pronounced Troubadour a lubber, condescending to add, that he had never expected anything else from him since he knew him on the South American station. The fact was, that Troubadour had been promoted in a vacancy which the signal-officer had expected to fill himself.

"When the arrival of the Wavelet was reported to the commander-in-chief, Sir Booby Booing, K.K.B., that officer was just finishing the forty-fifth page of his hundred-and-twentieth General Order, on the necessity of wearing full uniform on shore, and was about to direct it to be issued (to the grief of the squadron, and of Mr. Lindley Murray) the next day. Sir Booing, as the French consul called him, was a great officer, and so minute and copious in his writings, that it is credibly reported that, on his return from the command of the East Indies, he found about a hundred of his despatches still unopened, which the servant, I suppose, had forgot to burn.

"'Ah,' said he, when the Wavelet was reported, 'that's good; she'll just do to relieve the Orson at Athens, and let us have Sudsby back.'

"Sudsby is related to Sir Booby, through the Smiths of Clerkenwell, and the Joneses of Clapham.

"'And,' added the gallant officer, 'I suppose I must ask Troubadour to dinner—another blow to my cellar!'

"The reader will sympathise with the Admiral when he knows that his table-money was only about £800 a-year, and that champagne in Malta costs four shillings a bottle.

"The Wavelet in the meanwhile was in a state of considerable bustle. There were the sails to be furled neatly, and the yards to be squared, and the boats to be hoisted out; and there was a host of visitors on board—midshipmen come to see old mess-mates; Maltese females to look for men who had been married to them when out in other ships; duns to see whether any debtor of former years had come out again; and tailors seeking 'patronage' from youngsters newly joined the service. A philosophical observer would be much amused by comparing a juvenile just come out to the Mediterranean station with a youth who has been there three or four years. The difference is something like that between a hat fresh from the shop, and the same after a year's hard wear—it is the difference between boyishness, timidity, a love of lollipops and one glass of port, and experienced billiard playing, debt, betting, a judgment in cigars, and a taste for a maraschino. The assistant-surgeon, who was caterer for the berth, was giving instructions to the mess-steward about the supplies to be got on board; and the clerk was in his office, writing an application to the dock-yard for a coffin of five feet ten inches, in which to bury a man who had died the night before coming in. These things are managed there in a very business-like way. I once heard an old first-lieutenant, when giving the necessary orders for a funeral, call out, 'Main-yard there! A whip on the main-yard for the carcase!'

"When the work was over, the midshipmen went below to dinner, and Captain Troubadour to the Admiral's office, where he received instructions to proceed to relieve the Orson at Athens. He would have much rather stayed some time in Malta, but Sir Booby Booing was in no very good humour. Not long before, when inspecting a steamer, he had stumbled on a very pretty pink bonnet, in the cabin of the lieutenant in command, which by some horrid blunder had been left about. The lieutenant said that it belonged to his steward's wife, but I think it must be admitted that, as a man of the world, Sir Booby was justified in shaking his head with a certain dubiousness on hearing the assertion. He was therefore very cool and firm in delivering his instructions to Captain Troubadour, who accordingly returned on board, and wrote home by the mail, *via France*, to a cousin in the ministry, that he was sure the Admiral's intellect was going. The Admiralty, however, knew this before, and liked

him all the better for it. That night the Wavelet bent the studding-sail gear; and the next morning Captain Baggles, of the Caliban, received the following 'letter on service' from the Admiral's ship :—

"'H.M S. Regina, Malta.

"'SIR—You are hereby directed to discharge Mr. Percival Plug, midshipman, from H.M S. Caliban, to H.M. Brig Wavelet, in this harbours.

"'(Signed) BOOBY BOOING.

"'Commander-in Chief'

"On the receipt of this, I was sent for, and informed of it by Captain Baggles.

"'I have one piece of advice to give you,' said he, 'before you leave my ship. If you wish to get on in the service, never smoke.'

"I bowed, and thanked him for his hint—the result of the experience of his life—and half-an-hour afterwards I was sitting in the berth of the Wavelet, and had introduced myself to a good looking midshipman, whom I found there drinking bottled porter, and reading Mr. D'Israeli's last novel."

The quality of this extract will be found, we think, a sufficient excuse for the quantity of it. We have not for a long time read a more unaffected and pleasant little work; and ere we take our leave of it, we cannot resist the gratification of presenting to our readers another *morceau,* which is descriptive of the tribe of Boatswain :—

"We rather prefer the boatswain to the other 'monsters of the deep.' He is generally a good fellow—an Ajax in the field, and an alderman at the banquet. Weather of any kind makes no more impression on him than on the Wellington statue. Rain pours off him harmlessly, as off the roof of a house. His face is carved into wrinkles, as if by a chisel; his skin has been tanned hard and dry; eastern suns have dried it hard—northern seas soaked it again; hail has peppered it, and fire scorched it. Still there it is, vigorous and tough, with a rough good nature warming it. His shaggy, irregular eye-brows overhang his grey eyes, as a cliff does a torrent. He never walks two yards forward in the same attitude; and what with his gestures, and his extraordinary style of clothes, no inexperienced observer can tell where his legs begin, or his body leaves off, or how they are united.

"The future Boatswains of England (by the way, why don't Barrow, or somebody, write a series of that name?) are now variously scattered over our sea coasts, dressed in corduroys, and catching shrimps—'sea-urchins' of extraordinary breed. To drag the reluctant periwinkle from his home—to build little sand-heaps—to chaff the sentry at the dock-yard—these are their amusements. Some combine emolument with them, and 'accept office' as under-secretary to bum-boats, or possibly to drive a water cart. They enter the navy as boys, when, being too rough to be made servants, they are generally stationed among the foretop-men. There they are great favourites of the captain of the top, being ready for anything, however dangerous or dirty, in the way of work—to furl a topgallant sail or dabble in a tar or grease-barrel. They are the terror of the cook, and the pest of the master-at-arms. When they get flogged at the tail of a gun, they bear it like Spartans, and sometimes with a cool irony; as, for example, by crying out during the operation, 'Oh! take warning by me,' and so on. In time a boy of this sort rises to foretop-man—goes everywhere—in merchant ships, opium clippers, slave-traders, colliers, and hoys; and at last gets made captain of a top and boatswain's mate. Being then stirred by the 'last infirmity of noble minds,' he teaches himself, with assistance, to read and write; and, having pleased some captain, gets examined for promotion, and gets his warrant. He has now reached the top of the tree, and looks down with contempt upon those 'who labour in the lower occupations of life.' He purchases a silver 'call,' and assumes a tail-coat. On Sundays he appears in a huge white waistcoat—and on Christmas day is generally asked to dinner by the captain, where he feels terribly awkward, and does not know what to do when asked to take wine. 'No, thank ye, sir, I'll take a potato,' is, we believe, the traditionary orthodox reply, as laid down in the boatswain's code of etiquette, for these occasions.

"The boatswain is commonly married to a female of congenial mind, who drinks a little gin, is very fond of tea, and wears black stockings. Sometimes he has a comely daughter, whom the common sailors look on with much the same feeling of respect as you and I, reader, do on a great heiress. This young lady behaves with scrupulous caution, with regard to midshipmen; and most delicately and prudently—perhaps a little pru*dishly*—adjusts her green gown, when about to descend the main-hatchway.

"The boatswain is very frequently a politician of no ordinary intensity of feeling, and may be seen in the *Blue Anchor,* or the *Happy Marlingspike,*

reading a radical print, much thumbed, and adorned with various 'fairy rings,' produced by the circular bottom of a pewter. He has a general antipathy to bishops, with regard to whom he has some vague notion, that they, somehow or other, deprive him of a portion of his pay. He agrees with Bentinck, Sibthorp, and other distinguished men, on the navigation laws.

"When superannuated, he retires to some neat little cottage in a sea-port town—a nautical oracle on weather and war among the neighbours. You may see him toddling along with his pipe, on a summer evening, devoutly raising his hat to every naval man he meets.

"A quiet death closes his useful existence, and he is much regretted by everybody; but particularly by the neighbouring publican, to whom he has been a punctual and steady customer. Peace to his manes."

"Biscuits and Grog," by the same author, is the name of another sprightly and amusing little book, containing also, "Sketches of Naval Life in the Mediterranean," which are in no ways inferior to those contained in the "Claret-Cup." From this our readers must be contented with a solitary extract, descriptive of a Captain Baggles of the Caliban, a naval commander of the Benbow school:—

"He was," we are informed, "a Tory of the good old 'post-and-prejudice' school, turned his old coat, sacrificed his principles, and got command of the Caliban. He was a man of very narrow intellect, and large personal dimensions, a plethoric antithesis, who thought little and ate much—a Justice Shallow on the quarter-deck, and a Hercules at the dinner-table. So much for Baggles: his young ones were promising 'chips of the old block'-head. Miss Baggles did not dance with midshipmen, and thought her papa the greatest officer afloat."

Possibly the lineaments of the conceited commodore survive—are not wholly effaced from the memory of some of our readers. The hand which has drawn a Baggles can do better still in the same line; and we see no reason why he may not hand down to posterity a portrait as effective as that of Smollett. Of the third production of this author, "Hearts are Trumps," we can scarcely stop to speak. We do not think it has so much of graphic power as has been displayed in the others to which we have alluded; but a tone of genuine, hearty kind feeling pervades it, which is irresistibly attractive. Upon the whole, we have seldom known a young writer to whom we have taken a greater fancy. His light and playful humour, his buoyant spirits, and his happy power of transferring to his own pages the scenes which he has himself passed through, as well as the feelings with which he has witnessed them, render him as agreeable and companionable a writer as it has ever been our good fortune to meet. We take our leave of him with regret, and look forward with much pleasure to the arrival of the period when we shall have the happiness of renewing his acquaintance.

The "Compliments of the Season" are now to give. "An Evening Party," by Mrs. Piers Shafton, is a blue book infinitely more agreeable, and containing much more attractive matter than that which we are in the habit of associating with such volumes. It is something in the style of Mrs. Perkins's "Ball," the writer whereof would do well to follow, in some respects, the example of Mrs. Shafton, about whom there is neither sneering, nor malice, nor ill-will of any kind.

This little book gives us the history of a young married lawyer, living near Dorset-square, who is wheedled by his wife into allowing her to give an evening party. The evils which happened before and after are very curiously described, and the illustrations are excellent. We must be satisfied with a solitary extract from "The Compliments of the Season":—

"The minor miseries Mrs. Travers Higgs had to endure and encounter, we shall not attempt to describe, without trespassing too far on the reader's sensibility; to empty her rooms of all the furniture generally in use in them, and to find warehouse-room for what was taken away: to borrow, beg, or hire rout-chairs or forms, spoons and forks, for the large shoal of human guests that was about to invade her board; to run about from one pastry-cook to another, to obtain estimates, prices, supper, and a hundred other things; to knock one dainty out of one list, and to ascertain the cost of inserting a dainty in another; to enter into

various details before a satisfactory contract could be arrived at, and then to be obliged to rely on the vague assurance of, 'Leave it all to me, ma'am, and we wont quarrel about the price,' was a much greater and more serious trial than Mrs. Travers Higgs ever contemplated. Then there was Edginton to be consulted about a marquee that was to be erected over the balcony in the front of the house, and one that was to be put over a cistern behind it, and an awning for the entrance; plans and measurements to be taken, journeys to the nurseries at Fulham for the hire of flowers. Then she had perpetual interviews with certain of her friends, who were very inquisitive as to what sort of affair it was to be, 'in order that they might not be too much or too little dressed; never-ending appeals to her judgment and candour; whether 'my old pink toiletau,' or my last figured blond would do?—whether a decided crush was not expected?—whether any attempt was to be made to get up a polka?—whether the Smiths were likely to be there, and if the Joneses had refused?—whether the supper was to be a sit-down, or a stand-up—that poor Mrs. Travers Higgs was getting very thin, and quite bewildered. Then she had her own little personal cares and anxieties: she had ordered a new dress for the occasion, which was to be sent home a week before the event, and the milliner had failed in her truth. Then the chandeliers were refractory, and would not burn; then the man who was to chalk the floors, was found incompetent to his duty; then the people of whom the music was to be had for the dancers, had mentioned that they had made a mistake in the day, and could not spare any performers; then there was a fresh hunt from one end of London to another, rushing about streets in cabs, while that horrid man, Mr. Travers Higgs, was sitting quietly at his chambers, settling drafts with his clients and pupils all the day, and going to the half-play all the night. At length the day—the eventful day!—like all other eventful days, whether it is to see a man married or hanged, arrived, with unerring punctuality. From an early hour Pulteney-terrace was in a state of great excitement. Before eight o'clock the doors of Mr. Travers Higgs were besieged with a large bevy of milk-men, green-grocers, fruiterers, and pastry-cooks, bearing trays on their heads all day long, and depositing their precious stores. Then came carts and vans with the furniture, flowers, and hot-house plants; and then there was a hammering and dingdong all day long, not only in the house but without, where an awning, or covered way was in the course of erection, from the curb-stone to the entrance, to the great wonderment of butchers'-boys and newspaper carriers, and the detriment of their masters' time and their customers' patience. Nor was the excitement confined to the house alone; the whole street became alive to the event, and shared in the general bustle; heads were seen peeping from behind the blinds in the neighbouring drawing-room and dining-room windows, and boldly emerging from those of the bed-rooms. . . .

"Monthly warnings were reciprocally given and received between Mrs. Travers Higgs and her domestics, and even menaces that their master should know all about it when he came home; a threat which they received with the most imperturbable composure.

"Travers Higgs had been graciously permitted to dine out on that eventful day, but to be sure to be home in time to dress. Whatever good humour might have been imbibed in the course of dining out, was dissipated in the insane endeavour of dressing himself on his return. The servants' bed-room (the back attic having been converted, for this night only, into a dressing-room) became the theatre of a series of interesting discoveries. Opera ties were missing, while waistcoats, damp from the washerwoman's laboratory, where they appeared to have been the subject of some curious experiment, in which stone-blue and hot iron had been indiscriminately used; buttonless shirts and shapeless trowsers; studs absent without leave; and the only things that could blunt the keen sense of his miseries were, his razors.

"Then in spite of his half angry and half sulky declarations that there was 'plenty of time,' every third minute he heard a thundering rap at the door, and a name shouted up stairs, and re-echoed on the landing-places, till it reached his own ears, like that of a warning-spirit. His guests arrived, and he not there to receive them! And what was Mrs. Travers Higgs about, in that preliminary half-hour to the arrival of company? After having done as much hard work as three niggers rolled into one, at eight o'clock she retired to her temporary dressing-room, literally done up, exhausted, and very red in the face. The company were actually asked for eight o'clock, and Mr. Travers Higgs was abusing the liberty she had given him of dining out, not having yet returned. An absentee of still greater importance was Mrs. Travers

Higgs's new dress. She having a shrewd suspicion that did her affectionate husband keep away altogether, the party might proceed in his absence, but without that 'love of a dress,' prepared on purpose, the thing was not to be thought of. The husband, however, and the dress-maker's assistant both stumbled on each other in the passage at the same moment.

"But the hallowed mysteries of Mrs. Travers Higgs's chamber we dare not penetrate, or else we might a tale unfold there of many perils, perplexities, and tribulations, to harrow the reader's feelings. The long-expected dress, like everything else that is put off to the last moment, was a failure, and required a world of letting-out and taking-in, before Mrs. Travers Higgs contrived to be in a presentable condition, not a little gratified by Jane's assurance, the she 'never seed missus looking so like the real thing in all her life.'"

There are two small books, also, in this collection, which we are anxious, if possible, to preserve from the fate which must overtake the remainder. They are by Mr. Horace Mayhew, and entitled "Model-Men" and "Model-Women" respectively. We don't in the least know Mr. Horace Mayhew; but we think we do remember some of the sketches now collected in these volumes, and if we do not greatly mistake, we have seen them in the pages of our esteemed cotemporary, Mr. *Punch*. Whether this be so or not, they are, at all events, very good, and by no means unworthy that distinguished periodical.

Which of our readers does not know, somewhere among his acquaintance, a model son, who, under the outward semblance of extreme respectability and propriety of conduct, is at heart a cunning, knowing, cash-absorbing knave. His elder, and, it may be, less sensible brother, jovial, careless, and extravagant, is knocking about the world to push his fortunes—possibly immured in chambers situated in a cellar at Lincoln's Inn, or writing articles for a daily paper, or performing any other kind of drudgery which can bring in a speedy return of money. The model son remains surrounded by all the comforts of home, where he avails himself of every opportunity of representing to the governor, in strong colours, the reckless and improvident nature of Charles James. Whenever a letter comes from the prodigal, craving for money, and complaining that he is grievously hard-up, the model son gives the extravagant brother a dig, indulges in a little self-laudation upon his own habits of economy, and ends, perhaps, by wheedling the unfortunate old gentleman out of a cheque for twenty pounds, with which he discounts a bill for the needy Charles James, at fifty per cent. But let us, without further preface, introduce our readers to the "Model Son" as drawn by our author:—

"He dresses in black, with a white neckcloth. He never goes to the theatre. He is not fond of cards, though he takes a hand occasionally at whist, to please his old father, but then it is only for penny points. He has no talent for running in debt, or any genius for smoking. He does not flirt, or read light publications, or have noisy friends to call upon him. He pays ready money for everything, and insists upon discount. He has a small sum in a particular safe bank somewhere. He dances but seldom, and then only with young ladies of a very certain income. He does not care much for beauty, and has a soul above pins and rings. He never keeps the servants up, and has a horror of reading in bed. He decants the wines, and compliments his father adroitly upon his 'tawny old port.' He carves without spilling any of the gravy at table, and is very obliging in executing all paternal errands and commissions. There is rarely more than one Model Son in each family; but he does duty enough for half-a-dozen, as he is continually being held up as the very model of perfection to the other sons, who bear him no very violent love in consequence. His virtue has its reward in his father's will."

A good deal of cleverness, also, is unquestionably displayed in the sister volume to this production, as we may call the "Model Women" of Mr. Horace Mayhew. We have looked through the list of model ladies which he has presented to our notice, and although some of them are taken from such originals with which we have long been familiar—such as the "Model Governess" and the "Model Mother-in-law"—still there are many others which display a very considerable amount of descriptive power. We may remark here, *en passant*, that it is a very

curious fact, this aversion to mothers-in-law—this "mother-in-law-phobia"—seems to be a species of mania quite peculiar to the writers in *Punch;* it has been introduced by them, and insisted upon to such a degree, that we fear some legislative enactment will ere long be necessary to prevent the wholesale extermination of mothers-in-law; *for if the opinion of these writers be of any value, this class of interesting females are made up of* every vice under the sun. The "Model Mother-in-law," however, we shall pass by, to make room for the "Model Lodging-House Keeper," which is certainly the best in this collection. Here she is:—

"She's very sorry, but she cannot make twenty breakfasts, and wait upon twenty gentlemen all at once! You really must wait a little longer. She is *so* hurt to hear that the children disturb you! She has the greatest trouble in keeping them quiet, but begs you will not hesitate to mention it if they are at all noisy. She has told them at least fifty times never to come into your room, the little plagues! She hopes you feel comfortable? Well, it's very strange, but the chimney never did smoke before; whatever can be the cause of it? Oh! that noise at the back is the skittle-ground—she quite forgot to mention it previously, but her house adjoins 'a public,'—it's a great nuisance to be sure, but it's only of an evening, and won't trouble you much after eleven.

"She can't, for the life of her, make out who takes your books! all she knows, that she's no time for reading—it must be that hussey, Ann; she 'll send her away as sure as she 's born, if she catches her at it! You must make a mistake—there wasn't a bit of the leg left yesterday, she's ever so positive there wasn't—she can show you the bone, if you wish it. She never recollects coals being so abominably dear; it's quite shameful! The ton you had in last week is all gone, and she was obliged to lend you a coal-scuttle herself this morning. She can't make out what makes the paper so very late—those tiresome boys are enough to wear one's life out. She's very sorry if there 's no mustard in the house, she has told Ann to get some at least a hundred times, if she has told her once, but it's of no use. She must get rid of the girl! Lor! how very provoking—she wishes you had only told her you wanted some hot water for your feet—she's just that very minute put the kitchen fire out; but there's some delicious cold water, if you 'd like any.

"What! a FLEA!!! (it is quite impossible to express this scream in type; the reader must imagine in his mind's ear something equal in shrillness to a railway whistle)—A FLEA!!! did you say? Oh! that she should live to hear such a *thing! She's only a poor lone widow, and it's cruel—that it is—to throw such a thing in her face! Well!* if you *are* bitten all over, it 's no fault of hers; you must have brought the 'nasty things' in yourself. Her house is known to be the sweetest house in the whole street; you can ask anybody if it isn't! Would you be kind enough not to ring the bell so often—there 's a poor invalid lady on the first floor, and it distresses her sadly! She begs your pardon, but linen always was an extra: she had a gentleman who stopt in her two parlours once, for ten years; he was a very nice gentleman, to be sure, something in the law, and he never, all the time, raised so much as a murmur against the linen, nor any other gentleman that she has had any dealings with; *you* must be mistaken.

"She really cannot clean more than one pair of boots a-day—some persons seem to have no bowels for the servants, poor creatures!—Well! what's the matter with the curtains, she should like very much to know? What, rather old! Well! on her word it's the first time she's ever been told so, and they have not been up eight years, if so much, but decidedly not more! However, if persons are not satisfied, they had better go—she has been offered three-and-sixpence a-week more for the rooms—and goodness knows she doesn't make a blessed farthing by them. She's anxious to satisfy everybody, but cannot do wonders—and what's more, won't, to please anybody! She's extremely sorry to hear that you have lost half your shirts, but she cannot be answerable for her servants, of course. She has told her lodgers over and over again always to be careful and lock their drawers, till she's fairly tired of telling them! What do you say? They always have been locked! Well! she shouldn't at all wonder now that you suspect her?—if so, she can only tell you to your face that she doesn't wear shirts, and begs that you'll suit yourself elsewhere. She never experienced such treatment in all her life, and more than that, she won't—no, not to please Prince Albert, or the very best lodger in the world! Perhaps you'll accuse her next of stealing your tea and sugar? What, you do?

Well! she's ashamed of you, that she is, and should like exceedingly to know what you call yourself? A *gentleman*, indeed! No more a gentleman than she is a gentleman. However, she won't harbour such gentlemen in *her* house, she's determined of that, so you'll please take the usual notice, and bundle yourself off as quick as you can, and precious good riddance, too! She won't stand nonsense from anybody, though she is nothing better than a poor lone widow, and has not a soul to protect her in the wide world! She never saw *such* a gentleman.

"Not a word more, however, is said. The next evening some oysters are sent in for supper 'with Missus' compliments'; please, she says they're beautifully fresh; or if it is Sunday, she goes in herself with her best cap, and two plates, one over the other, and 'hopes you will excuse the liberty, but the joint looked so [illegible] he thought you would just like a s[illegible]t meat for luncheon, with a nice bro[illegible]ato.' She stirs the fire, sees that [illegible] windows are fastened down tight—can't make out where the draught comes from! asks in the softest voice whether you wouldn't like a glass of pale ale? and finishes by dusting with her apron the mantelpiece and all the chairs, and hoping that you're perfectly comfortable?

"As the fatal day draws near, she knocks at the door. 'Is she disturbing you? Would you be kind enough to let her have a little drop of brandy—she should esteem it a great favour—she feels such a dreadful sinking.'

"The next morning she lays the breakfast cloth herself. For the first time the weekly bill is not ready, 'but she's in no hurry—any time will do. Why! surely you're not thinking of going in this way? You have been with her so long; she should be miserable to lose you—such a nice gentleman, too—you cannot mean to go!'

"But, alas! there is no appeal. Here let us run away. Language is too weak to describe the fearful slammings and bangings of every door, and the noisy sarcasms of that last day. Arithmetic, also, falls powerless before the awful array of formidable 'extras' in that last week's bill of the Model Lodging-House Keeper."

We cannot conclude this paper without one more specimen of the Cockney muse, inspired by gin, and that evidently of the very worst description. We made discovery of this gem of song by the merest accident. We had crumpled up some leaves of one of these little volumes, we forget which of them, into matches for lighting our pipe, but upon applying one to its destined purpose something like rhyme caught our eye. We unrolled it, and discovered what our readers will doubtless agree with us in pronouncing one of the most hideous specimens of Cockney barbarity which has hitherto disgusted a civilised world. The sweepings of Grub-street, in its most palmy days, could scarcely have produced a scribbler who wou[illegible] been blockhead and donk[illegible]to have committed such an [illegible] as this disgusting parody of a poem by Mrs. Hemans, one, probably, of the most touching and beautiful lyrics in the English language. It is called—

"THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They kicked up youthful shines:
Their graves are lying far and wide
In many different lines.

"The same fond mother whipped them all—
As mothers should know how;
She wiped each blessed cherub's nose—
Where are those young 'uns now?

"One by that broad-guage line which goes
To Exeter, is laid;
They ran into a luggage train,
And mince-meat of him made."

. . .

The others die by different railways, and the poet continues:—

"And parted thus they lie, who played
At hop-scotch in the court;
Who after every passing cab
Cried 'whip behind' in sport.

"Who rattled on the nigger bones,
And jumped Jim Crow with glee!
Oh, steam, what have you been and done
With that poor fa—mi—ly!"

It is possibly complimenting the author of this effusion rather too highly, to make any allusion to his miserable existence; but we shall not say anything more about him, except that we hope upon some future occasion to have the pleasure of observing his name among the list of gentlemen whom that very efficient magistrate, Mr. Hardwicke, occasionally transmits to the House of Correction, and orders to be privately flogged.

HUNGARY.

Away! would you own the dread rapture of war
Seek the host-rolling plain of the mighty Magyar;
Where the giants of yore from their mansions come down,
O'er the ocean-wide floor play the game of renown.

Hark! hark! how the earth 'neath their armament reels,
In the hurricane charge—in the thunder of wheels;
How the hearts of the forests rebound as they pass,
In their mantles of smoke, through the quaking morass!

In the tent of Dembinski the taper is dim,
But no need for the dusk light of tapers for him:
In the mind of the chief—in his intellect's ray—
All the war stands revealed with the splendour of day.

God! the battle is joined! Lord of Battles, rejoice!
Freedom thunders her hymn in the battery's voice—
In the soaring hurrah—in the half-stifled moan—
Sends the voice of her praise to the foot of thy throne.

Oh hear, God of Freedom, thy people's appeal;
Let the edges of slaughter be sharp on their steel,
And the weight of destruction and swiftness of fear
Speed death to his mark in their bullets' career!

Holy Nature, arise! from thy bosom in wrath
Shake the pestilence forth on the enemy's path,
That the tyrant invaders may march by the road
Of Sennacherib invading the city of God!

As the stars in their courses 'gainst Sisera strove,
Fight, mists of the fens, in the sick air above;
As Scamander his carcasses flung on the foe,
Fight, floods of the Theiss, in your torrents below!

As the snail of the Psalmist consuming away,
Let the moon-melted masses in silence decay;
Till the track of corruption alone in the air
Shall tell sickened Europe the Russ has been there!

Stay! stay!—in thy fervour of sympathy pause,
Nor become inhumane in humanity's cause;
If the poor Russian slave have to wrong been abused,
Are the ties of Christ's brotherhood all to be loosed?

The mothers of Moscow who offer the breast
To their orphans, have hearts, as the mothers of Pest;
Nor are love's aspirations more tenderly drawn
From the bosoms of youth by the Theiss than the Don.

God of Russian and Magyar, who ne'er hast designed
Save one shedding of blood for the sins of mankind,
No demon of battle and bloodshed art thou,
To the war-wearied nations be pitiful now!

Turn the hearts of the kings—let the Magyar again
Reap the harvests of peace on his bountiful plain;
And if not with renown, with affections and lives,
Send the poor Russians home to their children and wives!—

But you fill all my bosom with tumult once more—
What! Görgey surrendered! What! Bem's battles o'er!
What! the horrible Haynau victorious!—Oh God,
Give us patience to bow to thy terrible rod!

Weep, Freedom! in all thy last citadels, weep,
From the Adrian mole to the Adrian deep;
And England, seducer, deserter! prepare
On the heights of the Koosh for the hug of the Bear!

Dublin, August 22nd, 1849.

CEYLON AND THE CINGALESE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHINA AND THE CHINESE."

CHAPTER XIII.

ENCOURAGEMENT GIVEN BY THE SOVEREIGNS OF LANKA DIVA TO SCIENCE AND LITERATURE—THE CINGALESE LANGUAGE—EDUCATION—NATIVE LITERATURE—POETICAL SPECIMENS—TRADITION OF THE KING AND POET—GASCO, THE POET-LOVER OF THE QUEEN—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—MUSICIANS—SCULPTORS—PAINTERS—LACKER-PAINTING—CASTING IN METAL—IVORY CARVINGS—CARVED AND INLAID WOODS—GOLDSMITHS—LAPIDARIES—ANECDOTE—BLACKSMITHS—WEAVERS—POTTERS—ARCHITECTURE—PALACE AT KANDY—ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE—HEALING ART, CHEMISTRY, SURGEONS—DISEASES PREVALENT IN CEYLON.

THE sovereigns of Lanka-diva adopted the judicious plan, of giving every encouragement to those who devoted their time, either to the advancement of literature, or science; and in the native annals, accounts are to be found, where are set forth the revenues, which were appropriated by the monarchs, for the reward and maintenance of men of talent. One curious poetical composition, dedicated to the monarch, has a species of commentary attached to it, in which the author informs us, that his munificent patron, the king, had bestowed upon him, in consideration for the time which he had devoted to the composition of the poem, the command and revenues arising from a certain district, for his life. Many of the sovereigns were noted for their learning, and in a native work, called the Ratnacara, are enumerated the attainments of Prackramabahu the Third,* who reigned in the thirteenth century, and was celebrated alike for his piety, and mental acquirements. From Cingalese records we learn, that Prackramabahu was thoroughly well versed in Religion, History, Physics, Rhetoric, Grammar, Poetry, Oratory, Agriculture, Philology, Astronomy, the Occult Sciences, War, Jurisprudence, Natural History, and Music. The fame of this Prince's learning extended to the continent of India, in consequence of which several disputes, that arose between foreign sovereigns were referred to him for arbitration, and his daughters were sought in marriage by their sons. Presuming that many of the above sciences were but imperfectly understood by the Cingalese, yet the mere mention of them is sufficient to prove the enlightened state of a nation, which at that remote period could thus evince a thirst for, and just appreciation of, intellectual knowledge and mental attainments.

It is deeply to be deplored that for several centuries, the Cingalese have been retrograding in all which appertains to a high state of civilisation, for, that at an early period of, if not anterior to, our era, they had made considerable advances in the arts, sciences, and literature, is clearly proved by foreign, as well as native historical records, and the remains of ancient grandeur extant and dispersed over the island. Would it be possible for history to produce an account of an European sovereign during the thirteenth century, who could be said to surpass, or even equal in learning, the Cingalese Monarch Prackramabahu? The native sovereigns supported colleges for the gratuitous education of their people, built and endowed hospitals, and asylums, for the relief and refuge of the sick and destitute, appointed medical practitioners, who received fixed salaries, to attend to particular districts, and administer relief to all, who might require their aid, for the amelioration of those ills, to which suffering humanity is liable. Although many of the kings devoted much of their time to the affairs of state, and the welfare of their subjects, their leisure hours were frequently passed in studies, tending to

* This King is known to many Oriental scholars by the cognomen of Kalikala, but he is more generally called Prackrama.

enlarge the mind, and strengthen the intellect. Thus we read, that in the fourth century the Monarch Jettatissa *excelled in the sculptor's art, that his successor was thoroughly acquainted with medicine, and wrote a* treatise on the healing art in Sanscrit, which is still extant, and most highly prized. . The greater number of their monarchs were deeply versed in their system of theology, their native literature and erudition, whilst many of them were poets, and painters.

The decline of a high state of civilisation, in all countries, is generally attributable to internal commotions, or warfare with foreign powers ; thus it has been in latter ages with Ceylon ; the rulers being harassed with frequent rebellions, invasions of pretenders to their thrones, and wars with European states, had neither inclination, nor opportunity to devote attention to the cultivation or pursuit of science, literature, and the industrial and fine arts ; and the emulation of the people not being excited by the approbation and rewards, which had been formerly bestowed by their monarchs, gradually ceased to feel an interest, or desire to excel in, those pursuits which aggrandise a nation ; and, as a natural consequence, when not engaged in warfare, sank into a lethargic state. Since the island has been ruled by the mild Government of Great Britain, seminaries and schools have been established for the education of the natives, and every endeavour has been made to arouse them from the comparative state of semi-barbarism and indolence, into which they had gradually fallen. The result, upon the whole, has been successful, nevertheless much still remains to be done, and the most strenuous exertions are requisite, before the mass of the people can be made to comprehend the value of, and advantages attendant upon, industrious habits, and a liberal education. Necessarily this must be a work of time, but even the most sanguine can never hope to behold the arts, sciences, and learning, cultivated and flourishing in Ceylon, to the extent which they formerly did, under the native rulers.

The Cingalese language is most euphonious, the compound words extremely significant, and the grammar regular, although complicated. Some authors have asserted that the national language of Ceylon resembles that of Siam, but this is incorrect, as the root of the Cingalese is evidently taken from the Sanscrit. *The colloquial language is not the same as that, which is used in the native literature, which is desig*nated Elu, or high Cingalese, and is only understood by the educated. The talented author of the Cingalese dictionary, Mr. Clough, states his conviction, that the Elu was the national language of Lanka-diva, previous to the conquest of the island by Wijeya, but whether the Elu resembles the dialect which is now spoken by the forest Veddahs, we are unable to determine. The Cingalese employ distinct modes of expression, when addressing their superiors, priests, and equals, and it has been aptly remarked, that their language appears to have three vocabularies. They use also what they call a high and low dialect, the former is especially used in Kandy, and frequently when a native of the lowlands is called upon to translate he will confess his inability to do so, saying, "the language is too high for me," but the natives of the high lands generally understand the low dialect of the maritime provinces. The greater number of the males can both read and write, but until our government established seminaries for their education, their own language was the only subject the majority of natives in the interior were conversant with. We regret to say, that among the female portion of the community, education is uncommon, and too frequently women of the highest caste are unable either to read or write. Schools have been established for their gratuitous instruction, but a prejudice exists among the higher castes against sending their female children to these establishments, although the lower orders from a mercenary feeling allow their offspring to attend the schools, as they are made efficient needlewomen, and consequently at an early age can contribute towards the support of their parents.

The written characters of Ceylon are of two distinct species, the letters of one are of a square form, and are found inscribed on many stone tablets of great antiquity, which are dispersed over the island—this kind of writing is called Nagara, but unfortunately it

has been obsolete for ages, and the key of its alphabet is buried in the tomb of the past. Could the inscriptions be read which are found on many monumental tablets in Ceylon, they would undoubtedly prove most interesting to the scholar and antiquarian, and would elucidate and connect facts in history which are now wanting. It has been asserted that in some parts of India inscriptions have been found, the letters of which bear a strong resemblance to the Nagara, if this be correct, most valuable service has been rendered to the antiquarian scholar by Mr. Prinsep, who in 1837 published in the Asiatic Journal of Calcutta an alphabet of the letters, which are employed in several inscriptions that are scattered over India.

The written characters, which are now used, are of a round form, particularly neat, clear, and elegant, and the letter of an educated high caste native is a perfect specimen, both of caligraphy and composition. The national mode of writing is upon the leaf of the palmyra palm, which is cut into slips of a convenient size, the letters are inscribed with a short-pointed iron style, and the writer supports the leaf on his left hand, whilst writing; when the epistle is concluded they rub over the characters a dark coloured solution, which is prepared from charred gum, and this blackens the letters, and renders them distinctly visible. All books are in manuscript, written upon the leaves of the tala, or talipot tree, and those leaves, which are intended for the purpose, are first thoroughly dried in the sun, and then cut into slips from two to three inches in width, and from eighteen to twenty-six in length. The covers of these books are made of thin pieces of timber, which are neatly ornamented, either by lackering, gilding, or painting; holes are drilled about three inches from either extremity, through leaves and boards, and into these orifices, string, made from the fibre of the cocoa nut, is passed and loosely tied. It is said that the leaves of some of the ancient native books are composed of thin plates of copper, but as we never saw one we cannot vouch for the veracity of this statement. The talipot leaf being imperishable, and the solution, which is rubbed over the characters, preserving it from the attacks of the insect tribe, works of extreme interest and antiquity are handed down from generation to generation. Books are still extant in Ceylon in most excellent preservation, which are dated antecedent to our era; and the accredited historical records of Ceylon extend over a space of twenty-three centuries. These annals give a copious account of their sovereigns, the construction of magnificent cities, temples, Dagobahs, and tanks, the remains of which are still to be seen in the island, and the inscriptions upon them, fully corroborate the historical records. Many works have also been written, which profess to be the history of Ceylon, prior to the invasion of Wijeya, and the Rajah Walia asserts, that the island was inundated and reduced to one-half of its former size, about the time that our most eminent chronologists believe the deluge to have taken place. This coincidence is most remarkable, especially when we combine the annals of the Chinese of that date, which state, that during the reign of the Emperor Yaou the deluge occurred, which statement will be found in the writings of Confucius, their celebrated philosopher of antiquity.

All Buddhistical and religious works are written in the Pali, or Sanscrit, and some of the Upasampadas, or chief priests are good scholars, and thoroughly well versed in the literature of their country. Among these works are to be found what are termed Buddhistical revelations, which contain an account of the creation of the world, the fall of man &c., and which, strange to say, in some particulars coincide with the Mosaic account, as the tree of life is mentioned. The Cingalese have works also upon the geography of their island, astrology, the origin of castes, grammar, medicine, jurisprudence, natural history, and philosophy.

The phraseology of their poetical compositions does not accord with our ideas of fine composition, as they indulge in unnatural comparisons, and are partial to extreme intricacy of style. Some of the poetical writings are regarded as chef-d'oeuvres, because they admit of many readings; thus, whether they are read from the left to the right, in columns, or crossways,

they will still afford intelligible meanings. The most learned poets introduce into their compositions, both *Pali and Sanscrit, and a composition to be perfect according to Cingalese* notions, ought to have the number and position of the letters in each line to correspond.

The following enigma in verse was composed by one of the native kings, Kumara Dhas, a prince of great learning, who reigned A. D. 517, and both riddle and answer are looked upon, as masterpieces, as the number and position of the letters in the original, in both enigma and reply, strictly agree, the latter being written by Kalidhas, the celebrated poet and friend of the monarch.—Naturally in translation the peculiar beauty is lost, but we give it as a curious and interesting poetical specimen :—

The Riddle of Kumara Dhas :—

"By beauty's grasp in turmoil, uncomposed
He is kept a prisoner, but with eyes unclosed."

The elucidation by the poet Kalidhas :—

"Although closed at night, the lotus keeps the bee
The dawn will see him, gay, unhurt and free."

The circumstance which occasioned these lines is thus recorded in the native annals, the King was in the habit of visiting a courtezan celebrated alike for her wit, beauty, and captivating manners, and one evening, whilst in her company, remarked a bee alight on a pink lotus, which closed upon, and imprisoned the insect. The monarch immediately wrote the two lines on the wall, intending to compare his own situation with that of the captured bee, as he was enthralled by the woman's wiles; stating that whoever would complete the stanza should have any request granted which they might choose to prefer. Shortly after the monarch quitted the courtezan's abode, and Kalidhas, who was also in the habit of visiting the woman, entered the house, and seeing the writing on the wall, immediately concluded the verse in the same style. The wretched woman to obtain the promised reward murdered the poet, and buried him under the floor; but when the monarch saw the reply, he immediately recognised the style and writing of his favourite Kalidhas. The murder was discovered, the corpse disinterred, and by order of the King a most magnificent pile was prepared, whereon the body was to be burned with all the rites and ceremonies which belonged solely to royalty. When the funeral pyre was ignited, the grief and mental agony of Kumara Dhas, at the loss of his friend overcame all other feelings and he rushed into the flames, and was consumed with the body of the poet Kalidhas. History also records, that the five queens of Kumara Dhas voluntarily immolated themselves on the same spot shortly afterwards, and we believe this to be the only record of royal widows in Ceylon, sacrificing themselves at the tombs of their spouses.

The poet's works which are the most voluminous, and in vogue amongst the Cingalese, are those of Gasco, a Portuguese, who was taken prisoner by the Kandians when a child, and subsequently became a great favorite with the King Rajah Singha, the second, who made him his prime-minister or adikar. His poems have many of the defects we have alluded to, as the construction is intricate, the meaning obscure, and the arrangement confused, nevertheless some of his lines, addressed to the queen, possess power and feeling. Gasco excited the jealousy of the King, as the queen evinced undue fondness for the adikar, and the unfortunate poet lover, whilst in the vigor of manhood, was condemned to death; we believe justly, as the following lines, which he addressed to the queen, after his condemnation will prove :—

"Those thou hadst smiled on found a tomb,
Whilst love requited lights my doom,
Not for soft look, nor low-breathed sigh,
I boldly dared, and now, justly die."*

The poetical compositions of the

* This translation was made from the original, by one of the best Cingalese scholars of the present day.

Cingalese are generally sung or recited in a species of recitative, the most favorite tune being one which is designated, "*horse trotting*" *from the fancied resemblance of the air to the* sounds produced by the horse, when trotting. The singer usually accompanies himself upon a drum or tom-tom, producing sounds most dissonant to European ears, although the natives evince the most intense delight, whilst listening to these inharmonious noises, "for nought, they say, is so soothing as sweet poetry, when sung to the accompaniment of the dulcet and melodious udakea."* The native musical instruments consist principally of various kinds of drums, or tom-toms, of different shapes and dimensions, which are either struck with the fingers or sticks; one particular sort of tom-tom, is only used in the temples, and for religious ceremonies. The frame-work of these instruments is either composed of wood, or brass, and they are covered with deer's skin. The Kandian pipe, or Horanawa sends forth shrill notes, which are a strange combination of the sounds produced by the Highlander's bagpipes, and the whistle of a locomotive engine; the mouthpiece of this instrument is made from the talipot leaf, and the remaining parts are composed of jack-wood and brass. The other native wind instrument is made from the chanque shell, the extremity of which is ground down and formed into a mouthpiece, and this instrument, when performed upon by a man rejoicing in strong sound lungs, sends forth a volume of sound, which almost deafens the unfortunate and unhabituated listener. A facetious friend of ours declares, that the music of the chanque shell, can only be compared to the bellowings of an enraged buffalo, alternated with the howlings of a hungry dog, tantalized with food placed just beyond his reach. The Cingalese use but one description of stringed instrument, and this is a rude kind of two-stringed violin, the body of which is formed of the moiety of a cocoa-nut shell, highly polished, and drilled with holes, on which the skin of the iguana is stretched, by way of sounding-board. One string of this instrument is made of horse hair, and *the other of a coarse description of flax; the strings of the bow are of the* former material, to the extremity of which two bells are attached. The sounds produced from this machine are extremely weak and unpleasing, nevertheless it is a great favorite with mendicant musicians, with whom it is principally in use, who wander through the country, seeking a precarious subsistence by the exertion of their musical abilities.

As sculptors, the Cingalese evince much taste and judgment, in the disposition of the drapery; and although the anatomical proportions of the figures are frequently incorrect, still the effect produced is generally good, and many of the statues of Buddha denote alike majesty and benevolence. Some of the statutes are of gigantic proportions, and as it is the custom to color these images, many of them present a most pleasing and animated appearance; it is also the practice to give a pupil to the eye, which is considered a mystical operation, and is performed in the presence of the priests, with much ceremony. Immediately after the completion of the eye, the artist presents offerings to the god, as he then, and not till then regards the image as the representative of Buddha. Most singular does it appear to us that a being gifted with reasoning powers should fall down, and worship the image which is the work of his own hands! Artists are only allowed to depict Buddha in three attitudes, namely either seated cross-legged, reclining on the left side, or standing with one hand raised, as if in the act of advancing, and the attire is invariably the priestly robes; and were an artist to attempt the slightest innovation upon these established rules, it would not be countenanced, but his act would be regarded as one of impious presumption.

The Cingalese are not proficients in the painter's art, being unacquainted with the effects of light and shade,

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* So desperately annoying to Europeans were "the dulcet sounds of the sweet udakea" found to be, that a local ordinance was promulgated, forbidding the natives to beat this melodious instrument in their dwellings between the hours of 8 P.M., and 8 A.M., without a licence.

and the rules of perspective. They use but few colours, which are of the most brilliant nature,* and these preparations retain their bright hues for a lengthened period: red, yellow, dark blue, black and white, are the principal colours used, and these pigments are invariably mixed with a large proportion of gum. It was affirmed by a Kandian scholar, that formerly the art of oil painting in all its branches was understood by the natives, but if this be correct, it is no less certain that their previous knowledge is now entirely lost, as they manifestly evince at the present day, total ignorance upon this branch of the fine arts. The aim of a Cingalese artist appears to be gaudiness of effect, and although the human figure is rarely drawn correctly, yet as they blend their colours judiciously, and copy the attire correctly, their paintings please the eye, and are valuable, as depicting faithfully the habits and national costume.

The Kandians excel in the art of lacker painting, and bestow extreme care in preparing the lacker, which is procured from a shrub, found in almost every part of the island, and is called by the natives *kappittia*, the sap of which exudes, and coagulates upon the branches; this gum is gathered, and purified with extreme care, after this operation it is dried, placed in a cotton bag attached to a stick, and held over a strong fire until the *kappittia* is melted, which is allowed to drop through the cotton, whereby it is cleansed from all impurities, and extraneous matter; thus refined the resinous substance is exposed in a shady spot to harden. The natural colour of the kappittia varies from a clear pale gold, to a muddy brown, but the natives artificially prepare four distinct hues, namely green, yellow, red, and black, and their mode of amalgamating the colouring matter with the softened resin is by repeated blows from a wooden mallet. The Kandians are peculiarly expert in this art, and many of the designs traced by them upon the various articles which they lacker, are extremely beautiful. In the chiefs' houses the wooden pillars supporting the roofs of the verandahs are ofttimes thus adorned, and it is the custom to ornament spears, bows, arrows, walking-sticks, boxes, covers to books, and fans in this manner. The brilliancy of the colours, and durability of the lacker are extreme, being coequal with the article thus ornamented. The mode of applying the lacker is remarkably simple, the artist using as a spatula the thumb nail of his left hand, which he allows to grow to a great length, for the purpose; when about to exercise his calling, the artist ignites a charcoal fire in an earthen vessel, and seats himself on the ground near to it; he then places conveniently around him portions of the various colours of the kappittia, and a small cane, to one end of which he attaches a portion of the particular coloured resin he desires to heat; he has also near at hand a piece of the leaf of the palmyra palm, which is used to polish the newly lackered article. The ware about to be ornamented is first carefully cleansed, the design is then traced upon it, after which it is heated; the kappittia is warmed and drawn out into filaments of various sizes, and applied with the thumb nail to the heated article, to which it instantaneously adheres; when the whole surface is covered the artist uses the palm leaf, which removes all inequalities and imparts a brilliant polish. It is impossible to describe the delicacy of of some of their intricate designs, or the skill and good taste which is evinced by the first-rate artists. We are not aware if this resinous substance* has been introduced into Great Britain, but we should presume that it might be most beneficially used in many of our manufactures.

The Cingalese most perfectly understand the art of casting figures in metal, and there is at Kandy a copper statue of Buddha the size of life, which would not discredit an European artist of high standing. We have in our possession a brass image of Buddha seated, about six inches in height, both the proportions of the

* For the information of those, who may wish to try an experiment, we inform them that the botanical name of the Kappittia is *Croton lacciferum*.

figure, and the neatness of the execution are most admirable.

Some of their ivory carvings are peculiarly beautiful and chaste in design, but we regret to say this art is falling into decay and disuse, as at this period in the Kandian districts alone is the ivory carver's calling practised, and this but rarely. The most perfect specimen of ivory carving, which we saw during our sojourn in Ceylon, was the representation of a cocoa-nut palm in flower; the graceful leaves hung pendant over the clustering blossoms, which drooped elegantly from the slender stem, and the former being imperceptibly attached to the latter by rivets, when this fragile handiwork was held in an inverted position, the leaves fell enclosing the blossoms. This delicate specimen of art was about eight inches in height, and the proportions in every respect were strictly correct. The Kandians formerly used drinking-cups of ivory, which were so extremely thin, as to be rendered perfectly transparent and pliable; a friend having one of these remarkable vessels in his possession, we were most desirous to obtain a similar specimen, but to our dismay were informed by a Kandian chief, that he knew but of one old man, living in the interior, who could fabricate these curious cups, and that he was too ill to work. A short time afterwards we heard of the death of the old man in question, and with him the art is said to have died, as he refused to impart his secret to living being, and we can only hope for the sake of posterity, that our informant had been misled in this respect.

Many beautiful specimens of carvings in wood are to be found in Ceylon, and the artisans of Galle are peculiarly expert in this branch of art; ebony chairs, couches, and jewel caskets, are most elaborately and deeply carved, and the designs, which in many instances consist of fruits and flowers, are bold and excellent. The wood most prized by the native and European inhabitants of Ceylon is a peculiar close-grained timber with stripes, which vary in colour from a bright light brown, to a shade which approximates closely to an ebon hue. This wood is called Calamander, and the enormous prices, which are given for well-carved articles of furniture manufactured of this timber, would astonish many of the uninitiated. Like all else in Ceylon, the art of carving in wood is fast falling into decay, and now we never find executed by modern artists, the same exquisite description of delicate tracery, which is to be seen upon the wooden pillars, supporting the roof of the Audience Hall of the former Kandian monarchs, now used by us as the Court House. At Galle are also manufactured those exquisite inlaid articles, which far surpass any specimen of Tunbridge ware that has yet been produced—ivory and various coloured native woods, are inlaid upon ebony, and as the designs are well defined, the effect produced is magnificent. Tables of various sizes are manufactured of ebony, whose centres are composed of these woods; the edges and pedestals of these exquisite specimens of handicraft, are usually most elaborately carved. This manufacture is most tedious, and as the Cingalese are generally extremely indolent, and do not practise a division of labour, it frequently happens that one man will take from three to six months to complete a small occasional table, for which he will receive a hundred rixdollars, or seven pounds ten shillings of our money; and we knew an instance of one, who held a high official appointment, having been compelled to wait a year and a-half for a loo table, for which he paid thirty pounds. The great drawback to the exportation of these decorative articles of furniture is, that the inlaying is extremely liable to start, the seams to open, and the wood to warp, when subjected to the atmospheric variations of an European climate.

The native jewellers evince considerable taste, and some dexterity, in their gold and silver work; we have elsewhere remarked upon the great delicacy and beauty of the filagree work decorating the gold and silver pins, which confine the ebon tresses of the native women; and the apparatus used for the manufacture of trinkets is of the most simple and portable description. It is customary for the goldsmith to receive a certain portion of either of the precious metals, and to manufacture the required articles upon

the premises of his employer,* and squatted in the verandah, the artist arranges around him the following simple implements of his calling,—a round earthen vessel filled with charcoal, a bamboo blow-pipe wherewith to arouse the fire, a small clay pipe, one end of which is adjusted near the centre of the fire, and through which the artist directs the blast of the bamboo blow-pipe, a few crucibles formed of the fine clay of the white-ant hills, some three or four small hammers, a pair of tongs, files of various dimensions, an anvil, and a few small pointed brass and iron rods, of about two inches and a-half in length; and these are the only tools which are used by the natives for the most elaborate and delicate designs. When a steamer arrives at Point de Galle *en route* to China or Calcutta, the goldsmiths flock on board, each one striving to be the first to bid for the spare sovereigns, which the passengers may be inclined to exchange for rupees, for nearly the greater portion of the precious metal, which is manufactured into trinkets, has originally been the current coin of the realm of Great Britain. Gold will frequently bear a high premium, and during our residence in Lanka-diva, we have known sovereigns, on which were the impress of the dragon, sell at a high premium fetching twelve rupees, or twenty-four shillings,† whilst those which bore the impress of our gracious Monarch's head, were invariably sold below par, being frequently valued at nine, or nine and a-half rupees. The natives give as a reason for this capricious value of the respective coinages, "That the dragon sovereign got silver inside, Victoria sovereign too plenty copper have got," meaning, we presume, that the former is alloyed with silver, the latter with an undue proportion of copper.

The precious stones which are found in Ceylon are numerous, and a fine Kandian ruby will fetch an enormous price. The finest coloured and most perfect gems never leave the island, as the chiefs and moodliars give immense sums for them, and either a ruby or cat's eye of fine colour, without defects or flaws, is valued at a much higher price, than it would produce in Europe. In no part of the world are cat's eyes found to equal those which are produced in Ceylon; we have seen one, set in a little finger ring, which was perfect in every respect, and although the gem was small, was valued at £75. The native style of cutting precious stones is not good, arising probably from the fact, that the lapidaries have had comparatively little practice, as during the native monarchy, it was the fashion for the king and his court to wear all the precious stones uncut. Some images of Buddha are carved out of precious stones, and in the Dalada Malagawa at Kandy are to be seen small figures of the god carved out of cat's eye, amethyst, and rock crystal—the natives use the latter also for the lenses of their spectacles, and many ornamental purposes.

The traffic in precious stones is principally confined to the Moormen, who are excellent judges of the value of gems, and are great adepts at frequently palming off as most valuable, stones replete with defects, and pieces of coloured glass. Whilst at Point de Galle a friend called upon us to request the loan of sundry dozens of quart bottles, as he had just purchased a hogshead of "Bass's Pale," and desired to bottle the refreshing beverage forthwith. We expressed our deep regret at being unable to comply with his request, as our servants had lately caused the empty bottles to disappear, *avec une vitesse vraiment extraordinaire,* and those which did not evaporate bodily, were broken through their negligence.

"And are you *green* enough to believe all this humbug?—don't you know that your fellows steal your bottles to sell them?"

"Well," we replied, "but they cannot make use of broken ones."

"Never more mistaken in your

* This custom is adopted throughout the East, as the natives are in the constant habit of alloying both gold and silver to an extent which is most prejudicial to the interest either of purchaser or employer.

† In Ceylon the value of the rupee is fixed at two shillings, whilst in India and China the value constantly varies.

life, they sell all the broken to Moormen, who select the clearest pieces, cut, and pass them off upon the unwary traveller for emeralds."

Upon enquiry we found this to be correct, and our Appoo told us in his broken English, "*That Moorman buy bit bottle, cut, and sell steamboat gentlemans, who tink bit glass plenty good.*"

Therefore, if any of our perusers have made the overland journey to or from China or Calcutta, and have been induced to purchase at Point de Galle a curious massive gold ring, in which is set a remarkably fine emerald, or a gem somewhat darker than an emerald, we advise him or her, as the case may be, to submit the same to a lapidary's inspection, from whom he may possibly learn, to his extreme satisfaction, that he has paid a good round sum, and has been displaying to the admiring gaze of his numerous friends and acquaintances a fragment of a green bottle, which, in all probability, once contained, before such fragment was encircled with the precious metal, *liquid gold*, under the cognomen of Bass's pale ale.

The Cingalese are tolerably skilful blacksmiths, and we have seen produced by them, door-locks and hinges, gun-locks and barrels, the workmanship of which far surpassed anything of the description, which is manufactured by our continental neighbours. As all iron and steel articles are peculiarly liable to rust in Ceylon, the natives adopt the following simple preventive; they spread a thin coating of bee's wax over the articles, which most effectually preserves them from corrosion, even should the implements be exposed to damp. The natives state that they learned the art of manufacturing gunpowder from the Portuguese, and although they never attempt to granulate it, the gunpowder made by them is tolerably good, and explodes strongly.

The loom used by the natives is of the most primitive, and rudest construction imaginable, and we have been informed that it exactly resembles that which is to be seen in many parts of India: the weaver sits upon the ground, and generally a hole is dug in the earth for the reception of his legs and feet. The cotton cloth of which the priests' robes are made, is invariably of native manufacture, but since the Cingalese have had intercourse with Europeans, all other classes, even the poorest, endeavour to obtain calicoes of our manufacture; although the texture of the native cloth is coarse, it far surpasses our own, for strength and durability.

The Cingalese potters, or earthenware manufacturers, have not yet learned the art of glazing their wares, and although all the vessels are made of a coarse red clay, the beauty of the antique classical forms, of many of their chatties and vases, frequently causes the mind to revert to the remains of Greece and Rome. The mode adopted for the manufacture of his wares by the Cingalese potter is simple enough, consisting of three articles, a flat stone and wooden mallet, and a circular board or stone of some twenty inches in diameter, working horizontally upon a centre pin, on which latter is placed the prepared and plastic clay. Several hamlets near Hangwelle are inhabited chiefly by potters, and it is the custom amongst them when the eldest son marries, for his father to present him with the stones, called *koo-dao-galle*, which will last with ordinary care for half a century. In many other parts of Ceylon are also to be found artisans congregated, who follow a particular calling—thus in Galle we find the best inlayers and carvers, at Caltura the most skilful lapidaries, at Marottoe the most clever carpenters and cabinet-makers, whilst in Kandy alone are the lackerers, and ivory workers to be met with.

The domestic architecture of Ceylon is of a most unassuming character, owing possibly in a great measure to legislation, as during the Kandian monarchy the chiefs were only permitted to build or inhabit dwellings of one story in height; none save the chiefs and nobles were allowed to use tiles in roofing their dwellings, the mass of the people being compelled to thatch them, and plaited cocoa-nut leaves were then, and are still generally used for the purpose. The abodes of the chiefs and moodliars are built in gardens, and are in the form of a hollow square; the front and back of the dwelling being protected from the sun's rays by verandahs, which are

supported by wooden pillars. The eating-room usually runs across the full width of the house, on either side of which are the smaller and sleeping apartments, which communicate one with the other. The domestic offices and servants' apartments being small detached buildings, which are situated in the rear of the dwelling. These habitations are generally built of cabook, their floors are composed of chunam, and the walls are whitewashed; under the native kings however lime was not permitted to be used in any buildings, save the temples and royal palaces. The abodes of the poorer classes are small huts, the walls of which are constructed of mud, which are plastered within and without with a peculiarly white clay—the floors are composed of a mixture of cowdung and clay, the natives declaring the former to be most efficacious in keeping away insects.*

The only tolerably perfect specimen of a royal dwelling to be seen in Ceylon is at Kandy, and this we regret to say is fast falling into decay, and has been most wantonly defaced. This edifice must formerly have presented a most imposing appearance, as it covered a considerable space, the front of the palace exceeding eight hundred feet in length. At one extremity is still to be seen the octagonal tower, on the balcony of which the king used to exhibit himself to the gaze of his subjects, on certain stated occasions of public rejoicing and festivity. There still remain some beautiful carvings in stone on the walls of the palace, and in the Dalada Malagawa, which forms part of the building, and no delicate chiselling of Greece can surpass that which ornaments the stone framework of the doors. Upon the walls are carved numbers of elephants, suns, moons, and stars, which were the emblems and insignia of royalty. Near the palace and in the centre of an artificial lake, which was constructed by command of the last king, stands a small building in the Chinese style, which was used as a pleasure house by the sovereign and his queens: this is now used as a powder magazine. The town of Kandy was planned by the adikars, under the superintendence of the same monarch, its various streets run in parallel and transverse lines, one of them retains to the present day its original name of Malabar-street, which cognomen was bestowed upon it during the reign of Sri Wikrama, owing to the circumstance that the Malabar relatives and dependants of the monarch, were the exclusive inhabitants of this portion of the town. The position of Kandy is both romantically beautiful, and sublimely grand, being surrounded by hills, which are clothed in rich verdure from their bases to their summits, and with mountains which vary in height from three hundred to two thousand feet.

The ecclesiastical style of architecture varies materially, as the Wihares or temples of Buddha strongly resemble the Chinese, whilst the Dewales or temples of the gods remind the observer of Grecian architecture. Some ruins in the Hindoo style are occasionally met with in the island, and the rock temples, stupendous and magnificent monuments of man's ingenuity, enterprise, and industry, still remain to astonish the wondering beholder.† The Wihares and Dewales are generally buildings of one story; the exterior of these buildings is whitewashed, whilst the interior is adorned with paintings of the gods, many of which have a strong resemblance to the Egyptian deities. Near to every Wihare is a Dagobah (or building which is said to enclose a particular relic of Buddha, such as a piece of bone, or one of his hairs,) which is invariably a bell-shaped monument surmounted by a small spire.

Knox alludes to some of the ancient religious edifices of the Cingalese in the following words: "Many of them are of rare and exquisite work, built of hewn stone and engraven with images and figures, but by whom and when I could never learn, the inhabitants them-

* We believe this assertion to be strictly correct.

† These extraordinary excavations ought to be classed amongst the "wonders of the world," and we purpose devoting a chapter to them, and other antiquities of Lanka-diva.

selves being ignorant. But it is quite certain they were built by far superior artificers to the Cingalese of the present day; for many buildings having been defaced during foreign invasions, none among the natives have had skill enough to repair them." It is most singular, that in a number of old buildings the arch is found without the principle of the arch, being formed of stones laid horizontally, which project one beyond the other on each side until they meet above; whilst in comparatively modern buildings, the arch is to be frequently found regularly constructed with the key-stone.

The Cingalese practice and knowledge of the healing and chirurgic arts, according to European ideas, are very imperfect, and as they consider handling a corpse to be the height of pollution, this prejudice alone has been sufficient to render it impossible for them, either to acquire, or possess, a correct knowledge of anatomy, or the structure of the human frame. When a native practitioner is called in, a bargain is struck between him and the patient, or his friends. So soon as the stipulated remuneration is agreed upon, if the practitioner has any doubt of the probity of his employers, he requires that the fee, whether it consist of money, jewellery, clothes, or grain, shall be placed in the hands of a third person. The usual stipulation is, no cure no pay, but where a practitioner is called in to a doubtful case, or where the patient is moribund, he invariably receives his fee in advance. To be well skilled in astrology, is a most requisite branch of a good physician's education, as he must be able by such knowledge to pronounce without hesitation, whether the disease owes its origin to deranged humours, or is a just punishment inflicted for crimes committed in a former stage of existence—in the latter case the unfortunate patient is left to the mercy of the gods—in the former the practitioner endeavours to bring the malady to its height, "*or ripen it*," after which he uses remedies for its cure.

Their medical works treat of five hundred and seventy diseases to which the human frame is subject, the greater number of which they represent to arise from derangement, or humours of the flesh, blood, skin, fat, bones, marrow, phlegm, bile, or wind. The physician's knowledge should therefore enable him to determine from what exciting cause, and derangement of what particular function the disease has sprung. Occasionally he will take, possibly for effect, some hours to determine the name of the patient's complaint, and when this very knotty point has been decided, he administers the remedy, for every practitioner prepares and administers his own medicines. It is their custom to prescribe and compound a great number of ingredients for the most trivial cases, which renders it somewhat difficult to decide which particular drug ameliorates or subdues the disease. Their Materia Medica consists of numberless simples, and a few metallic preparations, such as arsenic in the form of white oxyde, and mercury, which is invariably mixed with oleaginous matter; gold, silver, and copper, are administered in the form of powders. The native chemical practice consists of distillation, preparing decoctions, infusions, extracts, oils, and powders. Many of their practitioners are excellent oculists, and are thoroughly conversant with numerous medicinal drugs (unknown to Europeans) which produce a speedy effect in relieving ophthalmia. In Ceylon ophthalmia is alike prevalent amongst human beings and animals, but there is one form of this distressing complaint which is solely confined to quadrupeds. A minute worm is either engendered or received into the watery humours of the eye, which causes the eyeball to enlarge: as soon as the swelling subsides, the colouring matter of the pupil assumes a bluish tint, and total loss of vision speedily ensues. The vegetable remedies used by the natives appear to cause the animal acute pain, but when they are judiciously applied by a skilful practitioner, invariably restore the vision, and effect a complete cure. The surgeons are extremely dexterous in opening boils, from which both Europeans and natives suffer alike severely in Ceylon, and they understand cauterising and phlebotomy. We have been informed that when a native surgeon amputates a limb, the operation is performed

with a knife, which has been heated to a dull redness.

As we never beheld the operation of reducing a dislocation, we are indebted for the following narrative to one who did, and upon whose veracity we can place reliance:—"During our journey one of the coolies fell down, and dislocated his ankle joint. On reaching the next village the surgeon was sent for, who after a careful examination of the injured limb, ordered the patient to be assisted to a plantation of cocoa-nut trees, and some coir, or rope to be brought to him. He then placed the patient against a tree, to which he securely fastened him by the shoulders, whilst the foot of the injured limb was tightly attached by a noosed rope to another tree. Through the noose, the surgeon passed a short, but strong stick which he repeatedly twisted until the rope was completely tightened, and the limb stretched out to its fullest extent; he then suddenly withdrew the stick and allowed the cord to untwist itself. The patient, who had bellowed and squealed like a mad wild-hog during the operation, was then released, and upon examination the joint was found to be reinstated, and after a few days' rest, the patient regained the perfect use of his foot."

Those complaints from which the natives of Ceylon principally suffer are ophthalmia and severe cutaneous diseases, both elephantiasis and leprosy* being constantly met with in their most malignant forms, and Doctor Davy states that there is scarcely one disease of the skin, which is mentioned in Doctor Bateman's Synopsis, that he has not seen an instance of amongst the Cingalese. Fever, ague, diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera morbus (which latter proved most fatal in Jaffnapatam during 1846), and diseases of the brain† are likewise extremely prevalent, and attack alike the native and European.

There is an extraordinary feature in the fevers of Ceylon, as the symptoms differ materially in the highlands and lowlands, and we cannot do better than quote the words of Dr. Davy, who writes, "The fever of almost every year and season, and place has something peculiar to mark it; in the endemic of one place or season there may be a strong tendency to delirium, in that of another to intermission and relapse, and disease of the spleen: in that of a third to change of disease, from fever to dysentery." And it is dysentery following fever, which usually proves fatal to numbers of our countrymen. It has been remarked by many who have studied the medical history of Ceylon and India, that infectious fevers are unknown, as both the plague and typhus are never heard of to the eastward of the Indus. There is a disease termed Beri-beria, stated by pathologists to be almost peculiar to Ceylon, and which, when it makes its appearance causes great mortality amongst the natives, and baffles all the efforts of our medical men to arrest its progress. The nosological name given by Dr. C. Rogers to this disease is hydrops asthmaticus, and the symptoms are thus described by him, "This terrible disease commences with general debility and oppressed breathing, the extremities become distended with watery effusion, paralysis ensues, whilst other symptoms of dropsy display themselves, often running their course with great rapidity. There is frequently anxiety, also, with palpitation of the heart and occasionally vomiting and spasms are present." We never heard of an European suffering from this disease.

* Our government have established an hospital for the reception of those who are afflicted with this terrible malady.

† A lunatic asylum has also been established, which is superintended by a talented surgeon.

A September Garland

BY D. F. M. C.

THREE DAYS OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DELAVIGNE.

"En Europe! en Europe! Esperez! Plus d'espoir!
—Trois jours, leur dit Colomb, et je vous donne un monde."

"Back to Europe, again, let our sails be unfurled!"
—"Three days," said Columbus, "and I give you a world!"
And he pointed his finger, and looked through the Vast,
As if he beheld the bright region at last.
He sails—and the dawn, the first day, quickly leads
He sails—and the golden horizon recedes:
He sails—till the sun, downward sinking from view,
Hides the sea and the sky with their limitless blue—
On, onward he sails, while in vain o'er the lee
Down plunges the lead through the fathomless sea!

The pilot, in silence, leans mournfully o'er
The rudder, which creaks 'mid the dark billows' roar;
He hears the hoarse moan of the waves rushing past,
And the funeral wail of the wind-stricken mast,
The stars of far Europe have fled from the skies,
And the Cross of the South meets his terrified eyes;
But at length the slow dawn, softly streaking the night,
Illumes the dark dome with its beautiful light.
"Columbus! 'tis day, and the darkness hath past!"
—"Day! and what dost thou see?"—"I see nought but the Vast!"

What matter! he's calm!—but ah, stranger, if you
Had your hand on his heart with such glory in view;
Had you felt the wild throb of despair and delight
That depressed and expanded his bosom that night;
The quick alternations as morning came near,
The chill and the fever, the rapture and fear,
You would feel that such moments exhausted the rage
And the multiplied malice and pains of an age—
You would say these three days half a lifetime have slain,
And his fame is too dear at the price of such pain.

Oh! who can describe what the crushed heart must bear—
The delirium of hope and the lonely despair—
Of a Great Man unknown, whom his age doth despise
As a fool, 'mid the vain vulgar crowd of the wise!
Such wert thou, Galileo! Far better to die
Than thus by a horrible effort to lie!
When you gave, by an agony deep and intense,
That lie to your labours, your reason, your sense,
To the Sun, to the Earth—to that Earth, we repeat,
That you trembled to feel moving under your feet!

The second day's past—and Columbus?—he sleeps,
While Mutiny round him its dark vigil keeps:
"Shall he perish?"—"Death! death!" is the mutinous cry,
"He must triumph to-morrow, or perjured must die!"

The ingrates! Shall his tomb on to-morrow be made
Of that sea which his daring a highway hath made?
Shall that sea on to-morrow, with pitiless waves
Fling his corse on that shore which his longing eye craves?
The corse of an unknown adventurer then—
One day later—Columbus, the greatest of men!

He dreams, how a veil drooping over the main
Is rent, at the distant horizon, in twain,
And how, from beneath, on his rapturous sight
Burst at length THE NEW WORLD from the darkness of night!
Oh, how fresh! oh, how fair the new virgin earth seems!
With gold the fruits glisten, and sparkle the streams—
Green gleams on the mountains, and gladdens the isles,
And the seas and the rivers are dimpled with smiles.
"Joy! joy!" cries Columbus, "this region is mine!"—
Ah! not even its name, hapless dreamer, is thine!

Soon changes that dream from a vision so fair,
For he sees that the merciless Spaniards are there,
Who with loud mimic thunderbolts slaughter the most
Of the unarmed people that cover the coast.
He sees the fair palace, the temple on fire,
And the peaceful Cazique 'mid their ashes expire;
He sees, too—oh, saddest! oh, mournfullest sight!—
The crucifix gleam in the thick of the fight—
More terrible far than the merciless steel
Is the uplifted cross in the red hand of zeal!

He sees the earth open and reel to and fro,
And the wretches who breathe in the caverns below.
Poor captives! whose arms, in a languid despair,
Fall fatigued on the gold of the rocks that they tear.
Pale spectres! whose agonised cries, uncontrolled,
Seek the light of that sun that they're ne'er to behold.
They struggle, they pant 'mid the pestilent dews,
And by labour escape the sharp whip that pursues,
Till a long, lingering death, in the cavern's dim light,
Consigns them at length to eternity's night!

Columbus, oppressed by this vision of pain,
Scares it off from his feverish pallet and brain;
It dwindleth, it melteth, it fades from his eye
As a light passing cloud in the depths of the sky.
All is changed!—he beholds in the wilds of the north,
Full of strength, full of hope, a new empire spring forth—
Its people oppressed, as the war-cry goes round,
Seize the peaceable ploughshare that furrows their ground,
Or that creature of iron which lately they swayed
As it turned into cities their forests of shade.

They have conquered!—they show him with grateful acclaim
Their Hero, their Washington!—type of that name—
O sage Cincinnatus and Cato! no more
Need we doubt of thy virtue, or mocking adore.
He has caused our weak hearts that strange grandeur to feel,
And conceive what corruption till now could conceal.
In the council, a Sage by the Hero is seen,
And not less revered 'neath a different mien.
He rules, he discovers, and daringly brings
Down the lightning from Heaven and the sceptre from kings.

At length, o'er Columbus, slow consciousness breaks—
"Land! land!" cry the sailors, "land! land!"—he awakes—
He runs—yes! behold it—it blesseth his sight—
The land! O sweet spectacle! transport! delight!—
O generous sobs which he cannot restrain!—
What will Ferdinand say? and the Future? and Spain?
He will lay this fair land at the foot of the throne—
His king will repay all the ills he has known—
In exchange for a world what are honours and gains?
Or a crown? but how *is* he rewarded?—with chains!

HAPPY LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WOLFGANG MULLER.

"O klingender Fruhling, du selige zeit'
Und bist du voruber, uns thut est nicht leid
Wir liebten uns gestern, wir lieben uns heut'—
Wir lieben uns morgen, wir gluckliche Leut!"

O Life's ringing morning! O Season divine!
What, though thou art vanished, we shall not repine,
We yesterday loved, and to day 'tis the same—
And to-morrow we'll love with unchangeable flame.

Once, a troop of wild Burschen, so frolic and gay,
We went to the village to welcome the May—
To each door, came the maidens, all laughing to see—
Then, darling, thou laughed, but in secret on me—

At the May-feast, thou gavest—O moment of bliss!
Thy hand to my pressure, thy lips to my kiss,—
Thou wert mine, I was thine, thou delight of my heart,
By a link that eternity never can part!—

Not all unenjoyed, did the summer-rose fade—
For I brought thee a nosegay, thou beautiful maid—
We shared at the harvest, the dance and the song—
We shared the ripe clusters, nor thought the day long,—

And now that the cold tyrant Winter doth reign,
And the storms sweep the mountain and deluge the plain,
With one heart, by our fireside we sit midst the din—
In the heart is the Summer, when Love blooms within—

O Life's happy morning! O time of delight!—
Thou art with us, since Love doth our bosoms unite,
We loved one another, we still love the same—
And we ever shall love with unchangeable flame!

A CLOUDY DAY IN ENGLAND.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF G ROSSETTI.

"O che notte bruna bruna
Senza stelle e senza luna!"

O these nights how dark they are!
Without moon and without star,—
  Every thing is in the blues!—
Sea and air they groan together
Just as if the wind and weather
  Gruffly talked about the news!—

But hail! my own *Italian* sky,
When twinkling with her diamond eye
  The Star of Eve is seen above!—
Where Heaven laughs down on Earth, and then
The Earth laughs up to Heaven again—
  And all things breathe of Love!—

But one thing mars the beauteous scene—
The flowery soil and heaven serene—
  Ah! me. Oppression's cruel hand,
My Italy, is on thy plains—
What cares the captive in his chains
  For azure sky or verdant land?—

O happy England! potent bride
Of Him who rules the ocean tide—
  'Tis true a mist o'erclouds thy sky,
But thou a better light canst give,
For which alone I wish to live—
  The glorious light of Liberty!—

Beyond the mist, my thought takes flight—
To seek that true and only light
  Which few can find, though all admire,
For this I've wandered far and near
Until at length, in wandering here—
  I find my long desire!—

O Liberty, upon whose breast
Man can alone securely rest—
  Amid these mists resplendent shine
The Mind to know—the Heart to feel—
Twin stars that make the wanderer kneel—
  And worship at thy shrine:—

THE BEE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF MARTINEZ DE LA PLAZA.

"Iba Cogiendo flores,
Y guardando en la falda
Mi Ninfa, para hacer una guirnalda."

In a bower, a garland wreathing,
My belovéd sat reclining,
Sweetest roses intertwining,—
She, ere they were bound in posies,
Pressed them to the kindred roses
Of her lips with fragrance breathing.

A Bee within a rose was lying,
Him the crimson leaves concealing,
While the nectar he was stealing—
As her lips approached—upspringing—
He the seeming rosebud stinging—
Sipped its sweets—then vanished flying!—

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

FROM THE SPANISH.

'Si suspiro y digo hoy,
Ella responde manana."

When oppressed by Love's sweet sorrow,
At Juana's feet I pray,—
If I sigh and say, to-day,
She answers—Oh, to-morrow!

She weeps if any joy elates me;
If sad, she sings, and mirth comes o'er her;
And if I say that I adore her,
The cruel maiden says she hates me.
Whence then can I a solace borrow?
Except I die—and die I may—
For if I sigh, and say to-day,
She answers—Oh, to-morrow!

If, to see her eyes of brown,
I lift mine, she downward gazes;
But the maiden heavenward raises
Her's if also I look down.
At times, o'ercome by grief and sorrow,
I vow to break her sovereign sway—
But if I sigh, and say to-day,
She answers—Oh, to-morrow!

At times, too, if I claim the prize
Of victory, she declares I'm beaten;
And if the cup of life I sweeten
With hopes of bliss beyond the skies,
She hints at brimstone and Gomorrah!
Even now if in Death's arms I lay,
And sighing, said, I'll die to-day—
She'd answer—Oh, to-morrow!

THE ELFIN BRIDE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

"Frisch ist des Morgen's Schein,
Und feucht der thau'ge Rasen;
Was, jungling, weilst am stein,
Wo kuhlige Lufte blasen?"

Gaily the sun ascends his throne,
And gilds the dewy sod below;
"O, youth! what chains thee to that stone,
Where cooling breezes blow?

"O, Mourner!—from the new-lit skies
The darksome gloom hath ta'en its flight;
Methinks no sleep has blest thine eyes
Through all this weary night!

"And tears, thou valiant youth and true,
Have fallen upon this humid stone;
Or is it but the nightly dew
That down from Heaven hath flown?"

"The dew would shew its wonted care,
And weep on my belovéd stone;
But ah! the pearls that glisten there
Are but my tears alone!"

"A noble hero!—and in tears?
A brave young man—and weakly pine?
O come where gleams the sheen of spears,
And Love's warm glance divine!"

"Let others kneel at Beauty's throne,
Or up the gleaming falchion take;
For me—I tarry by this stone
Until my heart will break!"

"Oh! tell me, then, thy heart's deep woe—
What sorrow chains thee to the stone?"
"Ah! yes, from lips the tale will flow,
That speak of this alone!—

"Last night I crossed the mountain near,
And sought this verdant vale of rest;
A sweet voice whispered in mine ear—
A sweeter lip to mine was prest!—

"It was a beauteous Fairy form,
That thus about the wanderer played,
And twined a garland bright and warm
Around us twain, that ne'er can fade.

"She called me her beloved Lord—
She called herself a wife's dear name;
And gave to me, with glad accord,
Her wondrous sweet and tender frame.

"That moment did the Night withdraw
Her vaporous veil so dark and damp;
As through the roof of leaves we saw
The Moon suspend our nuptial lamp.

"And as it paled before the day,
And sank amid the silent sea,
She reached her hand and cried—'Away!
Beloved, hence! from me!

"'Hence!—hence!—for ere the sun has smiled,
I too must far from this have flown:
One beam on me, the Fairy Child,
Would turn me into stone.

"'For this, through Time's unnumber'd years,
Has been the Sun's unquestioned right;
But till the Morning-red appears,
The Fairy People rule the night!'

"Audacious boy! Oh! sad event!
I prayed, and kissed her thousand charms,
Until she, weeping, gave consent
To linger still within my arms:

"But through her tears she sang this strain—
'Ah! many and many a happy night
Might I within thy arms have lain!
If thou didst not that promise blight.

"'I cannot bring my lips to speak
Denial to that prayer of thine—
And see! upon the purple peak
The day begins to shine!

"'Farewell, beloved murderer mine,
Farewell! thy clasping arms unbind!'—
Scarce shrieked I "fly!" when came the Shine,
When came the cooling morning wind.

"There in my very hands she grew
A lifeless stone, so hard and cold;
There from my heart the life-blood flew,
And strength grew weak, and youth grew old.

"A lifeless stone!—O bitter woe!
My joy! my grief! my Elfin Bride!
On this, through life, my tears shall flow—
In death I'll sleep beside!"

THE PILGRIM, THE CAVALIER, AND THE TROUBADOUR.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF A. MAFFEI.

"Era mite come il cielo
Cui sorride il sol di maggio!
Era bella come il raggio
Che circonda un cherubin!"

THE PILGRIM.

She was mild as is the sky
When gently smiles the sun of May;
She was lovely as the ray
That clothes a cherub round.
Ah! me, for ever from mine eye
The sacred veil that maid hath torn;
Now life is but a waste forlorn,
Whereon no path is found!

THE CAVALIER.

I fought for ten long weary years
With Saracenic rage malign;
My name throughout all Palestine
Made dim the mother's eye;
I conquered squires and cavaliers—
But Love, unconquered still thou art:
Back to the Lady of my heart
Returns my constant sigh.

THE TROUBADOUR.

I sang of many a glorious feat
Enacted on the fields of fame—
The Lion-hearted Richard's name
Resounded bold and free:
But ah! the strain more sadly sweet
Flew back to those beloved eyes,
Between whose light and mine there lies
So much of sky and sea.

THE THREE.

Without Love no light doth shine,
To guide the Pilgrim on his way;
Without Love, the wreath of bay
Weighs heavy on the Victor's head;
Without Love, the flower divine
Hath none to cherish or admire;
Sweetness flies the Poet's lyre,
The Poet's heart is dead.

EXPECTATION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DELAVIGNE

"Tutto con te mi piace,
Sia colle, o selva, o prato."
—METASTASIO

The morn has chased the shades of night,
The streams grow bright beneath her eye;
A golden veil of purple light
Hangs o'er the rosy eastern sky.

To catch the sun's awakening rays
Upon the turf still wet with dew,
With trembling haste the rose displays
Her crimson chalice to the view.

A sweeter zephyr fills the place,
The birds in sweeter concert sing;
More closely in a fond embrace
Around the elm the vine doth cling.

Amid these shades so calm and still
All things partake of my delight—
Fresh turf, fair sky, transparent rill—
Ah! can you know she comes to-night?

BY THE SHORES OF THE SEA.

FROM THE SPANISH OF GONGORA.

"Dejadme llorar
Orillas del mar."

The pride of our village
Is pining away;
But yesterday married,
And widowed to-day;

To the red field of death
    She has seen him depart,
The light of her eye
    And the joy of her heart.
To her mother she turneth,
    And falls on her knee—
Let me weep for him, mother,
    By the shores of the sea.

Since you told me, dear mother,
    In Life's happy morn,
How brief were its roses,
    How sharp was its thorn:
Since my heart was made captive
    By him that is gone,
Ah! short was the sunlight
    That over it shone!
Since a captive I languish,
    And *he* bears the key,
Let me weep for him, mother,
    By the shores of the sea.

My eyes have, with weeping,
    Been red since the dawn—
Their sweet occupation
    Of seeing is gone
Henceforward no gladness
    Can bring them delight—
No vision of beauty
    Can make them grow bright;
Since he is at war
    Who was peace unto me,
Let me weep for him, mother,
    By the shores of the sea.

Oh! do not restrain me,
    Or blame me, dear mother,
For vain is the one,
    And useless the other.
If love for your daughter
    Your bosom doth hold,
Oh! let not your actions
    Be cruel and cold:
Since to perish in silence
    Far sadder would be,
Let me weep for him, mother,
    By the shores of the sea.

Ah! mother, dear mother,
    That breast were of stone,
That would feel not the sorrow
    And grief I have known:
The languor that kills me
    Since *he* has gone thither—
To see the green years
    Of my womanhood wither.
Then since blossoms no longer
    Will bloom on Life's tree,
Let me weep for him, mother,
    By the shores of the sea.

THE CANADAS—HOW LONG CAN WE HOLD THEM?*

There lie before us at this moment (strange conjunction!) "The Conquest of Canada," and papers and pamphlets relative to recent events in that colony, which prognosticate, we sadly fear, its speedy loss! The contrast is forced upon us between the vigour and the wisdom of a Chatham, and the weakness and folly of our present rulers; or rather, indeed, between the foresight, the energy, and the determination of England under her old aristocratic regimè, and the shortsightedness, the rashness, and the want of all steady principle and all prompt decision, by which her proceedings, both at home and abroad, have been marked, since democratic influence became so dangerously ascendant.

Let us glance, for a moment, at the splendid achievement which, by one decisive victory, put into our hands an extent of territory comprising very little short of one-eighth of the civilised world.

The battle of Quebec was fought upon the 13th of September, 1759. Montcalm, one of the most gallant and skilful of France's generals, when the apparition of the British under Wolfe, upon the heights of Abraham, was announced to him, although surprised, was not disheartened. He was presently on horseback at the head of his troops, and, by his words of encouragement, and his gallant bearing, did all that a brave man could do to inspire them with confidence as to the result of the contest.

"The French attacked. At about ten o'clock a crowd of Canadians and Indians emerged from the bush on the slope which falls towards the valley of the St. Charles; as they advanced they opened fire upon the English picquets of the extreme left, and drove them into their supports. Under cover of the cloud of smoke which rose above the scene of this attack, the French veterans of the right wing passed swiftly round the left of Murray's brigade, and turned his flank; then throwing aside their irregulars, they fell upon Howe's light infantry. This gallant officer felt the importance of his post; the houses and the line of coppice which he occupied, formed almost a right angle with the front of the British army, covering it in flank and rear. He was hardly pressed; his men fell fast under the overpowering fire of the French, but in a few minutes, Townshend, with the 15th, came to his aid; soon afterwards the two battalions of the 60th joined the line, and turned the tide of battle.

"In the meantime swarms of skirmishers advanced against the right and centre of the British army; their stinging fire immediately dislodged the few light infantry which Wolfe had posted in his front, and forced them back in confusion upon the main body. This first impression was not without danger: the troops who were in the rear, and could not see the real state of affairs, become alarmed at the somewhat retrograde movements in front. Wolfe perceived this: he hurried along the line, cheered the men by his voice and presence, and admonished them on no account to fire without orders. He succeeded: confidence was restored.

"The spirited advance of the skirmishers was but the mask of a more formidable movement. The whole of the French centre and left, with loud shouts and arms at the recover, now bore down to the attack. Their light troops then ceased firing, and passed to the rear. As the view cleared, their long unbroken lines were seen rapidly approaching Wolfe's position. When they reached within 150 yards, they advanced obliquely from the left of each formation, so that the lines assumed the appearance of columns, and chiefly threatened the British right. And now from flank to flank of the assailing battalions rolled a murderous and incessant fire. The 35th and the Grenadiers fell fast. Wolfe, at the head of the 28th, was struck in the wrist, but not disabled. Wrapping a handkerchief round the wound, he hastened from one rank to another, exhorting the men to be

* "The Conquest of Canada." By the Author of "Hochelaga." 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley. 1849. "The Question Answered, 'Did the Ministry intend to pay Rebels?' in a Letter to the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine." By a Canadian Loyalist. Montreal, 1849.

steady, and to reserve their fire. No English soldier pulled a trigger: with matchless endurance they sustained the trial. Not a company wavered: their arms shouldered as if on parade, and motionless, save when they closed up the ghastly gaps, they waited the word of command.

"When the head of the French attack had reached within forty yards, Wolfe gave the order to 'fire.' At once the long row of muskets was levelled, and a volley, distinct as a single shot, flashed from the British line. For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering like pennons in the fatal storm, but a few paces told how terrible had been the force of the long-suspended blow. Numbers of the French soldiers reeled and fell; some staggered on for a little, then dropped silently aside to die; others burst from the ranks shrieking in agony. The Brigadier de St. Ours was struck dead, and de Senezergues, the second in command, was left mortally wounded upon the field. When the breeze carried away the dense clouds of smoke, the assailing battalions stood reduced to mere groups among the bodies of the slain. Never before or since has a deadlier volley burst from British infantry.

"Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had first moved on his line of battle, and already all was lost! The Canadian militia, with scarcely an exception, broke and fled. The right wing, which had recoiled before Townshend and Howe, was overpowered by a counter-attack of the 58th and 78th: his veteran battalions of Berne and Guienne were shattered before his eyes under the British fire; on the left the Royal Roussillon was shrunk to a mere skeleton, and, deserted by their Provincial allies, could hardly retain the semblance of a formation. But the gallant Frenchman, though ruined, was not dismayed; he rode through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged them by his dauntless bearing, and, aided by a small redoubt, even succeeded in once again presenting a front to his enemy.

"Meanwhile Wolfe's troops had reloaded. He seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the whole British line to advance. At first they moved forward in majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French. But soon the ardour of the soldiers broke through the restraints of discipline: they increased their pace to a run, rushing over the dying and the dead, and sweeping the living enemy off their path. On the extreme right, the 35th, under the gallant Colonel Fletcher, carried all before them, and won the white plume which for half a century afterwards they proudly bore.* Wolfe himself led the 28th and the diminished ranks of the Louisburg Grenadiers, who that day nobly redeemed their error at Montmorency. The 43rd, as yet almost untouched, pressed on in admirable order, worthy of their after-fame in that noble Light Division which 'never gave a foot of ground but by word of command.' On the left, the 58th and 78th overcame a stubborn and bloody resistance; more than 100 of the Highlanders fell dead and wounded, the weak battalion by their side lost a fourth part of their strength in the brief struggle. Just now Wolfe was a second time wounded, in the body, but he dissembled his suffering, for his duty was not yet accomplished; again a ball from the redoubt struck him on the breast; he reeled on one side, but at the moment this was not generally observed. 'Support me,' said he to a grenadier officer who was close at hand, 'that my brave fellows may not see me fall.' In a few seconds, however, he sank, and was borne a little to the rear. Colonel Carleton was desperately wounded in the head at a few paces from Wolfe: the aide-de-camp who hastened for Monckton, to call him to the command, found him also bleeding on the field, beside the 47th regiment. At length Townshend, now the senior officer, was brought from the left flank to this bloody scene to lead the army.

* "At the late presentation of colours to the 35th Regiment, in Dublin garrison, on the 21st of July, 1834, their colonel-in-chief, Lieutenant-General Sir John Oswald, G.C.B., mentioned, in the course of his address, that when he first joined the regiment, in 1791, he found in it several of the companions of Wolfe. The colonel-in-chief was Fletcher, of a distinguished Scottish family. He led the 35th, under General Wolfe, through the surf of Louisburg, placed them first after the British Grenadiers in line on the plains of Abraham, and there, during the contest, charging the French Grenadiers, carried off the *white plume* which for half a century this battalion bore. His Majesty George III. was so pleased with Colonel Fletcher's conduct, that when a lieutenant-colonel of only four years' standing, he gave him the colonelcy-in-chief."—*Picture of Quebec.*

"The brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage: the columns which death had disordered were soon broken and scattered. Montcalm, with a courage that rose above the wreck of hope, galloped through the groups of his stubborn veterans, who still made head against the advancing enemy, and strove to show a front of battle. His efforts were vain; the head of every formation was swept away before that terrible musketry; in a few minutes the French gave way in all directions. Just then their gallant general fell with a mortal wound: from that time all was utter rout.

. . . . .

"While the British troops were carrying all before them, their young general's life was ebbing fast away. When struck for the third time, he sank down; he then supported himself for a few minutes in a sitting posture, with the assistance of Lieutenant Brown, Mr. Henderson, a volunteer, and a private soldier, all of the grenadier company of the 22nd; Colonel Williamson of the Royal Artillery, afterwards went to his aid. From time to time Wolfe tried with his faint hand to clear away the death-mist that gathered on his sight; but the effort seemed vain; for presently he lay back, and gave no signs of life beyond a heavy breathing, and an occasional groan. Meantime the French had given way, and were flying in all directions. The grenadier officers, seeing this, called out to those around him—'See, they run!' The words caught the ear of the dying man; he raised himself, like one aroused from sleep, and asked eagerly, 'Who runs?' 'The enemy, sir,' answered the officer: 'they give way everywhere.' 'Go one of you to Colonel Burton,' said Wolfe; 'tell him to march Webbe's (the 48th) regiment with all speed down to the St. Charles River, to cut off the retreat.' His voice grew faint as he spoke, and he turned as if seeking an easier position on his side; when he had given this last order, he seemed to feel that he had done his duty, and added feebly, but distinctly—'Now, God be praised, I die happy.' His eyes then closed; and, after a few convulsive movements, he became still. Despite the anguish of his wounds, he died happy: for through the mortal shades that fell upon his soul, there rose, over the unknown world's horizon, the dawn of an eternal morning."—Vol. ii.

Such was the splendid victory by which this fine country was won. How long is it to continue a dependency of the British Crown? How long are we to hold that which cost us so much blood and treasure?

This is a grave and serious question; and one which must have presented itself to every reflecting mind, by which our late policy in that country has been duly pondered. To some it appears a matter of indifference whether we retain our transatlantic possessions or no. To others, that they are a positive incumbrance, and that to get rid of them would be a gain. But we believe there remains a large majority, by whom their separation would be regarded as a loss and a humiliation; by whom Great Britain would be considered maimed and mutilated, when bereft, by whatever cause, of those adjuncts of her greatness, and those trophies of her renown; that colonial defection once begun, must continue until all her dependencies shall have been lost, and the once mighty imperial mistress of the ocean shrink within her insular dimensions as a fourth or fifth-rate European power; a state in which her very existence as a nation would be brought into peril, and, should any strong spirit of disaffection arise within herself, it might be difficult, if not impossible, to maintain her connexion with Ireland.

This last is, we confess, the view which we take of the subject. We think the possession of such a dependency as Canada could not be too highly prized. We regard it as a great outlet for our superabundant manufactures, and our surplus population. We consider it, if properly managed, as a mart for British enterprise, a secure investment for British capital, and an exhaustless field for British labour. We consider it as a priceless "point d' appui," should any causes of national difference arise between us and the United States. We feel all its capabilities as a feeder of our marine, by which that arm of our force might be, upon any emergencies which should suddenly arise, efficiently recruited. And thus viewing the question at issue, we do confess we cannot at all sympathise either with those who regard these vast possessions as an incumbrance, of which it is desirable we should be speedily disburdened, or those who are indifferent to their preservation;—and we view the

legislation which has lately been pursued respecting them, with a dismay proportioned to our conviction of its *tendency to separate them for ever from the British Empire.*

Several years have now elapsed since the state of Canada engaged our attention; and those of our readers who remember what we said then, must see that we clearly foresaw all that has since occurred, and that recent events are little more than a fulfilment of our predictions. The Whig policy which governed Lord Gosford's proceedings eventuated in the rebellion which it cost so much blood and treasure to put down. And had the evil stopped there, all would have been well. Had the traitors taken in *flagrante delicto* been dealt with as they deserved, a wholesome example would have been exhibited to the colonists, and British authority would have resumed its ascendancy, and contentment and tranquillity again prevailed. But the Whig star was still ascendant, and instead of extracting good from evil, evil was extracted from good. Lord Durham's Commission supervened upon the troubled state of affairs in the provinces; and its object would seem to have been to revive the desponding hearts of the discontented, and to breathe life and vigour into the dry bones of sedition, which, under the vigour of the loyalists, had been quelled and laid prostrate; while a corresponding chill and discouragement was communicated to the gallant defenders of the rights and prerogatives of the British crown.

Nor could, for such a purpose, a better instrument have been selected The Lord High Commissioner was a man of activity and energy; but vain, opinionative, shallow, and conceited; filled with an enormous opinion of his own wisdom and his own importance, and cherishing a most disdainful contempt for all who ventured to differ from him in his views. He was, at the same time, honest and honourable in all transactions of private life; had no sinister personal aims beyond the aggrandisement of the party to which he was attached; and could well maintain his personal dignity whenever, either in his own person, or in that of the humblest of his suit, the rights or privileges of his office were invaded. His conscious disinterestedness gave boldness and confidence to his recommendations, which finally prevailed with the government at home, who recognised the legitimacy of the objects for which the Canadian traitors drew the sword, conceded the principle of "responsible government," by which British authority has been superseded, precipitated the union of the upper and lower provinces, by which the French influence has obtained an ascendant in the legislature, dealt "heavy blows and great discouragements" to the loyalists, by which that gallant body of men have been sorely aggrieved, while honours and emoluments have been profusely lavished upon convicted or notorious traitors.

We cannot, therefore, affect surprise, whatever may be our regret, at the transactions which have recently compromised the honour and dignity of the British crown, and which no sane man can regard but as preparing the way for the separation of our Canadian provinces. Under the timid and unprincipled government of Lord Gosford, sedition was nursed until it broke out into overt treason. By the vigour of the loyalists, aided by the skill and the gallantry of the military, the rebellion was promptly put down. But by the strange infatuation which seems to have overruled British policy, both foreign and domestic, since the passing of the Reform Bill, the defeat of the rebels was converted into a victory. Suddenly, in the midst of humiliation and disaster, they found, to their astonishment as well as delight, that all they sought for, and more, was granted; that not only was an amnesty to be extended to them for their treason, and their forfeited lives spared, but that the road to office was again opened to them; that their position in the colony would again give them power, not only to override the governor, but to beard and insult the loyalists, whose crime of successful resistance to them never would be forgiven; and that the time would speedily come when they might not only glory in their misdeeds, *but actually seek reprisals from the government against which they had rebelled, for such losses or inconveniences as they suffered, or pretended to have suffered, in their acts of mad and unprovoked resistance to legitimate authority.*

In our first paper upon Canadian affairs, in March, 1838, after the out-

break in 1837, we ventured, hesitatingly, to recommend a union of the legislatures, but upon the express condition that the British so far preponderated over the Franco-Canadian interest, as to render it impossible for the French faction to obstruct the progress of beneficent legislation, by which the British colonist might be enabled to feel at home in a British colony, and have assurance afforded him that he was not altogether abandoned to the hatred and jealousy of the most ignorant, prejudiced, and unenterprising population on the face of the earth. Had a union been early made upon such a basis, and everything right and proper done to cherish the loyalty of those who had proved themselves by their services the best friends of British connexion, we do not see any grounds for supposing that such a measure would not have resulted in good. But when it *was* made, no care was taken to secure the ascendancy of British influence, and much was done to disgust and alienate the loyalty of the Upper Canadians. Hence a formidable opposition from the upper province were but too ready to co-operate with a powerful majority in the lower; and both lost no opportunity of crippling and embarrassing the executive, which was now made responsible *to them* for all its acts, and under the necessity of taking, at their dictation, its constitutional advisers.

It is undoubtedly to be lamented that the insulted and outraged loyalists of Upper Canada, in evil hour, "took counsel from their discontent," and were thus betrayed into a false position, by which they only strengthened the hands of their enemies. But much more do we condemn those who inflicted upon them such injuries, and put upon them such insults, as human nature could not be expected to bear, and *then* took occasion to express surprise that they should have forgotten their principles, or faltered in their allegiance!

It was not until the last general election returned a large majority in the Franco-Canadian interest, that the project of an indemnity for rebellion losses in the lower provinces was seriously entertained. Lord Elgin felt himself surrounded by a ministry who had either participated in the Papineau insurrection, or sympathised with the insurgents. The loyalists in Upper Canada had had their losses considered and provided for by the government; but as treason had now become ascendant, the traitors in the lower province, deemed it but equal justice that they should be indemnified for theirs. It is true an exception was made against all who were so unfortunate as to have been brought to trial, and convicted, as well as those who, upon their own confession of guilt, were banished to Bermuda; but as these constituted but a very small proportion of the numbers actually engaged in the rebellion, and to whom her Majesty's gracious amnesty was accorded, every unconvicted rebel was to be regarded as a suffering loyalist, and the measure which was to compensate the one for his losses and his sacrifices, was to reward the other for his misdeeds.

The following is the preamble to the bill for the perpetration of this monstrous iniquity, by which all sense of justice, and even of decency, has been outraged:—

"Whereas, on the 28th day of February, 1845, an humble address was unanimously adopted by the legislative assembly of this province, and by them presented to the Right Honourable Charles Theophilus Baron Metcalfe, the then Governor-General of the same, praying 'that his Excellency would be pleased to cause proper measures to be adopted in order to insure to the inhabitants of that part of this province, formerly Lower Canada, indemnity for just losses by them sustained during the Rebellion of 1837 and 1838.' And whereas, on the 24th day of November, 1845, a commission of five persons was, by his Excellency, the said Governor-General, duly appointed to inquire into such losses arising from and growing out of the said Rebellion; and whereas, it appears by the report of the said commissioners, dated the 18th day of April, 1846, that 'the want of power to proceed to a strict and regular investigation of the losses in question, left the commissioners no other resource than to trust to the allegations of the claimants, as to the amounts and nature of their losses;' and whereas, in order to redeem the pledge given to the sufferers of such losses, or their *bona fide* creditors, assigns, or *ayant-droit*, as well by the said address of the said legislative assembly, and the appointment of the said commission, as by the letter addressed by the Honourable the Secretary of the Province, by order of

the Right Honourable Charles Murray, Earl Cathcart, the then administrator of the government of the same, to the said commissioners, on the 27th day of February, 1846, it is necessary and just that the particulars of such losses not yet paid and satisfied, should form the subject of more minute inquiry under legislative authority, and that the same, so far only as they may have arisen from the total or partial, unjust, unnecessary, or wanton destruction of dwellings, buildings, property, and effects of the said inhabitants, and from the seizure, taking or carrying away of their property and effects, should be paid and satisfied; provided that none of the persons who have been convicted of high treason, *alleged* to have been committed in that part of this province formerly the province of Lower Canada, since the 1st day of November, 1837, or who having been charged with high treason or other offences of a treasonable nature, and having been committed to the custody of the sheriff in the gaol of Montreal, submitted themselves to the will and pleasure of her Majesty, and were thereupon transported to her Majesty's Islands of Bermuda, shall be entitled to any indemnity for losses sustained during or after said Rebellion, or in consequence thereof: Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and of the Legislative Assembly of the province of Canada, constituted and assembled by virtue of, and under the authority of, an Act passed in the parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and entitled, 'An Act to reunite the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and for the Government of Canada,' &c. &c."

Nor does it admit of a moment's doubt that the Canadian ministry intended the measure as an insult to loyalty and a triumph to treason.

Had the Bill not been designed to cover the claims of traitors as well as loyalists, the ministry had an ample opportunity of denying the imputation, if it could, with truth, be denied. Colonel Prince, member for Essex, thus addressed himself to Mr. Attorney-General La Fontaine, on the 6th of March, when the Bill was in committee:—

"Col. Prince stated, that a great deal of uncertainty existed as to the class of persons whom it was intended by the ministry to pay, under the measure introduced by them, and he begged Mr. Attorney-General La Fontaine to settle the matter explicitly, by replying to certain questions which he would put to him. Col. Prince promised, on his part, to regard the replies as final, and after receiving them, would allude no further to the Rebellion claims.

"He then put the following questions in a deliberate, solemn manner, pausing between each for an answer:—

"Do you propose to exclude, in your instructions to the Commissioners to be appointed under this Act, all who aided and abetted in the Rebellion of 1837-1838?—*No reply.*

"Do you propose to exclude those who, by their admissions and confessions, admitted their participation in the Rebellion?—*No reply.*

"Do you mean to exclude those whose admission of guilt is, at this very moment, in the possession of the government and the courts of law, unless these admissions have been destroyed with the connivance of hon. gentlemen opposite?—*No reply.*

"Do you mean to exclude any of those 800 men who were imprisoned in the gaol of Montreal, for their participation in the Rebellion, and who were subsequently discharged from custody through the clemency of the government, and whose claims I understand to exceed some £70,000?—*No reply.*

"*Do you not mean to pay every one, let his participation in the Rebellion have been what it may, except the very few who were convicted by the courts-martial, and some six or seven who admitted their guilt, and were sent to Bermuda?*—NO REPLY."

Had not ministers deliberately intended to pass an Act to indemnify rebels, would these plain questions have been left unanswered?

But the following is even stronger than the silence that gives consent: it is a direct admission by a member of the government, that the payment of rebels for losses incurred by their own misdeeds, was intended. The Hon. Mr. Jones is a general supporter of the ministerial policy, and a personal friend of many members of the government, and he thus relates, in the House of Assembly, the substance of a conversation which took place between him and a minister of the crown, that minister being present, and his statement remaining uncontradicted:—

"As the hon. member (Mr. J. Morris) to whom he had alluded, thought proper to advert to a statement made to him personally by the hon. speaker,

which he said induced him to support the bill alluded to, he (Mr. Jones) would advert to what took place between himself and another hon. and distinguished member of the government, at a private interview, in contradiction to what the hon. member had stated as the views entertained by the administration, expressed to him by the hon. speaker. At the interview he referred to, after considerable conversation on the subject of the indemnity bill had taken place, and considerable difference of opinion had arisen between them in respect to it, in order that he might not mistake the views of the hon. member of the government, he (Mr. Jones) had named three or more persons whom he and that distinguished member of the government both knew to have been engaged in overt acts of treason and rebellion; that they were persons who had taken up arms to subvert the government; he asked him if those individuals would be entitled to indemnity under the bill? That hon member of the government was too honest and too honorable a man to attempt to deceive him; he therefore answered him candidly and frankly, that they could make no distinction, and, consequently, those persons could not be excluded from being indemnified for their losses, if they had sustained any. He should not have adverted to this circumstance had he not deemed it necessary to do so, to meet the assertion openly made by the hon. speaker, from his place in that house, and the statement of the hon. member who had based his opinions upon the information he had personally received from the same hon. individual."

This is, surely, sufficient to convince the most incredulous of the glaring enormity, planned and perpetrated by the Canadian ministry, when they introduced the Rebellion Losses Bill; but the whole case against them would be incomplete if we did not present to the reader some specimens of the argument and the eloquence by which it was defended.

Thus spake the Honorable Francis Hincks, a member of the government, in reply to a member of the House, who ventured to ask whether it was seriously intended to pay rebels:—

"It appeared, from what the hon. member stated, that he had no objection to the payment of what he had called the just claims for rebellion losses; and yet, at the same time, was very indignant, as was also the hon. member for Frontenac, that any person who was not, in their phraseology, a loyalist, should be paid. In reply to that, he would merely have to quote the words of his hon. friend, the member for Kent, who had asked if they were going to establish a star-chamber commission, to try who was loyal and who was not."

Again, the same hon. gentleman, in a circular bearing date the 10th of February, expresses himself in terms even still more startling and unequivocal:—

"It may happen that parties were engaged in the rebellion who were never convicted of high treason, and who, therefore, would not be excluded under the Act. I believe the amount of such claims would be very small in proportion to the whole amount; and it would be very injudicious indeed were the legislature, for the sake of excluding them, to sanction a false principle, and to allow any set of commissioners to decide arbitrarily that men were rebels who had never been convicted of high treason."

Here a sort of *quasi* defence is insinuated—namely, the numbers were but *few* who would thus profit by the act in question; as if that altered its principle, or diminished its atrocity. It reminds us of the Scotch lass who was charged by her minister with having had an illegitimate child, and who admitted, with a deprecatory air, that, indeed, she had had a child, *but it was a very little one!*

The Hon. Mr. Merritt, president of the council, thus spoke, in the debate on the 13th of February:—

"A general amnesty has since been proclaimed, and could we draw an odious and invidious distinction, at this late day, to create dissatisfaction? We trust all are now good and loyal subjects; it is our duty to keep them so, and not disturb the harmony which now happily prevails. From the results of my own personal experience, I feel it would be very difficult to draw those delicate distinctions between those called loyal and disloyal."

In a subsequent debate, the Hon. Robert Baldwin, another member of the government, thus delivered himself:—

"He agreed entirely with his hon. friend from Norfolk, that after an act of amnesty, it would be disrespectful to her Majesty, and an outrage on the man

seeking compensation, to inquire what part he took at the time of the troubles."

The Solicitor-General for Canada East did not content himself with supporting the opinion above recited, but went further still, and expressed a hope that the convictions recorded in courts-martial, against rebels taken in arms against the government, would yet be reversed. The following are the *ipsissima verba* of one of Lord Elgin's constitutional advisers:—

"He hoped the time would come when these decisions would be reversed, but let it be done in a constitutional way. It was no business of the house to say who were guilty of high treason, for the act of indemnity had done away with all that. In technical language, the persons pardoned were in the same position as before."

In the following we have the Inspector-General, the Hon. Francis Hincks, not only vindicating the propriety of reimbursing rebels for their rebellion losses, but justifying the rebellion itself, upon the alleged ground of the injustice and oppression of the British government. He thus spoke in the debate on the 13th February:—

"The hon. gentleman had shown great indignation against those individuals who had taken up arms in 1837 and 1838, but he would ask who was responsible for the disturbances, but the hon. gentleman opposite, and the party whom he supported? (Ironical cheers from the opposition.) Yes! those were the parties whom he would have held responsible, and he was confirmed in that opinion by the expressed declarations of two noble lords from England, one of whom had declared explicitly that from the unconstitutional manner in which the government was carried on, *the people were perfectly justified in taking up arms to oppose it.*"

The Solicitor-General for Canada West, Wm. Hume Blake, thus delivered himself:—

"From the first period of British interference in the affairs of Lower Canada, up to the time of Lord Durham, every species of oppression was freely practised. The administration of justice was perverted; property was not sacred; and worse still, ay, a thousand times worse, a loyal, but contemptible and pitiful, minority seized on every office in the gift of the crown, and trampled on men far superior to themselves in every sense of the word."

And again, in another part of the same speech, this gentleman rises to a blasphemous climax of sedition, which may not be unfitly described as the very apotheosis of treason. We shudder while reciting his words, which he was suffered to speak unrebuked, and even amidst the cheers of his supporters:—

"He had no sympathy with the spurious loyalty of the hon. gentlemen opposite, which, while it trampled on the people, was the slave of the court—a loyalty which, from the dawn of the history of the world down to the present day, had lashed humanity into rebellion (cheers). With such loyalty, he for one could have no sympathy. He would not go to ancient history, but he would tell the hon. gentlemen opposite of one great exhibition of this loyalty, on an occasion when the people of a distant Roman Province contemplated the perpetration of the foulest crime that the page of history records—a crime from which nature in compassion hid her face, and strove to draw a veil over. But the heathen Roman lawgiver could not be induced, by perjured witnesses, to place the great Founder of our religion upon the cross. 'I find no fault in him,' he said. But these provincials, after endeavouring by every other means to effect their purpose, had recourse to this spurious loyalty, 'If thou lettest this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend" (cheers). Mark the loyalty; could they not trace it in this act? ay, and overcome by that mawkish, spurious loyalty, the heathen Roman governor gave his sanction to a deed, whose foul and impure stain eighteen centuries of national humiliation and suffering have been unable to efface (cheers). This spurious, slavish loyalty was not British stuff (cheers); this spurious, bullying loyalty never grew in his native land. If, after years of struggling to obtain their rights, they found a doctrine so detrimental to the views advanced by the government, the blame was much lessened, for *it was more deserving of being denounced as rebellious than the efforts to set it aside.* There sit the loyal men [pointing to the opposite side of the house], who shed the blood of the people, and trampled on their best and dearest rights."

The reader has now seen enough of the spirit in which this measure was

concocted, and the argument by which it was supported; and we ask him was it calculated to encourage loyalty to the British crown? Was it calculated to cherish the only sentiments and the only principles by which Canada could be secured in her allegiance?

The rebellion to which allusion had been made, and which ministers of the crown did not hesitate to justify, was positively the most causeless and wanton of any that history records. If our readers will refer to our number for March, 1838, they will find that it was a rebellion that followed a more than plenary redress of all alleged grievances. Indeed it may be said to have been a rebellion not provoked by any real grievance, but stimulated by the insane facility of the British parliament in listening to, and adopting, the representations and the suggestions of demagogues, whose object was to throw off the authority of the British crown. It was encountered by an energetic demonstration of loyalty, which soon put the bullying agitators down, and reduced them to the humble condition of suppliants for royal mercy. And for this service, by which these fine provinces were, in their hour of peril, saved, Lord Elgin's responsible advisers now denounce these loyal men as "tyrants and oppressors," "Goths and Vandals," "spurious, slavish, but lying loyalists," "a pitiful, contemptible minority," "rebel tyrants," "who lashed an unoffending people into rebellion," when they had only taken up arms against their Queen "in a justifiable course of resistance!"

But what will the reader think, after having perused the above statements and declarations of the Canadian ministers and their supporters, of the following extract from an answer to an address by Lord Elgin, after the unhappy occurrences which took place at Montreal immediately upon the royal assent being given to the Rebellion Losses Bill?—

"Even if the measure of indemnity to which you refer had been more objectionable than it is, it would still have been the duty and interest of all lovers of true freedom, and of order, which is amongst its most valuable fruits, to protest against the outrageous assaults on the fundamental principles of constitutional government, for which it has been made the pretext. *But I am bound to say, in justice to the large majority of your representatives, by whom this bill was sanctioned, that it is my firm belief that they did not intend, in passing it, to countenance rebellion, or to compensate the losses of persons guilty of the heinous crime of treason;* but that their purpose was to make provision for the payment of the wanton and unnecessary destruction of property, which is the cruel, though, perhaps, inevitable accompaniment of civil warfare, *claims which had been already recognised by the deliberate acts of preceding parliaments and governments.* Under this conviction I assented to the bill, and in this spirit only could I ever consent, as the head of the executive government, to effect it."

What! not aware of the avowed intentions of his own advisers! Not aware of their deliberate declarations in their official capacities in the House of Assembly and the Legislative Council! Not aware of what was made no secret! Of what every man, woman, and child might have known, whose ears were open to the current news of the day! What was he doing? Where did he live? With whom did he converse or take counsel, that he alone should have remained ignorant that the Bill, to which he gave the royal sanction, was deliberately prepared with a view to admit rebels to a participation with loyalists in the bounty of government by which the rebellion losses were to be made good? It is truly painful to us to dwell upon this; for the only alternative which presents itself is, either that the noble lord did not speak God's truth; or that he is a perfect miracle of blindness and infatuation!

But there is a confusion in the reasoning of the noble earl which would really seem to prove that he could not have been, at the time of inditing the above extract, perfectly "compos mentis."

He tells his hearers that even if the Indemnity Bill was *more* objectionable than it really was, that is, that if it was prepared with the intention of indemnifying rebels, it would have been *his duty* to have passed it; and in the concluding sentence he tells them that he only did consent to give it his sanction because he was firmly convinced that no such intention was entertained! If it was *his duty* to sanction it, *notwithstanding* such intention, how could he, without departing from his duty, refuse to sanction it *because* of such

intention? Perhaps the most charitable construction to be put upon his conduct is, that he did not know what he was doing; that he was so deafened by faction that he could not listen to reason; that he was so blinded by prejudice as not to see that in listening to the requisition of his sage and loyal cabinet, he was betraying the interests of the British Crown.

But if Lord Elgin did not see that the Indemnity Bill, to which he gave his sanction, was intended to pay the rebellion losses of the rebels, no other loyal man in the province had a doubt upon the subject; and our readers could not have been surprised that a storm of indignation should have burst forth when it was announced that his assent was formally given to the Bill, which led to excesses very much to be lamented.

One single sentence, to the effect that the Bill was not intended for the benefit of rebels, and that good care would be taken that none such, whether convicted or unconvicted, should be entitled to its benefits, would have stilled the indignation and quieted the murmurs which agitated the province from one end to the other; and yet, while such potency would have attended such a declaration, *it was never made*; and *that* although, as the reader has seen, his Excellency's constitutional advisers were undisguised in their declarations and admissions, that, amongst those who were to profit by its provisions, unconvicted rebels *were* to be included!

But a new constitution had been given to Canada: the principle of responsible government had been recognised, and it therefore became the duty of the Governor to assent to *any* measures which passed the House of Assembly and the Legislative Council; even as it would be the duty of the Queen to sanction any measures which passed the Houses of Lords and Commons. Indeed! *Any* measures! Even if they went the length of wresting the province from the British crown! Such will not be pretended; neither will it be pretended that measures should receive the sanction of the Governor, having a direct tendency to the dismemberment of the empire. Provision was expressly made, that in all "extraordinary cases," the sanction or disallowance of any Canadian bills should be reserved for the crown. And is there any one who will venture to say that the Indemnity Bill was not most extraordinary? What!—a bill which shocked all moral feeling!—which convulsed and agitated the country from the centre to the circumference!—which spread dismay, or excited indignation, amongst the loyal!—which filled with tumultuous delight all the disaffected! A bill which took all parties by surprise!—which traitors could hardly believe for joy!—which the well-affected could not believe for very astonishment at its monstrosity!—the existence of which, or the intention to bring in which, was concealed, as long as the knowledge of it might influence the elections!—which was smuggled into the house upon false pretences, and carried by a tyrannous majority, with a brazen hardihood of assertion and argument, such, as the reader has seen, and such as, we believe, was never before exhibited in any legislative assembly professing principles of justice and of freedom! If this was not "an extraordinary measure," we know not what measure could be so called; and if this did not require to be specially reserved for the consideration of the Queen in council, the reservation clause must be a dead letter; as we cannot conceive any measure to which of necessity it should be applied!

And, all the loyalists asked of the Governor, was, *to reserve this Bill, as he was constitutionally empowered to do, for the consideration of the Privy Council in England!* By so doing, no principle of responsible government would be compromised: by refusing to do so, we greatly fear he has grievously compromised the royal authority.

But the Bill about which such a rout has been made, is nothing more than a transcript of one prepared by the predecessors of the present ministers, and intended to be passed had they remained in power. Even if it were so, this would furnish no justification of it: least of all, to those with whom the authority of their predecessors was never, in any other instance, respected. The question at issue is not one of authority; it is one of policy, one of principle, one of morality. And if a Tory cabinet was so shamefully forgetful of what was due to considerations like these, *that*

would furnish no excuse to any other body of men to follow a bad example.

We however utterly disbelieve that any intention of paying rebels their rebellion losses, ever was entertained by those to whom the present ministers succeeded. The following, which we extract from a little *brochure* entitled "The Question answered, 'Did the ministry intend to pay rebels,'" shews, in a very clear manner, what the intentions of the former government were, and how little justification is to be found in them for what has now been done:—

"I trust that I have now established, to your lordship's satisfaction, the position I set out to maintain,—that the intention of your present administration, in the introduction of the Rebellion Losses Bill, was to indemnify parties engaged in the rebellion of 1837 and 1838. Should such be the case, I presume it will be apparent to your lordship that the meaning of the passage I have italicised towards the close of the reply to the Hastings Address, undergoes a very important modification. Under the belief, which your lordship's advisers had succeeded in impressing on your mind, that the measure of indemnity was never meant to apply to rebels, the assertion that the claims therein provided for, had been recognised by 'preceding parliaments and governments,' is a fair and correct one. Preceding parliaments and preceding governments have shewn every anxiety to compensate the *loyal* inhabitants of this province for the injuries sustained at the hands of rebels, or for the losses suffered in maintaining the authority of the Sovereign; and a measure to provide for such losses as these, strictly excluding all who could be proved to have committed any overt act of rebellion, would have received the unanimous support of the British population. But if it be established that the Act lately passed involves the payment of rebels, your lordship will admit that the statement alluded to is no longer correct; the premises are changed, and the conclusion cannot remain unaltered.

"But, my lord, the false logic, which must be obvious to your lordship, seems to have escaped the notice of your ministry and their supporters. There is an old story of an advocate, whose client was defendant in an action of damages for the cracking of a kettle while on loan, and who thus stated to the court his intended line of defence:—'We are prepared to prove, my Lord—firstly, that the kettle in question was cracked when we received it; secondly, that it was whole when we returned it; and thirdly, that we never had it all!' In like manner, the ministry by endeavouring to prove too much, fall into inevitable contradictions. Their line of argument may be fairly stated thus:—'We have not now, nor ever had, the slightest intention of paying rebels; but—the last Conservative government had fully determined to indemnify rebels—and we are only following their example!'

"'The contemplated Act for Lower Canada,' says Mr. Hincks, in the appendix to his circular before alluded to, 'is to be framed precisely in the same terms as that for Upper Canada, and, of course, to embrace the same description of claims.' Let us examine whether the promise thus given has been fulfilled.

"The evidence above adduced on the subject has, I think, clearly enough shewn that under the lately passed Act, every one—rebel or loyalist—is entitled to claim compensation, with the exception of the few excluded by Mr. Boulton's amendment. From the preamble to the Act, 3 Vic., c. 76, passed by the Parliament of Upper Canada, previous to the Union, it will be seen what classes of persons were intended to be paid under it:—

"'Whereas, during the late unnatural rebellion, and on the several hostile invasions of, and lawless aggressions upon this province, at various points, by foreigners and others from the United States of America, divers inhabitants of this province sustained much loss and damage by the destruction of their dwellings, and other buildings and property, and by the seizure and carrying away of their property by the rebels and invaders, and otherwise; And whereas other of the said inhabitants essentially contributed to the effectual defence of the province, by capturing many of the rebels and invaders, by advancing money and supplying meat, drink, lodging, clothing, arms and accoutrements, and also conveyances for the militia forces and otherwise, and by performing many important services in various ways, for which they have not hitherto been paid or satisfied, and their claims and demands are still outstanding: and whereas it is just and expedient that all such claims and demands should be paid and satisfied, after the same have been ascertained in the manner hereinafter mentioned: We, your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons of Upper Canada, in provincial parliament assembled, therefore humbly beseech your Majesty that it may be enacted: and be it enacted, &c.'

"Does this look like an Act for the benefit of rebels?—Most assuredly not.

"The second section of the Act authorizes the appointment of Commissioners—

"'Whose duty it shall be to enquire into the losses sustained by Her Majesty's subjects, and other residents within this province, during and in consequence of the late rebellion and invasions, and also into the said several claims and demands which have accrued in respect of any loss, destruction, or damage of property occasioned by violence on the part of brigands or pirates on the waters of the lakes or rivers dividing this province from the United States; and they or a majority of them, shall ascertain and determine, and allow the amount thereof respectively.'

"A comparison of this section with the eleventh section of the late act, as given in the appendix hereto, in which provision is made (the only specific provision in the whole act) for losses occasioned by the violence of those acting on behalf of her Majesty in the suppression of the rebellion, will shew whether the two acts are 'precisely in the same terms.'

"By others of the ministerial supporters it was asserted that the bill would exactly follow in its provisions the act passed in 1846, for the payment of the losses in lower Canada. I annex the preamble of that act—9th Vic., cap. 65—which proves that it was intended solely for the behalf of the loyal.

"'Whereas it is expedient to make provision for the payment of the sums ascertained by the fourth and fifth reports of the commissioners appointed under the ordinance of the administrator of the government of the late province of Lower Canada, and the special council for the affairs thereof, passed in the first year of her Majesty's reign, and intituled, 'An ordinance to authorize the appointment of Commissioners to investigate the claims of certain loyal inhabitants of this province, for losses sustained during the late unnatural rebellion.' Be it therefore enacted, &c.

"Had that word 'loyal,'—a word, my Lord, which has not yet lost its force and meaning with the immense mass of the British population of this province—had that single word been inserted in Mr. LaFontaine's resolutions, and in the bill founded thereon—the measure would have met the cheerful concurrence of every true-hearted Briton in Canada."

It was boldly and confidently affirmed by ministers and their supporters, that it was the *intention* of the previous Government to do just what they have done. In the following we think the reader will see a clear denial of that allegation.

"But with regard to the alleged intention of the conservative ministry to pay the losses of rebels, I need scarcely do more than quote the arguments of the Hon. William Morris, President of your Lordship's previous Executive Council, your official intercourse with whom cannot have failed to impress your lordship with a high sense of his honour and honesty, and must consequently give weight and authority to his statements.

"In debate in the legislative council on the 14th of May last, Mr. Morris made use of the following language:—

"'Much has been said respecting the letter of instruction issued from the late provincial Secretary to the commissioners, but he could give a distinct denial to the charge, that the late government ever intended to pay rebels; they never intended any such thing, (hear, hear;) and with regard to the letter alluded to, it ought to be borne in mind, that the steps taken at the time the letter was written, were merely preparatory, so that some idea might be formed as to the probable amount which was claimed, so that they could be guided by the claims made, as to the actually just and loyal losses. Had such a principle as paying the losses of those who had rebelled been decided on, he would not for a moment longer have continued a member of the administration. The claims made at that time, amounted to between £200,000 and £300,000, and the intention of government was to approximate the claims made, striking off all such as had rebelled; and the only reason of not settling such claims as were just, was because of the large amount required even for that. It was said the present bill was the same as the one passed for the payment of the sufferers by the rebellion in Upper Canada, but that bill was not passed for the payment of the rebellious: and if the late government had been interrogated respecting their intentions, in the same manner as the present government had been, the answer would have been "No, we are not going to pay for rebel losses."'"—*Montreal Weekly Herald*, 19*th May*, 1849.

"And again, at a more advanced period of the debate, the same honorable gentleman said, that—

"'He held the same views, while a member of the administration, as he had expressed in his speech, and would rather have left the ministry, than have allowed payment to any one who had been engaged in the rebellion.'—*Montreal Weekly Herald*, 19*th May*, 1849.

"The assertion of Mr. Hincks, in his circular of the 10th February, 'that the measure was forced upon us (the present ministry) by our predecessors,' is thus, I conceive, conclusively shown to be altogether groundless; but even could the Hon. Inspector-General prove all that he asserts, it would not alter the question at issue one whit. Those who oppose the present 'measure of indemnity' would have been just as active and zealous in their opposition, had the insult been put upon them by a Ministry calling itself conservative."

And now let us ask the candid reader, can he be surprised that some few of the outraged loyalists should have been suddenly exasperated into some acts of indignation, when they learned that the royal assent was given by Lord Elgin to this bill, for the indemnification of traitors. Our surprise is, that the disturbances did not proceed to a more fatal extent, and that far more disastrous consequences did not ensue. The following we extract from a letter, written by an eye-witness of what occurred, to the editor of the *Carlisle Journal*, bearing date Montreal, June 16, 1849, and which we believe to be in its details perfectly faithful:—

"It was on Wednesday, the 25th of April, that his Excellency, his ministers having only that morning denied all knowledge of the fact, in the vain idea of lulling suspicion, went down and gave his assent to the Rebellion Losses' Bill, a bill which, I suspect, will no more be forgotten in history than the Stamp Act. On returning he was pelted out of the city—not with *rotten* eggs, as is stated, by one party, to heap ridicule on him, and by the other, to make that act more odious; but with a sound merchantable article, of which the neighbouring market afforded an abundant supply. That evening the town was agitated almost to fury, it having been hoped to the last that the governor would reserve the bill, so as to give the queen an opportunity of hearing our petitions. At 8 p.m., it being pitch dark, the word passed, to meet on the Champ de Mars, a square used for military parades. Here several orators held forth; among the rest, Mr. Ferres, my successor as proprietor and editor of the *Montreal Gazette*. But the multitude, about three thousand in number (not eight thousand, as stated), of whom, perhaps, two-thirds actively sympathised, were very impatient, interrupted their speeches, and raising a cry 'to the House,' rushed off, and left them drawing up their resolutions and petition to the queen.

"The rest has been pretty accurately detailed, excepting as to numbers. I do not think more than a few persons, say five hundred, took part in the stoning the windows and turning out the members; nor do I believe the burning was premeditated by any one. How it originated is a mystery to me and to every one else, nor is its perpetration brought home to any one. You will readily imagine how fire would spread in a building four hundred feet long without a single fire-proof partition, full of wood, and a net-work of gas-pipes. The assertion that the mob cheered at the idea of the French members being burned in the cellars, is a horrid calumny, which it is infamous in any Englishman to circulate of his countrymen. There was no violence to individuals, no pillage, and the only danger of life was to those members of the Tory party who lingered too long in saving the books and records; and property outside the building, though belonging to the most obnoxious political oponents, was carefully protected from the flames. I should not, however, say there was *no* violence; after the rioters had cleared the hall, one member with an English name was what little boys call "cobbed," and says he knows who by, but has the good sense to treat it as a joke.

"I think those who remember Nottingham and Bristol, the attack on Apsley House, and innumerable incidents which have accompanied political agitations at home, ought to be cautious in charging acts like these, and in particular lamentable results unforeseen, on a whole party, of whom the great majority saw, and said, that if the violence was designed, it was not merely a crime, but a blunder."

"In the morning we began to be seriously alarmed at incurring the responsibility, at such a time, of calling together a public meeting, which we possibly might not be able to control. We had information that we were to be set upon by a large body of armed Canadians from the northern parishes. We had information that a large body of Irish were to appear on the ground simultaneously with us, hoist the stars and stripes, and proclaim the republic. But we ascertained that the military were on the alert. We learned, from inquiry of the commandant of the garrison, that there was no objection, though no permission could be given, to our using the parade ground; and from the executive we heard, that the ministers, instead of objecting to, were desirous of peaceable meetings. We met, Mr. Moffatt in the chair. The meeting, which included the whole British population of Montreal, was peaceable and orderly. All the exhortations were to peace

and to reliance on the justice of the mother country. There was not a groan, nor a hiss, nor an indecorous word. I never saw anything more orderly in my life. In this, and the character of the meeting, the Montreal correspondence of the *Times* of May 23rd, will bear me out. I had not the honour to be secretary—that was the post of Mr. Ward, late of Liverpool. I merely moved a resolution, declaring the governor had violated a fundamental law of our provincial constitution, in not reserving a bill of an "extraordinary" character. *And so he has.*

"That day passed over in quietness, and the prisoners were liberated on bail, and the two next days were quiet; but on Monday, his Excellency, though he had not shown himself at church, which he might have done with perfect safety, was ill advised enough to come down to receive a mendacious address from the House of Assembly, saying that the city was in perfect state of peace and tranquillity. To prove this, the 19th and 23rd regiments, and a battalion of the 71st, lined the streets, the artillery were under arms in barracks, and his lordship came galloping into town in a close carriage, escorted by Captain Jones's troop of the Queen's Light Dragoons. I never saw a more ludicrous sight. For about a mile, through the principal streets, the carriage was accompanied with a rolling fire of groans and eggs, from the latter of which Captain Jones on one side of the carriage, and Colonel Ermatinger on the other, 'dodged,' not always successfully. This was followed by a rolling fire of cheers for the escort. The dragoons are a local corps, a very fine set of fellows, who unite the local knowledge and high spirit of yeomanry with the discipline of regulars. They are from the frontier townships, the sons and grandsons of the men who, at the American revolution, or, as they yet call it, the rebellion, fled, or were expelled for their loyalty, from the banks of the Mohawk and Hudson, and had lands granted them on what was then the post of danger, which they have stoutly and successfully held ever since. You may judge how *they* like the idea of paying the rebels. They could hardly keep their seats for laughter, notwithstanding they came in for their own share of the stray shot. None, however, enjoyed the fun, officers and men, more than the 71st. This regiment was in Canada in 1837-8, and an officer of a comrade corps, Lieutenant Weir, was a prisoner in the hands of the insurgents, and most barbarously murdered when bound and unarmed, being literally hacked to death with blunt swords. It is no use to tell *them* that the indemnity is not for the benefit of the rebels of that day, or that it originated with the British party. Such falsehoods only pass current on your side of the Atlantic. The murderers of Weir yet walk abroad unpunished.

"*They now enjoy a formal amnesty, and will be, under this bill, entitled to compensation for any losses in their rebellion.* You may stare; but I assure you, upon my honour, that they will, and will ask for it too."

The following is a clear and simple statement of the grounds of discontent put forward by the opponents of ministers. We leave to our readers to say whether they are not both strong and reasonable:—

"If the whole of the present ministers in the Lower House are to be believed, they *do* intend, as the Act enables and directs, to compensate rebels without distinction, except of those who have been convicted, and who are not over one hundredth part of the whole claimants; while, at least, nine-tenths of the latter were in arms, or abetting those who were.

"What we complain of is, not that we are out-voted, for that is partly the fault of our position, and partly our own, though, perhaps, the governor's real or presumed predilections contributed a title to swell the majority against us;—

"But we complain that he 'recommended' a measure, unheard of in the history of nations, for paying the disloyal for their losses in rebellion.

"We complain that he did so without any previous notice to the electors of his intention, or even in his speech, so as to allow time for petitioning.

"That he packed the Upper House, for the purpose of carrying it without asking the opinion of the country upon it.

"That, instead of reserving a bill of an 'extraordinary' kind, vital to the peace of the country and the honour and interests of the crown, he assented to it almost by stealth.

"That, in private letters to Lord Grey, and in his public despatch, he misrepresented the facts, and turned the whole power and influence of the British government, which we looked up to for protection, against us, before we could appeal to it."

Nor are these the words of a man identified with the High Church or Tory party in England? The following will make this tolerably plain:—

"But the most provoking thing of all is, to identify us with the old Family Compact or High Church party of Upper Canada. That body was broken to pieces years ago, by Lord Sydenham, and its remembrance scattered to the

winds. The Baldwins were as much members of it as the Mac Nabs, and shared much more largely in the spoil. It never had any influence in Lower Canada, nor in the lower part of Upper Canada, in both of which the Presbyterian and Evangelical spirit prevails. The Orangemen, of which your papers also talk, in particular were and are opposed to High Church pretensions. True it is, that a high Tory party subsists in Canada, and always will subsist, the same as in England, and we are all fused together by a common danger and a common sympathy. But it was the dissensions between that party and the moderate party, to which the British of Montreal principally belong, which was the main cause of our opponents returning in Upper Canada twenty-one representatives, instead of, as at the preceding election, seven, which is about their fair share. Our ministers, with the University question, did just what the Whig ministers, in 1841, did with the corn laws; and with the like results. They went far enough to alarm one party, and not far enough to satisfy the other. It is due to our present ministers to say, that they have grappled with the question a-la-Peel, boldly and successfully, and have settled it on what I think the only proper ground, namely, entirely to disconnect secular from religious education. That is the toryism in fashion in Montreal. At Toronto it is different in hue."

Nor is the conclusion at which this honest and sagacious man has arrived unworthy of being deeply pondered by all who would cherish the well-being of the British Empire. We give it in his own well-weighed words:—

"I am by no means sure that Canada is not a burthen to England, and that, if no feeling of honour and renown, no tie of kindred and affection were involved, you would not be better without her. So long as you possess her you are continually liable to be involved in a war with the United States. But, on the other hand, if you lose her, you lose New Brunswick certainly, probably Nova Scotia; and all the forces of those territories go to augment those of your great maritime rival, and may be arrayed against you on the ocean.—a matter of some importance to a power which aspires to dominate half a world. Nor do I believe that any oriental conquests, in their nature temporary, nor settlements at the Antipodes, which you hold by a yet frailer tie, will compensate you for the excision of so much of your own flesh and blood; so much nearer your heart. But if you desire it, if it is your wish to get rid of your wayward child in *any* way, you have but to persevere. It will take much to persuade British-born men—it will take much to persuade the descendants of those who followed the red cross banner into banishment for your sake—it will take much to induce at least eight hundred thousand persons, who cannot conveniently quit the country, to renounce their allegiance, and seek from an alien flag protection from the combined tyranny of ever-hostile French, of Irish repealers, and of a few, a very few, I assure you, degenerate Britons. But still it *may* be done; and if it will console any one, I can tell you that you have done more for it in the last five weeks than your enemies had done in the preceding five years. Persevere, if you like—treat us as if we were what your French allie calls us, *un poing scelerats*, a handful of scoundrels—insult us, misrepresent us, refuse us all sympathy—shut out all hope, save one, and that not in you—send us a governor who thinks that a 'dignified impartiality' is doing what he is bid, without any reference to sentiments of justice and honour, even to packing, on a question which his ministers did not dare to raise at the hustings, an Upper House, designed for our protection, which had never given an hostile vote against him; deprive a minority of all protection, and keep six thousand men to defend—though I warn you not to trust too much to your army in *such* a cause—this thing which you call self-government; do so—persevere a little longer, and events will arise which will hurry on the most unwilling, and you will succeed at last, sooner, perhaps, than you expect. You will get rid of all your trans-Atlantic colonies as completely and as *honourably* as Spain of hers. Are you sure that deputies are not negotiating in Washington at this moment? I suspect they are; but they are not from the loyal men of Montreal. Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"Robert Abraham.

"Montreal, June 16th, 1849."

And now, reader, what is your judgment? Do we, or do we not, overestimate the importance of these things? Will our rulers, by the courses they have pursued, find it as easy to convert treason into loyalty as they have found it difficult to drive loyalty into treason? Time alone can tell. To such persevering experimentalists nothing may be impossible. They certainly seem resolved to leave untried no sacrifice *to* the one, and no sacrifice *of* the other, although we doubt whether their experiments

in the first case will ever eventuate in anything better than those of the philosopher of Laputa, who sought to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. But it is, indeed, a fearful thing to contemplate the tamperings of such very quacks with the complicated interests of the British Empire.

The Canadas, we fear, will be lost;—and we fully agree with Mr. Abraham, that in such a case, our other North American dependencies must share the same fate, and be lost also. Nor do we regard this matter with reference to any particular administration. The difficulties of any administration, in the government of our colonies, have been fearfully enhanced by the Reform Bill. Hume and Roebuck, *et hoc genus omne* upon whom the Whig government depended for their majority in the House of Commons, made it a condition of their support, that Canadian, and, in general, all colonial policy, should be regulated by their predilections. And we have no reason to feel surprise, that, when the alternative was, the loss of office at home, or the misgovernment of the colonies abroad, for the sake of office, the colonies were endangered.

Nor do we say that the case is as yet hopeless. There is an in-born loyalty in the inhabitants of British origin in Canada, which will enable them to bear much. Hitherto they have had much to bear; but their patience is not yet exhausted. Were the affairs of the country in the hands of a wise and vigorous government, who looked their difficulties in the face, and resolved to legislate upon imperial principles, much might yet be done to reclaim the erring, and resuscitate dormant loyalty in the American provinces,—and amongst our Canadian fellow-subjects would again be found a vast majority who might be relied on as the fastest friends of British connexion. That such is possible, we admit; but that such is probable, we see no grounds for supposing. The state of parties forbid the hope of any speedy recurrence, either abroad or at home, to a sounder system.

Meanwhile, the emissaries are not wanting, by whom the work of disaffection is carried on. The American missionaries are industrious in plying their busy task; and quite as active in sapping the loyalty, as in improving the morality of the Canadian people.

By these, the neglect of the religious interests of the colony by the mother country, is strongly set forth; and its utter abandonment of its bounden duty in not protecting one class from oppression and injustice by another, forcibly represented. It is not difficult to foresee to what all this must tend; not easy to discover any principle of counteraction by which its worst evils might be averted. Indeed, from the conduct of the House of Lords upon the Canadian question, it would seem more likely that the example of the authorities abroad would be followed by the authorities at home, than that these latter should impose any serious check to the progress of imperial disorganisation.

But what would we have had Lord Elgin do? Undoubtedly refuse to sanction the introduction of a bill to indemnify rebels for losses or sufferings which were only the due reward of their deeds. But in that case the ministers would retire, and their places could only be supplied by those who would have to enter upon office with an overwhelming majority against them. Even so. *Let them enter into office,* AND DISSOLVE. The result of a dissolution would be a reversal of that state of things, and the new elections would return a good working majority in their favour. Such is our persuasion. But the case was one in which the motto of the minister should have been "*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.*" In any event, the representative of his sovereign should have eschewed the evil of countenancing a measure which was treason to the British crown. The Canadian majority might, if they pleased, prove themselves unfit for constitutional government. He should not have proved himself unfit to administer the government of our gracious Queen with dignity and honour. Far should it have been from him to confound, as he has done, the righteous with the wicked, and to read to the colonists a lesson which teaches them how much better it may be for them, at a future period, to be the enemies than the friends of British connexion. We regard the measure which he inaugurated as of the worst possible omen, and one which has practically placed loyalty at a discount, whilst it has operated as a bounty upon treason.

The act professes, in its preamble, to exclude all such rebels as have been

so unfortunate as to have had judicial convictions recorded against them. But does it, in reality, so exclude them? It may be fairly doubted. The eleventh section is in the following words:—

"XI. And be it enacted, That the powers vested in, and duties required of, the said Commissioners, or of any three of them, under this Act, shall also extend, and be construed to extend, to inquire into all such losses sustained by her Majesty's subjects, and other residents, within the said late Province of Lower Canada, and the several claims and demands which have accrued to any such persons by such losses, *in respect of any loss, destruction, or damage of property occasioned by violence on the part of persons in her Majesty's service, or by violence on the part of persons acting or assuming to act on behalf of her Majesty, in the suppression of the said Rebellion, or for the prevention of further disturbances*, and all claims arising under or in respect of the occupation of any houses or other premises by her Majesty's naval or military forces, either Imperial or Provincial; subject always to the limitations and exceptions contained in the preamble to this Act."

It thus appears that the commissioners have full power to inquire into the "several claims and demands which have accrued to her Majesty's subjects by such losses;" claims and demands which may belong to those who are the creditors of a convicted traitor, and who, by this clause, may recover the amount of their demands, out of the compensation which would have been awarded him had he remained unconvicted!

This is, obviously, the view of his own case taken by the rebel general, Dr. Wolfred Nelson, who had been convicted and transported to Bermuda, but returned when the amnesty was declared, and is now a member of the legislative assembly for Richelieu. He had the modesty to represent his claim for rebellion losses as amounting to three and twenty thousand pounds. Eleven thousand of this, he said, *belonged to his creditors;* and although delicacy would prevent him from voting upon the question, as far as his *own* pecuniary interests were concerned, it should not prevent him in a case where the interests of others were at stake; and

"He therefore hoped the hon. member for Hamilton would not blame him if he did vote on this occasion; he did not do so for his own individual profit, but in order that people who had innocently suffered a heavy loss might at length have their claims satisfied."

Let it be supposed that such a construction will be given to this clause by the commissioners, and is there any amount of fraud which it would not cover, in the case of any of the convicted delinquents?

How few of the convicted would want friendly creditors to lay claim to the benefits of the bill, if, by this clause, it were contended that *their* claims were reserved, while those of the delinquents themselves were excluded?

But this, it will be said, is too bad; it never could be tolerated. We are not so sure of that. Those by whom this bill has been concocted would stop at nothing; and, upon the closest consideration we can give the matter, the clause would seem studiously worded so as to admit such claims. At all events the point is an arguable point; and it cannot be amiss thus to call public attention to it before it has been authoritatively decided.

We cannot doubt that the conduct of the "tyrannous majority" of French Canadians on the late occasion, will give rise to a union of the settlers of British origin of all parties, which must lead to very important results. May they be guided by a spirit of wisdom, moderation, and forbearance; and not precipitated into any acts, of which watchful and malignant enemies could take advantage. They must now clearly see that their protection depends upon themselves; and that if they do not make themselves formidable as a political party, they would be sacrificed again, as they have been sacrificed in the present instance, whenever the interests of a dominant faction might require it. No little differences upon comparatively unimportant matters, should be any hindrance to that union, in which alone strength and confidence can be found. By thus taking a leaf out of the book of their opponents, even the colonial secretary himself might be made to feel that it was *his interest* to do them justice; and that it was not so safe an experiment as he might think it to discountenance loyalty and to cherish treason, or to trifle any longer with the feelings and the interests of men who knew their rights, and were prepared to defend them.

THE UNDERGRADUATE.

[It has been suggested to the author of the following chapters that the University of Oxford has been made the scene of several novels and sketches, and that in so limited a sphere of action there may probably be some coincidences between each. So far, however, from anything in these pages having been suggested by such publications, he begs to state, once for all, that he has never seen one of them.

In regard to the characters, too, a word may be necessary. It is now so long since the author was a resident in the University, that the persons hereafter introduced could no longer be recognised, even if any were remaining. Almost all, the author knows, have left Oxford, the juniors for their respective stations in life, the seniors for their common home.]

CHAPTER I.—MY FIRST DAY AT COLLEGE.

" *Θρεψαι τε γαρ, φησιν, ικανη τα φρονηματα των μεγαλοφροιων ή ἐλευθερία, και ἐπελπίσαι, κὰι ἅμα διελθεῖν το προθυμον τε προς αλληλους εριδος και τε περι τα πρωτεῖα φιλοτιμιας* "—LONGINUS DE SUB., sec. 44

" Liberty, it is said, produces fine sentiments in men of genius, it invigorates their hopes, excites an honourable emulation, and inspires an ambition and thirst of excelling."—TRANSLATION.

In the life of every animate being, man, woman, and most likely creature unendowed with speech, there are certain epochs—certain marks in existence whereby time is measured. It is not my intention to discuss the problem metaphysically. Whoever feels a love of abstract speculation may refer to that exquisite, because unintelligible, chapter "on the properties of duration," in Mr. Locke's "Treatise." My object is not to tell you what time is, or to show that it is measured by the succession of ideas—in that case, forsooth, the lives of many would be literally only "a span long!"—but to suggest a more tangible chronometer—one adapted to practical application and useful purposes—one better deserving a patent than nine-tenths of modern inventions. As it was before observed, there are certain eras in existence. By means of these, the periods of life may be calculated with far more accuracy than by the elastic and very variable standard of ideas. The schoolboy regulates his memory by his first flogging from his master, or his first thrashing from his fellow; the married woman makes her wedding-day the milestone of duration; the soldier's first battle and the sailor's first prize-money are severally their marks and guides of the past. In short, all reasoning creatures, from Queen Atossa down to Juliet's nurse, have their peculiar data by which to solve their recollective problems—

> " But, as I said,
> At Lammas eve, at night, shall she be fourteen,
> That shall she marry; I remember it well;
> 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,
> And she was weaned—I never shall forget it—
> Of all the days of the year, upon that day."

Now, there is one incident which, I doubt not, every being who has experienced it, will feel and remember as a proud and eventful era in life—this is, the first day of house-keeping. A spirit of pride and exultation rises in your heart as you are treading, for the first time, your own carpet, and seated on your own chairs. You have a species of Robinson Crusoe feeling that you are "monarch of all you survey." Even your dog looks happier, and appears to participate in the idea that it is free. In one word, every living creature in your house, or rooms, has the same good old English feeling, that it is protected by its own castle. In lodgings, you pick your way round the room like a "mousing" cat, or a monthly nurse. If, by mis-

take, you kick the leg of a trumpery table, or twist the thigh of a refractory pair of tongs, or mutilate the fair proportions of an earthenware cupid, as it looks down upon you in all its indecency from the chimneypiece, you had better have been hanged! This would be mercy, compared with an action of damage from your landlady's solicitor, aided and abetted by a still more fearful evil—an action of battery from her own tongue. Continual fear is your companion, and Sicilian Dionysius's state was Elysium compared with yours. On the other hand, in your own rooms, you can knock the furniture about in perfect security; you can kick your dog, smoke your cigar, and scold the maids—in comfort. You can tantalise your friend in lodgings, by telling him the price of your china tea-cups, or your silver candlesticks; you can ask him to take a bed, at the same time slyly hinting that you do not expect the favour in return. In short, you can be as insulting as a captain of a merchantman, and as arbitrary as a Turkish pacha.

It was on a cold, raw morning in October, when I first attained to the above enviable position. The sun had not shown his blessed face for three days, and the aspect of nature was of that drizzly cast as if it was weeping for the last relic of autumn and fine weather. At that time the rain and the sleet were striving for the predominance, and if either, the sleet "had it." My rooms, which were in an attic, overlooked a few dilapidated cottages; and as the eye stretched further, it rested on nothing but a barren and desolate country. Turning to the still life of indoors there was nothing more lively to the sight or solacing to the heart. My fire, if it ever deserved the name, had dwindled into a few embers; and the very walls, which appeared to have been papered in the reign of George I., were literally weeping for warmth. To touch the heart of a stone is a familiar figure of speech. Certainly the walls of my room had a melancholy and lachrymose aspect in their dampness and their rags. My inventory of furniture was not large nor expensive; but as my aunt's economic lectures were still ringing in my ears, I felt a secret pleasure in having obeyed her injunctions to the letter. The carpet was valued in my bill at five shillings and fourpence; and it was an extortion. It had evidently outlived many an occupant of the room, and seemed to look upon me, its fresh master, with all the contempt which the Titan Prometheus felt towards his new lord—

"From this thy throne
Have I not lived to see two sovereigns driven?"

It was plainly a veteran of many wars. The flag of the Grenadier Guards, as they returned from the Peninsular war, was respectable in comparison. Time, which imaginative men have been pleased to call "the beautifier," the "adorner of the ruin," had been out of practice when he took my carpet in hand: perhaps he does not deal in second-hand furniture. "Well," thought I, "it may not be fit for a levee day at St. James's; but it has one redeeming quality—it costs five and fourpence!" Four chairs, and something called, in courtesy, a table, made up the chief portion of my household stock. According to the bill of furniture, my four chairs collectively were valued at three and ninepence, and my table at eighteen pence. Out of these four chairs only one was seat-worthy. If you were so valorous as to trust your precious body to the tender mercy of any of the rest, your utmost caution was required, lest the deceitful Proteus might become a three-legged stool, and leave you sprawling in the embrace of its companion and coeval, the carpet.

Oh! how often in after times did my friends feel, and feel sensibly, too, the effect of the metamorphose! As for myself I became so inured to the process by repeated bruises, that at last the downward impulse was as harmless as a musquito on the hide of a rhinoceros: that part of the body where in other men resides the delicacy of honour, had in me lost all sensibility to impression.

The table had once been truly so called: now, "it was not all a table." Had it been in Athens, the sophists would have disputed its integrity, as they did the identity of that ship which had formerly borne Theseus to Ariadne—poor girl!—and the Minotaur. But the English nation have such a reverend regard for vested rights and lengthened usage, that they would think it a sin to deprive

even a table of its ancient name and hereditary privilege. Perhaps they are right. Butler, in the first chapter of his "Analogy," as well as other philosophers, ancient and modern, says that a man or woman though without legs, is for all world no less a man or woman than before. And why not a table? Mine certainly had only two legitimate legs; but as a man or woman supplies the deficiency by wooden ones, so my predecessor had used as substitutes a broken cricket bat and a dilapidated whip-stick.

I had left my friends a few days before, where every thing bore the aspect of elegance and comfort; and, perhaps, a few sighs of regret were wafted homeward, as I beheld myself

"Standing alone upon my desolate hearth,
While all my household gods were shivered round."

But it was only that momentary feeling which, on a similar occasion, would affect all proud and sensitive minds. "What!" said I, recovering myself, and pacing once or twice across my room—"what! must I balance the worthlessness of external things against the ennobling idea of freedom?" At that moment I felt most benevolent towards the negroes. "The internal constitution of man ought to be our only care." My mind was steeled and stoical. "What is the trash of furniture compared with the freedom of action and liberty of thought!" And throwing on the table a purse through which about thirty "yellow Geordies keeked," and giving every sentence additional emphasis, I exclaimed—"I am now happy!—I am independent!—I am at college!"

It may, perhaps, be thought necessary for me to give some account of my legitimate instalment in these premises. About an hour previous to the above soliloquy, or dialogue between my comfort and my pride, one of the college servants met me, and with that peculiar look of pity with which they regard freshmen, he said:

"You are requested, sir, to call upon the senior tutor immediately."

After several scrutinising glances at the looking-glass, and sundry examinations of my new glossy gown, I started to meet the "awful man." Ulysses did not feel half so vehement a reluctance to encounter Ajax in his madness, as I then felt to face the pictured master of wise sentences. In the former case, brute force might have been repelled by force; but here, it was the magnitude of mind that was dreaded. My feelings were rather those of Master Slender before his encounter with Anne Page. Knowing, however, that it was an act of necessity, I put on a show of boldness, and determined "to make a bolt or a shaft on't." Besides, I heard there were others in the same predicament—a hearing peculiarly consolatory, especially if your state be one of considerable misfortune. To possess, in solitary and undivided power, a cargo of good fortune, is an endurance which a philosopher may bear; but to be the sole owner of a commodity of evil, in the words of the ancient tragedian, "suggests many sorrows." I had also a lurking desire to see fresh faces."

As soon as I had entered the room, and gained confidence enough to raise my eyes from the carpet, I found myself in the presence of some half-a-dozen brethren in misfortune. They were sitting in a posture that did not betoken comfort. Their chairs might have been seats penitential, though no fault could be found with the cushions. At the head of the table sat the tutor himself. Although his outward schema is still strongly impressed upon my mind, I feel that I cannot convey it, with any degree of clearness, to the reader's. He was about five feet four inches in height, and stouter than the common order of men. It was not, however, a corpulent stoutness—it was a fair and equal distribution of tallow from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. His head was large and round; his face was circular also, of more than ordinary circumference, and of a dark-red complexion. Perhaps the coldness of the atmosphere might have given it the deep cast. It resembled in colour the purple-streaked grape, when

"The Autumn tinges with its various shades
The ripening clusters."

This complexion, by a quick association of ideas, reminded me of port wine or brandy; but such an obtrusive notion was instantly expelled on hearing his sage remarks and sober counsels. Besides, his nose was snubbed and smooth, and, not as a drunkard's

would have been, rugged and red like a handful of strawberries. His round, red face was in striking contrast with his white cravat, which was without a spot, and tied to a hair's-breadth. Reader, have you ever seen a fine, round, full-grown red cabbage, stript of its straggling outside leaves? Bid your imagination tie a neat white cravat round the stalk, and you will have the shape and complexion of our tutor's head. His eyes were peculiarly small, and almost blocked up with fat. His mouth was a perfect *os rotundum.* It would be impossible to draw a truer circle with a pair of compasses. His body, too, was extremely round, and resembled a large sack well stuffed. It was not the trunk of a friar or a Falstaff; there were no protuberances—it was perfect and consistent with itself. It was a physical illustration of Aristotle's poetic τοόμαλὸγ, and of Horace's tragic precept—

> "Servetur ad imum
> Qualis ab incepto processerit et sibi constet."

So far I "coasted over his exteriors" with little to praise or blame. Proceeding lower, however, *horresco referens!* my eyes struck on a pair of grey worsted stockings, and a couple of shoes, whose soles were as thick as a moderate-sized flitch of bacon. I was thunderstruck—I as soon expected to find the devil's cloven foot sticking out of a pair of trowsers, as worsted stockings in college. He had no straps, and his nether integuments reached about mid-leg. All below was blue—pure, deep, azure. Still they were clean and neat—for worsted stockings. Indeed his whole appearance bore every mark of neatness, and would not have been disgraced by being compared with a well-fed fillet of veal on bright silver castors.

From the above description, a person might expect the bluntness of an old English Gentleman—a John Bull of the last century. But bluntness and our tutor had nothing in common. Dignity was the end and aim of his manners, and as he had occasion to walk across the room, he measured his steps with all the *hauteur* of a man of five feet four inches. Perhaps he had not the stately grandeur which Homer attributes to Helen, nor would Virgil have made him his model in pourtraying the solemn grace of his Dido—perhaps he had not sufficient dignity for the buskin—the sock might have been a more appropriate wear; still, in whatever degree his wishes might be attained, it was evident that a reputation for these qualities was his fondest desire. Every word and action had that object in view—every syllable he uttered was measured by the standard of sublimity—every step he took was regulated by the code of grace. As to his language, it was precise and stiff—exactly in unison with his body. His words were divided by pauses—*interrupta verba*—and each was pushed out of his throat as it were by a blow on the lower part of his stomach. They came out between an articulate sound and a gentle grunt, and might have been conducted through a tube of coarse velvet. Sometimes the intervenient pauses were long, sometimes short, as if the words coming *ab imo pectore*, had different paces, and one made its entrance into light with more rapidity than another. They resembled the bubbles as they rise in irregular succession from the bottom of a glass of champagne.

I must not forget to tell the reader our tutor's name. It was in perfect unison with his figure. When stripped of its ornaments, it was comprised in the two simple monosyllables, John Round. Indeed it is impossible to conceive a man whose whole constitution, mental, corporeal and nominal was so totally consistent with itself. When the long name of Londonderry is attached to a person, we naturally picture in our mind a tall careless "swaggerer," most likely decorated with a military dress and cannibal mustachios; but when we hear the short, simple, unostentatious patronymic Round, our imagination conjures up a fat, little, awkward fellow with a circular face, and a body like a beer-barrel. Nay, if Frederick had been appended to it, our imaginative length of person would have been increased six inches. Master Frederick Round, or Miss Fredrica Round, suggest an object of tolerable dimensions from the counteracting qualities of the nominal constituents; but John Round! —it is a cubical word in itself—complete as the Pythagorean τετράγωνος—perfect as a billiard ball—it defies addition or diminution.

Near me was sitting a tall, stout-

built Irishman, whose dialect had something striking to a juvenile ear. He had a gentlemanly appearance, joined to all the characteristics of his nation. When Round asked him some formal questions (for which purpose, and the allotment of our rooms, we had been summoned), he answered with a peculiar emphasis, and the most laconic importance, at the same time scrutinising the quaint form of the inquirer, as coolly as if he had been taking a microscopic view of an earwig.

"Pray, what is your Christian name?" asked the patronising tutor.

"Charles."

"Is your father an esquire?"

"Sure he is."

"Are you the eldest son?"

"At present I am."

This last answer caused the dignified features of our tutor to relax into something like a smile; but he immediately suppressed it, as tending to endanger his authority in the estimation of freshmen. If a man is known to laugh, he must approximate towards humanity.

Out of the assembled half dozen, I afterwards became acquainted with the above-mentioned Irishman, and only two others. Of these latter, one was about six feet four inches in his stocking-feet; his cheeks were almost transparent, and his face was

> "Long, and lank, and brown,
> As is the ribbed sea-sand."

ore a fixed and melancholy cast, if his ideas were far away in pursuit of something, or nothing. His body and legs were in proportion, and as the space from his knee to the toe of his boot projected from beneath his gown, it was more like the tail of a rattle-snake than a human member. He might have been fed, according to Virgil's fashion, "on the breeze." A whipstick was a Daniel Lambert in comparison with him. He appeared a plaything for the word *ludibrium ventis*. "He was the very genius of famine; the case of a treble hautboy would have been a mansion for him, a court;" and, as he spoke with a hollow, sepulchral tone, an imaginative person would have fancied him an embodied voice from the dead. On rising from his chair, he spouted up for all the world like a fountain, and, when on his legs, he trembled under his own weight—

> "He could scarce uplift
> The weight of the superincumbent hour;"

and you would have shrunk from resting your hand upon his head, lest, to use the prophet's figurative representation of faithless Egypt, he might have shivered like a tall reed, and left a splinter in your flesh.

The other man with whom I became acquainted was the very opposite to our tall friend in figure. In longitude he would be overrated at five feet, two inches—in latitude, underrated at three-quarters of a yard. His appearance somewhat resembled our tutor's; but he was a trifle shorter and stouter. He had a half-suppressed laughing leer in his eye, which betokened a sincere, unaffected disposition; and though, perhaps, no signs of great intellect were imprinted on his countenance, there were evident marks of good-nature and open-heartedness. As he moved his ponderous bulk across the floor, the very boards, by their creaking, expressed their agony. He was the very antipodal opposite—the material contradictory—the personified antithesis of the man just mentioned; and when they stood by each other's side, they looked like a tall willow and its supporting stake, or like the vine and its friendly elm.

"Gentlemen," said our tutor, in conclusion, "discipline is the pivot on which society hinges; subordination is the pillar on which are based the blessings of order and peace. Look around in the world, and you will discover the truth of my words. How much more, then, gentlemen, is discipline the spirit of existence here. I speak, gentlemen, *in loco parentis*."

Confound that *in loco parentis!* We had all much reason to remember those words. They were invariably, in subsequent times, the precursors of an imposition. Suppose a man had omitted some trifling duty—say, attendance at a single lecture—Mr. Round would call him into his room, advise him twenty weary minutes for his good, and conclude by saying that he spoke *in loco parentis*. The man's heart, if uninitiated, would be just rising in gratitude, and the words of thankfulness quivering on his lips, when he would hear the mild words of

parental affection—"You must translate, sir, the fifteenth chapter of the 'Spectator' into Latin, merely, you see, by way of acknowledging your error"—a labour of love for three toilsome hours! These words were, doubtless, accompanied with a look of most benignant kindness, betokening that his warmth of love and force of correction were in the same ratio. Still we were none of us very wishful to take our benevolent tutor as our adopted godpapa.

"Gentlemen, I speak *in loco parentis*," he repeated, with emphasis, and looked round upon us to see the effect of his oration. He gave us the complacent look, but omitted the imposition.

Having delivered to us his speech, which, by the way, was stereotyped on his brain, and shot off to every new levee of freshmen, and making a motion with his body somewhat resembling the vibration of a suspended woolsack, which was intended for a bow, he dismissed us to our allotted rooms and lonely reflections.

The day began to look brighter about twelve o'clock, and the sun again deigned to give symptoms of his existence. Although he only glimmered like a rushlight in a metropolitan fog, it was somewhat pleasant to reflect that he had not been entirely "reft of his beams" in his absence. The sleet had ceased; and, as I looked upon my window-panes, now dry, my glossy bombasine gown, and my picturesque four-cornered cap, I thought it neither justice to myself nor the world to remain longer wasting my sweetness on the foul air of a garret. In the quaint language of Robert Montgomery:—

"Now for the walk of wonder through the town,
In the first flutter of a virgin gown"

Or emerging from my attic, I was proceeding across the College quadrangle, when my attention was arrested by a gentleman, clearly of some consequence, who was coming towards me. I was evidently compelled to meet him face to face. Now, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, a person does not feel the *nonchalance* of a showman, or a member of the swell-mob. He regards a superior, when advancing, with the same emotions as he would a hyæna, and nothing but absolute shame prevents an ignominious retreat.

The man was fast approaching. He was about sixty years old, tall and stout; his hair was grey and his walk dignified. He was dressed in black, *after the olden style, and in beaver. No less a man, thought I, than our principal—his age, manner, and dignity declare it. Such reflections, however, were only made during the slight glimmerings of reason which shone forth between the intermittent attacks of fear. We rapidly approached each other—my heart beat—my "valour was oozing out of my fingers' ends"—a sudden desperation seized me; as it were with the last effort of a drowning man, my hand was raised to my cap, and, with a bare head, I made him my best bow. Oh! I bungled sadly over it. It was my first "capping," and whoever has been similarly situated will not wonder. Still I was relieved. I felt much as Æneas did when he escaped from the whirlpool of Charybdis, and was gliding peacefully on the still waters. Besides, the old gentleman's affable manner pleased me mightily. He would not be exceeded in politeness, so in turn took off his beaver with the utmost condescension and grace. This contradicted my previous notion of college dons I had heard that they were swollen with pomposity, and disdainful towards the young members. All, I now thought with myself, are *in loco parentum*. It instilled into me a kind and charitable emotion towards the whole class of them; and, after a promenade up High-street, I returned to my castle, elated at my

* "Is there not now a member of the University called John Round?"
This question was written here in pencil by a friend who was reading over this introductory chapter I can only answer, that, for aught I know, there may be half-a-dozen. But the real one, alas! has, some years ago, been gathered to his fathers. He died a College Fellow, without a relation in the world; so to perpetuate his parental predilections, he bequeathed all his property—with the exception of a small sum to the College, for the purchase of a "Hoogeveen" and a "Bos"—to the Hospital for Foundlings."

second fortune in being seated at College, where the hearts of seniors and freshmen were united in one common bond of sympathy.

At five o'clock precisely the dinner-bell rang. There is something singular to a freshman in a college dinner. At seventeen or eighteen a growing lad understands the etiquette of a ball with tolerable accuracy; he can ask a lady of his acquaintance to dance, without blushing; he can go through a quadrille with a sufficient share of grace, and talk nonsense to his partner without being guilty of much compunction. Supper, too, need not be any serious cause of alarm to him. He can ask his last partner to take a jelly or a glass of wine; he can moralise upon the warmth of the room, and extol the splendours of the banquet; he can hold out his glass for champagne, and, after two or three of the sparkling draughts, even advance a step further in modest assurance; he can compliment a lady at the expense of reason, and so far abandon his conscience, as to laugh at a bad joke. But at his first college dinner he is in a totally different element He hears an indistinct buzz of thirty or forty men; he catches from all sides some such words as "pleasant vacation"—"hunting"—"shooting"—"reading"—"ladies"—"balls," &c., but he cannot connect two consecutive sentences. Although in the midst of his fellow-undergraduates, he is scarcely a subject of the slightest notice, not a remark is suppressed on his account—everything around him goes on as if he were not there. Indeed it is enough to make him doubt his corporeal existence; and were it not for the feeling of mortality consequent on hunger, he might very reasonably become a disciple of the Bishop Berkeley school, and fancy himself an unembodied essence. Such is the law of college society, that, previous to a formal introduction, two men might apparently not be included in the same species of animate beings, or, at all events, not endowed with a knowledge of the same language. An introduction is the wondrous talisman which converts their species, or bestows on them the gift of unknown tongues. This habit is seemingly a ridiculous one, and has given rise to the quiz of caricature and the wit of satire. Who has not met with the representation of a scene, where one man is struggling in the water, while another is looking on through his eye-glass, and expressing his sorrow that he had not been introduced to the poor fellow, in order that he might have saved his life? Who has not heard of the two students of the same college who met at the top of the Alps, and passed on without a word, each afterwards saying to his guide, that he knew the other by sight, but was sorry they had never been introduced?

Oh, it is a sudden and distressing change from the last of your own dining-room to the first of College. In the former you are all-in-all—*omnem et solum*—in the latter you are a perfect nonentity. In the former you are warm, comfortable, and chatty; in the latter you are silent, cheerless, and cold. The former is snug in size and luxurious in furniture; the latter is magnificent in appearance, but it is a magnificence only to admire. Instead, therefore, of friendly intercourse in a room of comfort, you meet with peopled desolation in a hall of splendour; and, to make the neglect more annoying, your fellows are not men whose attention you can despise. Although their language may not always be in perfect accordance with female delicacy, there is an independence and generous bearing about them which impresses you with a full conviction of their gentlemanly character.

After recovering my self-possession in some degree, I cast my eyes towards the high table to look for the old gentleman who had condescended to smile upon me. I was not long in singling him out. He was without his canonicals; but that excited no surprise in me when I considered his unassuming character. How numberless are his acquaintances, thought I, as he addressed one after another, both of graduates and undergraduates. How promiscuous too! but I suppose he is offering them his salutation after so long an absence. Good heavens, he is coming towards me! Surely he is not intending to notice *me*! He was steadily advancing, and still his eye rested on me. He approached—he was evidently purposing to speak. He came nearer and nearer—I "lent him mine ear," almost overpowered with gratitude, when with the most benignant smile, which by the way bordered upon archness, he whispered—

"Do you take ale or porter, sir, to your dinner?"

Good God! it was the butler! After

that his presence to me was intolerable—his satanic leer haunted me—his "glittering eye" transfixed me "like a three years' child"—I burnt my mouth with a potato, and rushed to my lonely room.

After dinner, the two antipodes and the Irishman foregathered in my apartments by appointment. The stout gentleman's name was David Drake—that of his opposite, Frederick De Vere. The Irishman gloried in the ancient patronymic of Wesley. A melancholy stillness at first reigned throughout our party. Drake seemed almost to be squeezing a tear down the furrows of his fat face. His features were evidently unused to such tension, and his physiognomy, from the heterogeneous blending of the natural and unnatural, had a truly ludicrous effect. De Vere's face seemed to have, if possible, a more wooden cast than usual. And Wesley, whatever he felt, gave no utterance to his feelings. We might have failed in some common object, and been brooding over our defeat. The fallen angels, while still dizzy with their headlong tumble, did not look more dismal.

It is impossible to reflect upon the friendships of freshmen without admiring the bounties of nature—that kind mother who out of gentle chastisement extracts good. Engendered in a state of comparative solitude, I have always remarked that they endure longer and are more intense than any which spring up amid brighter hours.

Our party, it has been said, was at first a silent one. Perhaps after reflection some longing wishes were being wafted homeward. This state of feeling, however, was luckily not lasting. A visible change was soon wrought by a few glasses of wine. Wesley began to talk of Ould Ireland and Guinness's porter, Drake of a pretty girl who had cast a sheep's eye at him on the stage coach, and De Vere of Platonism and the powers of the human mind. We soon recovered from our stupor, and rattled away as if we had escaped from the blue devils. I pushed the bottle round, and all except De Vere filled bumpers. He had no wish to obfuscate the dominant faculty of reasoning and thought.

"Faith," says Wesley, as we grew more familiar, his eye resting on David's stomach—"faith, but you feed well in Devonshire, at any rate."

"Oh, yes," replied Drake, in perfect good humour, "nothing worse than 'pullets and clouted cream,' like the holy friar."

After this reply his sides shook like a pyramid of jelly. Hereupon my chair, thinking with Mrs. Quickly that it had "borne and borne and borne" quite enough, without any further warning than a slight creak, came in pieces and left David sprawling on the floor.

It does not require a philosopher skilled in the principles of attraction and gravitation to prove that the fall was no light one. Every board in my old floor creaked—every chair shook—and if any judgment could be formed from sensible effects, he might right truly be said to

> "Fall heavy on his parts behind,
> Which broadened with the plumping."

Unfortunately at the very instant of his tumble he was washing down his joke with a glass of wine. The contents, accordingly, instead of arriving at their murky destination, for the most part breathed the pure air on his ruddy face. As he lay on the ground he looked for all the world like Bacchus taking a shower bath of grape juice, or Silenus daubed with mulberries by the sportive Naiad.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with earnestness, as he rose, "I really beg your pardon for breaking your chair; but it was quite accidental."

"Oh, don't mention it," I replied; "you're not hurt, I hope."

"Oh, not at all—not in the least," he said with all possible indifference, while the contortions of his face and his hand applied to the part affected, proved that he could tell a falsehood for politeness sake.

Wesley was unable to contain his feelings—he broke out into a loud laugh—I laughed—the sallow features of De Vere relaxed into an ogre grin, and Drake himself, notwithstanding his pain, joined in the general mirth.

After a time, each of my friends retired to his own room to dream of Newdigates and first classes, and I retired to bed. "And the evening and the morning was the first day."

PHILIP MARSDEN; OR, THE EXPERIMENT.—CHAPTER I.

"Look who comes here, a grave unto a soul
Holding the eternal spirit against the will,
In the vile prison of afflicted flesh."
SHAKESPEARE.

The sun had been set for some hours, and a cold, dreary autumnal day had given place to a dark and tempestuous evening; heavy masses of clouds were rolling across the sky, their fantastic changes rendered visible by occasional gleams of lightning. The low, plaintive murmur of the wind was heard in the distance, coming gradually nearer, until it rushed past, causing even the old forest trees to bow their heads as it swept on, howling and moaning like a spirit in pain.

It was in the most mountainous part of ——shire, and there was an air of gloom and desolation over the scene, which was rendered still more wild by the continual roar of a torrent, dimly seen in the twilight, as it went foaming and chafing along its stony bed. On the very verge of a rock, which rose almost perpendicularly from the water, a horseman had been standing for some time motionless, as though spell-bound to the spot, and as horse and rider stood out in strong relief against the grey sky, they seemed as though they were cut out of stone. Both were singularly in accordance with the gloomy scene before them. The horse was a strong, fiery animal, jet black, showing only its impatience of restraint by expanding its wide nostril, or pawing the ground: but the rider was one of those unfortunate beings, from whom even their own fellow-creatures turn with pity, if not with horror—he was singularly and hopelessly deformed. It has often been remarked of persons so situated, that they have generally very beautiful countenances; but in this instance it was quite the reverse; his appearance was, in every respect, most forbidding, and the expression of his face stern and repulsive. The only redeeming features were his eyes, which were large, dark, and almost gentle, and his long silky hair, which nearly hid his scowling forehead. His attitude was one of the deepest despondency, or of intense reflection; he had let the bridle drop on the horse's neck, and, with folded arms, was gazing upon the foaming waters of the torrent. But the silence around had been interrupted, for some time past, by the sound of voices calling loudly in different directions, and although they must have reached the spot where he was standing, he appeared not even to hear them; at length a man, who had evidently just got sight of him, was seen ascending, with great difficulty, from the rocky path below, until he came near enough to address him. He was an old man, in the dress of a respectable servant, and as he advanced, the rider checked his horse violently, as though from a movement of impatience, and asked him sternly what he wanted. The old man, fatigued with the rapid ascent, could hardly stammer out the words—

"My lady, sir—it was my lady who sent me."

"And what of her?" said the other. "Can I not be one hour left in peace—even here does she pursue me."

"Sir, she is dying; my lady is dying, they say—she cannot live another hour!"

"Dying!—is it possible!—is her hour come at last? And must the beautiful, the haughty Lady Marsden mingle with the dust she scarcely condescended to tread upon? Was it to tell me this," he added, almost fiercely, "that you have intruded on me here?"

"Sir, she wishes to see you; she has sent for you several times, and we have been seeking you for more than an hour."

"She has sent for me, did you say? You surely mistake; is Walter with her?"

"He is there, sir; but it is you she asks for, and perhaps it is already too late—she was sinking fast when I left the house."

"I suppose she cannot die without leaving me her curse," said the other, with a bitter smile. "So be it; she shall be gratified."

And setting spurs to his horse, he dashed recklessly down the steep rocks and disappeared. It was by this time quite dark, but horse and rider seemed alike indifferent to danger, and they continued at the same rapid pace, until the appearance of lights seen in the distance, and the dim outline of a large antiquated-looking house, rising up amongst trees, announced that they were near the place of their destination. A few minutes more brought them to the door, and without uttering a word to any one, Philip Marsden alighted, and walked slowly through the large hall.

The scene of confusion which he met with in every room, indicated at once that something unusual had taken place. All the rooms were deserted; but as he walked on, the sound of voices, talking in a low tone, and an occasional moan as from some one in pain, told that he was about to enter the chamber of death. He gently drew aside the curtain, which hung before the open door, and passed into the room.

It was large, and furnished with every imaginable luxury; but all was now in disorder, and the magnificent mirrors only reflected faces pale with anguish or with fear. The heavy silk curtains of the bed on which the dying woman was laid were drawn aside, and the ghastly paleness of her face was strongly lighted up by the silver lamps which hung over her head.

She was still, even in that hour of agony, most beautiful; and death, though it had dimmed the fire of her large dark eyes, had not yet tamed their eagle glances, nor banished the haughty smile from the white and quivering lips. There was something noble, and yet indescribably stern and forbidding, in her whole appearance; and the evidence of a high mind, and a strong, unyielding character, might yet be traced in features distorted by agony. It was horrible to see, by her convulsive starts and frantic endeavours to give utterance to the thoughts that seemed to be crowding upon her, how the natural energy of her mind was at war with the weak clay; her increasing restlessness and earnest glances from side to side showing that her spirit was ill at ease.

A clergyman, who had been hastily summoned, was standing near her, vainly endeavouring to administer, in a low voice, the consolations usual on such occasions; but she neither seemed to hear him, nor to be aware of his presence, and he was finally obliged to become, like the rest, a silent spectator of the scene.

A young man was kneeling alongside of the bed, and to him she abandoned one of her thin white hands, which he clasped in his own as though overwhelmed with despair. He was apparently about twenty, and strikingly like the dying woman, though his countenance was infinitely more beautiful. He had the same noble forehead and large dark eyes, but without their unbending severity and haughty coldness; the same features, softened and refined by an expression of perfect mildness and gentleness. It was a strange thing to trace the resemblance between that ghastly countenance distorted by pain, already stiffening into the rigid coldness of death, and that fair young face, bright with youth and with the internal peace of a spirit as yet undimmed by sorrow or by sin. The agitation of the dying woman seemed to increase every moment.

"Where is Philip?" she suddenly exclaimed—"have they sent for him?—has he refused to come? I must, I will see him before I die!"

"I am here," said Philip, calmly, as he advanced to the side of the bed. The sound of his voice seemed to give her new energy. She started up.

"Thank Heaven! oh, thank Heaven! Philip, come here—closer, closer! I have much to say to you, and death leaves me but little time. Walter, my beloved son," she added, turning to the young man, "you must leave me for a little while; I must be alone with him—with your brother."

Walter looked up in astonishment as she uttered the last word; but Lady Marsden, bending softly over him, whilst her hand lingered among his sunny curls, whispered softly—

"Go, dearest child; in one half hour you shall return to me."

He kissed almost passionately the hand he held in his, and then slowly

rising left the room, followed by the clergyman and the servants.

And now they remained alone together—the despised and deformed young man, and the woman who had been his enemy ever since he first saw the light of day. They remained alone together, and in silence gazing upon each other. Lady Marsden with a look of energetic scrutiny, in which there was something of despair, as though she would fain have read every thought that was passing in his mind, and yet felt how vain was the wish; Philip with a look of calm indifference, which even in the presence of death was almost scornful.

At length she seemed to summon up all her courage, and she spoke slowly and solemnly.

"Philip, this is an hour when all concealment must be at an end between us; I know that you look upon me as your enemy, and you do well, for I have persecuted you since the first day that I entered your father's house as his wife, but there is one standing between us now whose stern call has brought me down from the height of my triumph and my pride, and has placed me in your power; yes, I am in your power, and if you choose it your revenge may be ample. Now listen—one word will explain all. I saw you for the first time the day that I arrived here, your father's high-born and beloved bride, I saw you the poor sickly deformed offspring of the peasant girl, whose beauty had been her curse, and from that hour I hated you, I scarce know why! I well remember at the very moment that your father was proudly receiving the congratulations of his tenantry on his marriage, I asked him if you were to be the heir to all these fair domains, and I never shall forget the look of scorn he cast on you as he told me that you had not a month to live, that it was impossible you should ever grow up to be a man. But a year or two after, when my son, my beautiful boy was born, the same fear came over me, for you had grown tall and strong, and again I asked him if my child was to be penniless, and you the possessor of the estate. Once more he told me to fear nothing, for that it was in his power to alienate the property by will, which if you lived he would undoubtedly decide upon doing."

She paused, exhausted by the energy with which she had spoken, and Philip now for the first time broke silence, but with the same calm look of scornful indifference.

"All this I have known long; think you it was so easy a matter for me to live upon your charity. Sir Henry Marsden fulfilled his promise, the will was made, leaving all this, in your hands for your life; at your death your son succeeds you, and I may go forth and starve if I am too proud to beg my bread."

"No, no," exclaimed she, vehemently, "not you but Walter must starve if you refuse to have compassion on him and on me; the will was made, indeed, but it was never signed; your father had delayed sending for the lawyers, still believing it would prove ultimately unnecessary, and you know how sudden was his death. He died after one hour's illness, and was I to be blamed if I forgot beside the dying husband the interests of the living son? It was not till he was laid in the grave that I recollected that if I died before you, Walter must look to you, and to you alone, for the necessaries of life, and so it has proved. I shall not see another day, and to-morrow you will be the sole possessor of all around you."

She stopped, expecting an answer, but the announcement of so complete a change in his prospects had not moved Philip's composure even for a moment; he still remained silent, and Lady Marsden, in apparent agony of mind, seized his hand.

"Philip, is it for this that I have sent for you—is it for this that, at my dying hour, I have discarded the awful thought of the eternity that awaits me—that I might humble myself before you, and implore your pity for my son? You have, indeed, a right to revenge yourself for the misery of five-and-twenty years—but not on him—oh! not on him. Curse me, if you will; but treat him as a brother henceforward, though he has never been such to you. Think on what he is—think on the luxury with which he has been surrounded all his life—and do not condemn him to waste his youth in gaining a miserable pittance for his old age. He is so little fitted to struggle with this cold world—so young, so full of hope and of talent. Philip, have pity

on him: whatever he may have done, he never injured you."

"He never injured me!" said Philip, with a bitter smile; "and Lucy?"

A convulsive spasm distorted Lady Marsden's pale face for a moment, but she recovered herself instantly.

"No—not even through Lucy Vernon, did he injure you, at least intentionally. It was I, your unwearied persecutor, who caused her to abandon you. You know well that she was a weak, timid, gentle girl, clinging with passionate devotion to the memory of her dead father: at his last hour he had made her promise to become the wife of Sir Henry Marsden's heir; and to obey him, she consented to marry you. But she loved you not—I tell you, she hated you, as all did who approached you. I saw that Walter loved her; and I vowed the beautiful and wealthy bride should be his. I told her that he was, in fact, the heir, that she was complying with her father's last injunction when she consented to marry him; and then she gladly abandoned you for him. But he never knew that I had spoken to her; besides, what matters all this now? She never was his wife—she has long since mouldered into dust; and now let all enmity between you be buried in my grave—let him still remain in the house of his fathers—let him not feel that with me has died every hope of happiness for him."

She fell back upon her pillow, evidently exhausted and quite worn out. She remained for some time unable to speak; but she turned her imploring eyes, from time to time, on Philip, who still remained silent. Gradually a change passed over her countenance, a film seemed to dim her eyes, she gasped several times, and uttered a few words, so low that he could not hear them; then suddenly she started up, with a convulsive effort, and almost shrieked out—"Philip, have mercy—speak—say that you forgive."

She could say no more: her head fell back, her eyes glazed horribly, the name of Walter passed her lips, and, with one heavy sigh, she expired.

And still Philip Marsden stood silent—silent in the presence of death, as though he had stood before a sleeping child—silent before the great mystery, the one awful and unrevealed truth.

But, as he gazed on the dead body, his features assumed an expression of earnest scrutiny, which seemed almost horrible at such a moment. He bent over the corpse till his lips almost touched the stony forehead, and he gazed into the half-closed eyes, as though he sought some traces of the vanished soul, and then paused, breathless, half expecting to hear the rustling of her wings, as the released spirit stole past him, on her way to the unknown eternity.

The horror and repugnance with which the living are wont to view the dead, were unfelt by him, absorbed as he was in an intense desire to solve the one terrible doubt, which neither revealed religion nor philosophy can banish altogether from the mind, and which, though millions have died before us, must remain undecided till we ourselves undergo the universal doom. But he was interrupted by the despair of Walter and the servants, who, terrified at the sudden silence, had ventured into the room, and now discovered that all was over on this earth for the proud and beautiful Lady Marsden. Walter threw himself upon the corpse, and frantically reproached Philip with not having called him in time to receive her last sigh, whilst the servants seemed to look on him with even more horror, than on the dead body; but he, passing impatiently through the midst of them, went to shut himself up in his own solitary room.

The history of Philip Marsden has been nearly related in the foregoing conversation, but some details yet remain to be told. His father, Sir Henry Marsden, when very young, had married the beautiful daughter of a farmer, whose honesty and respectability were not enough to counterbalance his low birth, in the opinion of the young man's high-born connexions, who not only refused to countenance the young bride, whose gentle manners and real delicacy of mind might have fitted her for a yet higher station, but succeeded in turning against her her husband, whose passionate love changed in a short time to something worse than indifference. But this feeling amounted to positive hate when the unfortunate girl gave birth to a son, and that son a deformed cripple. Sir Henry now

lost all wish even to appear kind to his young wife, and, in her very presence, he vowed he would never see the child, and that he trusted its sickly appearance would prove the harbinger of his death.

The blow was too much—the unfortunate Lady Marsden died a few days after, casting a last look of despair upon her child, whom she was leaving to the tender mercies of the world. Sir Henry immediately went up to London, where he remained two or three years, during which time his neglected son grew and throve under the fostering care of an old woman, who had been his mother's nurse; and scarcely did his father recollect his existence, until, as he stood before the door of his fine old castle, with his beautiful and haughty wife hanging on his arm, he distinguished among the crowd the deformed child, who, shrinking with a look of hate from those around, had fixed on him the intense gaze of his deep black eyes. But still he was assured by the complaisant family doctor that his son would not live, and knowing that he might settle the estate on his second son when he pleased, he relapsed into his former state of indifference, and Philip was allowed to follow his own wayward fancies, unthought of and unheeded by any one. Shunned by his father, hated by his stepmother, sneered at even by the servants, he became, as a child, a thorough misanthrope; sensitive to the highest degree, he would have fallen down and worshipped any one who would have looked kindly on him; but the indifference with which he was treated he resented with scorn. Convinced that, on account of his defective appearance, he must be an object of contempt and abhorrence to all, he hated not only the world but himself. Nature had however endowed him with a mind such as few possess, and an intense desire for knowledge, without which the first talents are useless; and Philip Marsden, rejected by the world, gradually rose above it. No one had made the smallest attempt to cultivate his mind, beyond the humble efforts of his old nurse, who taught him to read and write; but this was enough. Allowed to spend his time as he pleased, with the free use of his father's noble library, he had every facility for devoting himself to study, and so amply did he make use of this privilege, even when quite a child, that before his boyhood had ceased he had acquired a degree of knowledge to which few men of riper years attain. But his understanding, which, humanly speaking, was most superior, was yet too weak to struggle with the mighty subjects it strove to embrace; and his reason, left to wander unaided among the unexplored paths of science and philosophy, fell into many errors, the first of which was that he became a materialist.

This has been the mistake of many great minds, strange to say, for there certainly is a degree of degrading narrowness in refusing to yield belief to aught that is not visible to the outward sense, and with Philip it had arisen from his determined rejection of any religion, revealed otherwise than in the wonders of creation. He did not doubt the existence of a supreme Being, for his inquiring mind had pierced too deeply into the mysteries of nature not to perceive, beyond a doubt, the trace of the Master hand, but his self-conceived idea of the nature and attributes of the Creator led him to conclude that man, when he had once returned to the dust from whence he came, would arise from it no more. These opinions naturally influenced his character strongly; and whilst they led him to give an undue importance to the events of this life, and to feel most deeply the unfortunate situation in which he was placed, he was yet too high-minded not to despise the world and its creatures, whose indifference rendered him so miserable. The result was inevitable—he became a thorough misanthrope, demanding, in the arrogance of his heart, why he had been created, and giving back scorn for scorn to his persecutors. And yet there was much that was noble and great in Philip's character; rightly directed, he might have become one whom men would have not only revered but loved, for by kindness he might have been moulded to anything. An incident, however, had occurred a year or two before the present time, which had served to confirm him finally in his gloomy and morbid hate to mankind. This was the arrival of his cousin, Lucy Vernon, at the castle. She was, as Lady Marsden described her, a gentle, timid girl, devotedly attached

to her ambitious father, who, during the long illness which preceded his death, had become anxious to secure a good alliance for his orphan heiress, and had accordingly arranged with Sir Henry Marsden, that she should become the wife of his heir. Mr. Vernon, however, had hardly succumbed to his lingering disease, when Sir Henry himself died most unexpectedly, and when Lucy arrived at the castle, it was to find Philip the supposed heir, and as she thought, her intended husband.

She was singularly beautiful, but of so mild and pliant a disposition, that though she could not but prefer Walter to his deformed brother, it was sufficient that it was her father's wish to make her look even kindly on the heir of Marsden Abbey. The effect on Philip may be imagined: he adored, he almost worshipped, his beautiful cousin, and would sit for hours gazing on her with something of the look a mother casts on her firstborn child. But this unwonted happiness was allowed him only for one month. At the end of that time Lucy was told that it was only in marrying Walter that she could fulfil her father's wish, and the delight she felt at the change was too intense to be concealed.

Lady Marsden next proceeded to inform Philip, in no very gentle terms, not only that his young bride was lost to him for ever, but that she never had, never could have loved him. He heard her without a muscle of his countenance being moved, and none could have guessed from the calm, proud look which he cast on the happy lover, the hell that was working in his heart. He was speedily and darkly revenged. Lucy was seized with a malignant fever, and expired after a few days' illness, with her last dying look turned on Walter; and Philip's real greatness of mind shone out in the burning tears he shed over the grave of her who had betrayed him. But from this time his character became even more concentrated and morose: he was rarely seen by any of the family, and spent his days in riding furiously over the wildest and most dangerous roads, or in studying intensely in his own room. The death of his father had made little difference to him, as Sir Henry had made over the whole of his property to Lady Marsden; and the question of right between the brothers to succeed him was only to be determined at her death; and whatever legal right Philip had to protest against such an arrangement, he felt little inducement to do so, convinced as he was that a will had been made in favour of Walter.

CHAPTER II.

With folded arms and frowning brow, Philip Marsden stood on the terrace of the castle, and looked down on the fair garden and green plantations that lay beneath, whilst slowly down the long avenue wound the funeral procession, decked with all that wealth and fashion could devise to soften the horrible reality of the presence of their king and master—death. There was the gorgeous hearse, with its sweeping draperies and its waving plumes, and beneath lay the pale, wasted, corrupting corpse; there was the mourning dress, and the features moulded with a look of sorrow, and beneath lay the cold, hard heart and the craven soul, rejoicing in the riches of the world, and the fatness of the earth; but Philip Marsden was no hypocrite, and he had positively refused to attend as mourner at the grave of her who had been his worst enemy. But when he saw the last carriage of the train disappear under the arched gateway, he sunk down on a seat, and covered his face with his hands, for his soul was busy with the awful thought of the dark unknown. The thought of death—when is it not present with us? In the hour of our prosperity, it is there like a dark and menacing fiend, and we turn away with a sick heart, and we seek to hide our eyes from the sight. In the hour of desolation, of departed hope, and unrequited affection, it is there as a good angel, bidding us sink down on the breast of our mother earth, like a tired child lying down to sleep at midnight. When the soul is elevated by prayer, and the world is far off and God is near, in that hour it is the voice of immortality calling us to behold the glory of the life eternal; but vainly would we wrestle with the thought. The new-born infant, that

but yesterday, like a blighted rose-bud, closed its eyes for ever to the light of day, already knows the awful secret; but we must wait our appointed time, and when for a moment we awake from our long dream, and look upon the world as it really is, with its frivolity, and its hypocrisy, and its cruelty, who hath not said exultingly, "yet a little, and I shall die."

Philip Marsden was roused from his reverie by the return of the mourners from the funeral, and he was almost immediately summoned to attend at a ceremony more interesting to all parties—namely, the opening of the late Sir Henry Marsden's will.

The gentlemen who, from relationship or any other reason, were supposed to be concerned in the affair, had assembled, to a considerable number, in the large hall of the castle. At one end of the room stood Walter, surrounded by the relations of his mother, among whom the most conspicuous was Lord Ormsby, her brother—a cold, proud, worldly man—ambitious, but too indolent to surmount the difficulties which are attendant even on the acquirement of earthly fame—anxious to bear the character of strict honour and unequalled generosity, but too egotistical to give up one pleasure for the attainment of his wishes.

At the table, which was covered with papers, stood the family lawyer, Mr. Langley. He was a man whose heart and soul might be said to be bound up with the very same red tape which tied up his documents; it is doubtful whether one elevating thought had ever raised his mind beyond the dull limits of his profession; in his opinion people were born merely that they might succeed to estates, and draw up deeds to that effect; they only married that they might write out a proper contract, and when they died it was with the laudable intention of having their last will and testament put into execution. This gentleman held in his hand the important paper, which some of the party eyed with considerable curiosity, for a rumour had got abroad that it was not so certain that Walter would succeed as had been supposed, and Philip was too universally disliked and despised not to make this a matter of some importance to those who were likely to be brought into contact with him. Besides some of the neighbouring gentlemen, who stood talking together, the room was nearly filled with the tenantry, servants, &c., who supposed that they had a right to know the result of the meeting. After a few moments of suspense, the door opened and Philip appeared; as he walked slowly through the room they made way for him, with a sort of equivocal respect, which might have been either fear or dislike, and there was something more than usually stern in his frown, as he returned haughtily the scarcely perceptible salutation of Lord Ormsby and his friends. He stopped at the foot of the table, and remained silent; there was an awkward pause which was broken at length by Mr. Langley. He cleared his throat several times to attract attention, and, looking pompously round, requested to know if the gentlemen were ready to enter on the business for which they had met; they closed round the table, forcing Walter into a conspicuous place amongst them, who looked pale and really agitated, for a dread as well as a hate for Philip had been instilled too firmly into his mind, not to make him convinced that his chance of happiness was but a small one if he had to trust to his brother's liberality. But there was no one more intensely impatient to know the contents of the will than Mr. Langley himself, for Lady Marsden had always assured him that a will in favour of Walter existed, but it struck him as being very extraordinary that he had never been called in to draw it up or witness the signature; and he was divided between his doubt whether Sir Henry could have employed another lawyer, or that Lady Marsden merely said what she wished to be believed. As he unfolded the paper he cast his eye hastily over the contents, and a change was visible even on his unmeaning features as he proceeded. He composed himself, however, and began to read with all due formality. The will was short but most distinct, merely stating that Sir Henry Marsden left his whole estates, lands, and possessions to his second son, Walter Marsden, and finishing with a few trifling legacies, but without a word of Philip. A complacent smile spread itself over the faces of the assembled company,

as he laid down the paper, but Mr. Langley begged to inform them that what he had read was unfortunately quite useless, as the will was null from the absence of the signature. The listeners looked aghast, and he proceeded with something of triumph in his manner, for he was rather pleased to find his suspicions had been correct.

"Therefore, gentlemen," said he, "I must acquaint you, that no other will being extant except this, which is not valid, it remains only for me to declare Sir Philip Marsden successor to all his father's estates and possessions, whatever they may be."

There was a dead silence: Walter grew red and white by turns, Philip remained impassive, and, at last, Lord Ormsby turned angrily to Mr. Langley—

"Do you mean, then, to say that Walter is left quite unprovided for?"

"My lord," said Mr. Langley, "it would appear that the late Sir Henry having, as we see by this will, which is not valid, the intention of making Mr. Walter Marsden his heir, had thought it unnecessary to make any provision for him, in case of his intention not being fulfilled, a casualty which, allow me to observe, my lord, must have appeared far from probable."

"That is to say," said Lord Ormsby, impatiently, "that my nephew is penniless."

"Your lordship's remark is perfectly just," responded the lawyer, "unless, indeed, the generosity of his brother should ——"

He was interrupted by Walter, who started forward, looking the very picture of his dead mother, for his eye was flashing, and his forehead crimson with indignation.

"Mr. Langley," said he, "these are matters that may be left to private discussion; "let me beg you to proceed with whatever business yet remains to be done."

"There is no longer any business to be concluded," said Mr. Langley, somewhat spitefully, "except to congratulate Sir Philip on his succession to so magnificent a fortune."

No one took any notice of his ill-judged remark. Lord Ormsby turned angrily away, and, ringing the bell furiously, ordered his carriage to be got ready instantly. Walter stood silent for a few minutes, and then, making a violent effort, he said to Mr. Langley, "you are quite right; and I am glad to be the first to profit by the hint." Then, walking up to his brother, he held out his hand to him.

"Philip, do not think me a hypocrite if I tell you, that I sincerely wish you to be happy with the fortune which fate, more just than our father, has assigned to you."

There was something so truly frank and noble in Walter's manner that no one could doubt his sincerity; and Philip turned towards him, with a smile of such inexpressible sweetness that his whole face was lighted up by it, as he gave him his hand; he then looked calmly round him, and said, with returning sternness of manner—

"It appears that the business of the day is ended, and that my presence is no longer necessary here. Mr. Langley, you will do me the favor to see me in my room as soon as these gentlemen shall have left you." Then bowing proudly, but not without elegance, to the company, he walked slowly from the room.

There was a general murmur of anger as the door closed upon him, even from the servants, who thought they perceived in this last speech that their new master had already assumed the authority which he was to wield over them with a rod of iron. The whole party now crowded round Walter with many speeches of condolence and regret, but he was exhausted with grief, and the exciting events of the day, and after excusing himself on the plea of indisposition, he proceeded alone to his room.

Walter then threw himself down on a sofa, and clasping his hands on his eyes, as if to shut out some stern reality, gave himself to a thousand distracting thoughts. His life, up to the present day, had been one of sunshine and prosperity, and he had always been taught to believe that it would continue; so, as yet, he had scarce had a wish ungratified, or knew what it was to be met with coldness or indifference. Of sorrow, of disappointment, of the dark struggle which each one of us must encounter with our mysterious destiny, he knew nothing; but, gay and thoughtless, he found himself thrown without protection and

without resource on the mercy of the world, which has never yet failed to make its victims pass through an ordeal, from which many a strong mind has come forth broken and bowed to the earth, and yearning for the only (and even then uncertain) peace which seems to await them in the grave.

At first a feeling of desolation and despondency had taken possession of Walter's mind; but he was very young, and his heart was yet bright, with the the fond, imaginative hope which has made earth a very Eden to us all at some period of our existence, until life itself has taught us its own utter worthlessness and vanity. And gradually his spirits began to resume their elasticity; he began to dream of the noble task of working out his own independence—of forming for himself an existence, which was at first to be one of toil and labor, until, as he passed from manhood to a riper age, success should crown his efforts, and not only an honourable station, but fame and a great name should be his—a name, honored not only for high attainments in literature, but for unexampled generosity, for unstained virtue and for all the purity and goodness which the unsullied heart of youth alone will dare to hope for on this earth. Walter had yet to learn that the nobler spirit must ever yield to the craving necessities of its dust-born frame—that youth, genius, and hope must be fed with ease and affluence; that the chill breath of poverty, the wearing-down, every-day care of providing for the common wants of life, will dim the brightest fancy, and mar the fairest inspiration. One touch of real sorrow, one genuine tear, and the soul would fall powerless and fettered to the dull earth, and the eyes that now see only flowers and sunshine, would open to the dark and common-place reality of life. No! Walter dreamt on, like the young eagle trying for the first time the strength of its eager wings, and deeming that every sunbeam of the boundless and bright expanse, where he seeks to soar, is smiling, and will ever smile for him. He was interrupted by hearing the slow, heavy step of Mr. Langley, who passed his door at that moment, to proceed, according to Philip's request, to the first interview which he was to hold with his new employer; and he seemed to tread on Walter's very heart, for it was the first time that he felt himself thoroughly superseded. He was no longer the most important person in the house—in fact, he had no legal right to be there at all; and when he recollected the manner in which he had been, as it were, forced to treat Philip, he could not but own that he had little of good to expect at his hands. This trifling circumstance put to flight all his fair dreams for the moment, and, with something of child-like petulance, he buried his face in the cushions of the sofa, and, gradually exhausted both in mind and body, fell into a calm sleep.

And now the twilight had passed away, and the pale stars rose one by one in the cold autumnal sky, and the fair moon glided out from behind the clouds, and smiled as benignly on the old castle and its ivy-covered battlements, as if there were no fretful, restless mortals within, whose evil passions can make this goodly earth the hell it too often is. But still Walter slept on calmly, as though no sorrow had so lately shaded his fair brow, as though no clouds obscured the dim future for him; for his was the sweet, calm slumber of youth, whose dreams are scarce more fantastic than the waking thought. As we grow older, the actual presence of evil presses too closely on us, and our sleep is but living over again the dull, toilsome day.

Suddenly the door of his room was opened, but so gently that it did not awake him, and Philip Marsden entered. He advanced slowly towards him, and remained gazing on him in silence. No contrast could have been greater than between the two brothers at that moment. Philip held in his hand a lamp, which threw a strong light on his muscular, misshapen frame, and stern melancholy countenance. His long black hair almost hid his eyes, beneath whose depths lay a whole world of intellect and feeling; and his breast heaved as though with some strong emotion. Before him lay Walter; his beautiful head pillowed on his arm; his golden hair sweeping over his flushed cheek; and his low, regular breathing seemed like the sigh of some wandering spirit. There could not have been a more beautiful personification of childlike repose; and Philip seemed to find the sight almost painful; for with a convulsive

sigh he placed his hand on his shoulder. Walter started up; and as half awake he caught sight of the dark, stern figure of his brother, and felt himself in his grasp, a sudden fear took possession of him, and wildly shaking off his hand he put himself in a posture of defence. Philip drew back with the same withering smile which his features almost always wore.

"Fear nothing, Walter, whatever you may have heard of my crimes, I am not yet an assassin."

Walter looked down, angry with himself for what he felt to have been a contemptible suspicion; and Philip, drawing a chair towards the sofa, sat down beside him.

"Walter, you must listen patiently to me, for I have much to say. I have come here to talk of my future intentions; and I have but one request to make, which is, that you will not make any attempt to dissuade me from the determination which I have taken, for it is irrevocable."

Walter looked up proudly, his lip curling with indignation; for he supposed that Philip expected him to apply to his generosity, or that he would strive to soften his harsh intentions towards himself; and he had too much of the spirit of his mother not so prefer the extreme of poverty to a sense of obligation.

"I shall certainly not interfere with any of your arrangements," said he, haughtily; "it is not my intention to encumber your house much longer with my presence. I shall leave this tomorrow with my uncle, Lord Ormsby."

Again Philip looked at him with his bitter smile.

"Your uncle, Lord Ormsby," said he, "left this some hours ago. He discovered that his presence was absolutely necessary in town five minutes after he had ascertained that his nephew was penniless."

Walter coloured with the noble shame which a pure mind must ever feel at hearing of a mean action; but he was not vanquished.

"It matters little," he replied; "my mother's son will not find it difficult to procure a home."

"No," said Philip, gently, and the soul beaming through his eyes, cast something even of beauty over his dark countenance; "it will not, indeed, be difficult for you to find a home: there is one already provided for you—the home of your ancestors—the home which your father destined should be yours, and which I would rather die than appropriate to myself through a paltry law quibble. I have already arranged the whole matter with Mr. Langley; and the deeds have been drawn out and signed, by which I make over to you the whole property of your father, reserving to myself a small income, which I will rather receive from the living brother who hates me, than from the dead father who despised me."

He paused; and Walter looked at him for a few moments, breathless with astonishment. At last, with all the vehemence of his young and ardent spirit he exclaimed—"Generous, misjudged brother! How have I been mistaken! But it shall not be—I will never consent!"

Philip laid his hand calmly on his arm.

"Walter, this was what I wished to prevent. Remember, you are bound not to interfere with my arrangements. You know me but little, but, at least, you know that the son of the peasant girl is as proud as the child of the noble house of Ormsby. Ask yourself, if you could submit to enjoy a fortune never intended to be yours by the father who has cursed you in his heart! Besides, think one moment on what my life has been—neglected in childhood, hated in youth—and say whether I should not pant to escape from a dwelling where every spot reminds me of some day of misery. Think, but one moment," he continued, more vehemently, "that here have I beheld the only being I ever loved turn on me a look so cold, so full of hate, that it drove back my intense, ungovernable love, to burn, like fire, within my heart. Oh! you know not what it was to me to see her, whose faintest smile was dearer to me than heaven's own sun—for whom I would have died in agony to procure her one moment's peace—to see her grow pale when I came near, as though I were a spectre sent to blight her repose—to hold the cold, unresisting hand in mine, and know that I should never, never feel the soft pressure of returning life—to know that I must drag on the dark, unending misery of my days, and no voice should ever

breathe my hateful name with the low whisper of affection—no dear eyes to cast one ray of sunshine on the midnight of soul—never to know the only bliss that earth yet retains from heaven—to be beloved!"

He covered his face with his hands for a few minutes; and when he looked up, he had regained the composure which so rarely failed him.

"Walter, you will say that this must be my fate wherever I go—that I am a being destined to walk through the world alone—an object of pity, it may be, but never of love. But it matters not I must go hence. I yearn for communion with nature—for solitude Here I have been alone; and may you never know the unutterable agony of such loneliness. But I long to be alone where never man hath trod—where I may forget I am not as others are—where I may live in the contemplation of God's fair works—the recollection of the fairest of them all! And for you, brother, remain here; let the home of your happy childhood be also the home of your brighter youth. You are destined to inherit earth's dearest blessings; young, beautiful, and beloved, cold, indeed, would be the heart that could deprive you of these minor favours of ease and comfort Dwell here in peace be happy, and forget that ever the dark presence of Philip Marsden has clouded, for a time, your bright existence."

He held out his hand, and Walter, much moved, would have remonstrated, but he turned from him, almost sternly, and left the room. Walter sprang after him, but he heard him shut the door of his room and lock it, with a degree of violence which showed he would not be disturbed, and hoping that in the morning he would be more inclined to listen to some proposal for accommodating matters, he soon sunk once more into a calm and peaceful slumber.

When Walter awoke the next morning, the sun was already high in the heavens, and his first inquiry was after his brother. To his great dismay, he was told that Philip had quitted the house several hours before on horseback, and that his baggage had already followed him to town. He instantly sent for Mr. Langley, and kept pacing his room in considerable agitation, till the lawyer made his appearance, and his imperturbable solemnity and composure served to check in some degree the fiery young man's impatience. To Walter's question if he knew where Philip had gone, or what his intentions really were, he answered that he believed he knew as much as Sir Philip intended to make known to any one, but that he had assured him that he would himself acquaint his brother with his proceedings.

"And so he did," exclaimed Walter; "but do you think I can allow such unreserved generosity? I do not say that I would refuse to accept from him a sufficient allowance until I have entered on some profitable career; but I never could submit to enjoy this immense fortune, whilst the real heir is wandering in foreign lands, with a miserable pittance, scarcely enough to support him."

Mr. Langley seated himself, settled his cravat, and made all the preparations which a very slow man seems to consider necessary, before he can talk at length.

"My dear Mr. Marsden, it appears to me that you have taken up a wrong view of this matter. Sir Philip is an eccentric, a very eccentric man; and as he himself very properly said, it would be impossible for him ever to live here, as the representative of the house of Marsden always has lived. His remarks on the subject were very just; he said that you alone were fit to hold that station, and to keep up the consideration which the family has always enjoyed in the county, and that he had sufficient family pride to feel most anxious that the Marsdens should in no respect deteriorate from the high esteem in which they have always been held. You have been brought up to fill this station appropriately, for which your high connexions and great talents render you peculiarly fit Sir Philip detests England, and has determined not to remain a day longer in this country, and he has secured to himself an income quite sufficient for his wants. He declares that he should not know how to employ this wealth if he possessed it; but indeed, my dear sir, it is useless talking of this affair, as it is now impossible to make any change. Sir Philip is gone, and it will be in vain attempting to discover his place of residence—I am convinced we shall never see or hear of him again."

This last part of Mr. Langley's

speech alone made any impression on Walter, for he felt himself persuaded that Philip would take every means in his power to prevent discovery. Mr. Langley told him that Philip had arranged that his remittances should be made through a banking-house at Vienna; but he had distinctly stated that he would take measures to prevent any information about himself being obtained by this means.

They were yet talking, when a servant entered, bringing Walter a note, which he had found on Philip's table. Walter eagerly opened it; it contained but a few words.—

"Walter, farewell! I leave Marsden Abbey for ever, and I leave it with something like peace in my heart, for my brother's last look was one of kindness. Make no attempt to discover my residence, or to change my purpose; both were alike in vain. I shall never return to England, and you will hear no more—even the name of

"PHILIP MARSDEN."

Walter put down the note with a sigh, but it was the last which he gave to the memory of his brother, on whom he now looked as on one dead. He entered into possession of his father's estates, and at his age, at least except with very uncommon characters, impressions are most evanescent. He soon forgot even to search for his brother. He went up to London, and plunged into the stirring life which is so attractive to the young, and gradually the name of Philip sunk into oblivion, and his brief and dark history became "as a tale that is told."

CHAPTER III.

It was a cold, dull morning, as Philip Marsden rode out from under the gateway of his ancestral home, never to enter it more. The poetry of night had vanished with the pale stars, and the beauty of morning yet lay cradled with the first sunbeam behind the grey clouds. On imaginative minds, the surrounding appearance of nature always has a great effect. There are some who cannot look sad when the gay sunbeams are dancing over the bright earth, and the laughing sea, and every bird and every flower seem redolent of joy and beauty, and who in vain seek to conjure up a smile, when, in the dark mists and howling winds they seem to behold the mirror of a dreary destiny. But Philip looked on the lowering sky and sunless earth with a smile; for the first time the syren hope was speaking to his soul a dream, a waking dream, long cherished in his gloomy heart, when all around was hateful and despised—a dream, which had alone, perhaps, enabled him to drag on a detested life, amid a detested race, now shone out before him, brighter, nearer, dearer than it had ever been before; for now it was no longer a fantastic vision, but a thing possible—a thing which he had already undertaken, and in which he would succeed or die. It was a strange, wild fancy that, which had induced Philip Marsden to quit his home, his country, and his fortune, to go forth a wanderer in foreign lands, unknowing and unknown; but it was one which, if it could be realised, he felt would make the miserable, deformed misanthrope the happiest of human beings. Philip had but one ambition upon this earth, and that was to be beloved; but convinced that no one could look on him with any other sentiment than that of pity, the idea once struck him, and from that moment haunted him continually (and it was partly suggested by the beautiful character of Miranda, in Shakspeare's play of "The Tempest,") that if he could obtain possession of a child, who should be as yet too young to make any distinction of persons, and educate her in such retirement that her eyes should never gaze on a fairer form, the natural necessity for sympathetic affection would cause her involuntarily to love him. And it was a delightful thought to him that, of thus moulding an intellectual being, according to his own perception of all that was good and beautiful—a creature who should never know of the existence of sin or sorrow, who should indeed possess the ideal purity and guilelessness of an angel, and to whom he would be all in all—guide, friend, instructor, and husband! It was a bright dream, and Philip had indulged

in it till he came to feel that, if it failed him, there remained nothing on this earth. It was in this view that he now went forth in search of his ideal hope. And, after all, was his search more fantastic than that in which we are all engaged every day? Who does not seek for happiness? and is not happiness in this world an ideal treasure? We will not learn to behold in it not a thing attainable on this earth, but a glorious angel standing at the portal of heaven, whose brightness we see dimly through the clouds of our own dull atmosphere, and who beckons us on to that immortal land, where alone we shall behold her face to face. Perhaps each one of us arrives ultimately at this conviction, but we buy it with our own experience.

And still Philip journeyed on, his heart lighter than he had ever felt it, for his glowing imagination had for a time overcome the colder dictates of his reason, and he was full of hope for a future joy, which was to be procured at the expense of years of care and watchfulness.

He travelled on horseback, both on account of his greater independence, and because he was too sensitively alive to his unfortunate appearance not to wince from mingling with strangers; so, after leaving London and crossing the channel to Ostend, he resumed this mode of conveyance, which, though rather singular in these days of railroads and steamboats, was nevertheless much more suited to his purpose.

Once landed on the continent, Philip commenced a wandering mode of life, which was at least strikingly unlike the course usually adopted by modern travellers. Instead of following the beaten track which would have led him to the hackneyed beauties of the Rhine, he passed rapidly through Holland, carefully avoiding all great towns, and plunged at once into a remote part of Germany, where he had little chance of meeting with any of his countrymen. It was here that he began to feel what was to him the inexpressible delight of perfect freedom and independence. The scenery was for the most part gloomy and uninteresting, but for that very reason it was less likely to attract his fellow-countrymen. He revelled in the thought that his existence was forgotten by all who had ever known him, and that here no human being knew or cared whether he lived or not. The sense of desolation which such a feeling might have given him at any other time was not now quite unfelt; for he was dwelling in a world of his own creation—a world of hope, whose sun was one fair being, loving and beloved, and all external circumstances were scarcely perceived by him. His search was, however, for a long time quite in vain; and an uninterested observer might have been amused to watch the anxiety with which Philip Marsden scrutinised the features of every beautiful child that came in his way, and the regret with which he saw how seldom the parents, even in great poverty, would consent to part with them. But at last fortune, or, let us rather say, Providence, favoured him. He had entered one evening into a solitary little village perched on one of the Tyrolean mountains, where he was probably the first stranger they had ever seen, for his appearance created much excitement; he had been for some days wandering among the hills, not following any road, generally passing the night in some deserted hut, or, failing that, under the first sheltering rock which he could find, for he was inured to hardship, and had often preferred passing the fine summer night on some green bank, to sleeping under the roof of his father, who only tolerated his presence there. He was immediately surrounded by the inhabitants, who willingly offered him all the accommodation in their power, and he accordingly established himself in one of the cleanest and best of their houses, and after having attended to the wants of his noble horse, whom he had begun to cherish almost as a friend, he strolled out into the open air. The peasants were assembled, as is the custom in Germany, on the village green, to spend the mild autumnal evening together. Philip lingered a few minutes among them, speaking kindly to some of the older men, then passing through the midst of some young people who were dancing together in high gaiety, he proceeded to a green knoll, at a little distance, where a group of children were playing, and making the air resound with their shouts of glee. Philip seated

himself at a little distance, that his presence might not interrupt their merriment, and proceeded to examine them one by one, but he was more than usually discouraged by their appearance; there was not one who did not bear in his coarse, hard features the stamp of the peasant race, and the expression was generally disagreeable, the voice loud and unmusical. He was turning almost angrily away, when his attention was arrested by a low wail or sob, which sounded near him; he looked round, and for some time could perceive no one. At length his eye fell upon a little child who had been laid quite alone under a tree, and who was now apparently endeavouring with its feeble hands to disengage itself from an old cloak which had been thrown over it. He instantly went towards it, and gently uncovered its face, but he stood almost breathless with surprise, as he gazed upon it. It was a little girl, of about two years old, but of the most exquisite beauty, not the hardy, robust rosiness of a peasant child, but a fair, fragile little creature, with the most delicate and finely-formed features imaginable, a complexion of the purest white, large blue eyes, and a profusion of the softest silky hair, which fell in golden ringlets over her beautiful forehead. Philip gazed on her with utter astonishment, trying to imagine by what means this beautiful child was found in such a place, for she was a complete contrast to all around her; but the little creature, who had ceased crying the moment he came up, now held out her arms to him, and seemed to ask his protection. Philip felt a thrill of pleasure, and stooping down he raised the child tenderly in his arms. She looked at him for a moment, with her large candid eyes, and then quietly pillowed her little head on his arm; he clasped her close to him, and calling one of the children asked him to whom the child belonged.

"To old Gertrude," said the boy, "but there she is coming," and he darted away as if he had no wish to encounter her, nor could Philip wonder at her flight, for on looking round he saw an old woman coming towards him, whom age, poverty, and a most villanous expression had combined to render hideous. At the sound of her voice, scolding and raging at the children, who fled from her in all directions, the little child uttered a low cry, and trembling in every limb nestled closer to his bosom. Philip's heart beat violently as he felt her soft little arm twined round him, and when the old woman came up, gazing at him with great astonishment, he hastily thrust a piece of gold into her hand, and bade her show him where her house was, as he wished to speak with her. He had calculated rightly on the effect of his gift, for without uttering a word she turned round and hobbled on before him, till they reached a miserable hut, where with many signs of respect she offered him the only stool which her house contained. Philip sat down, and then told her that he was anxious to obtain some information with regard to the child, which he still held in his arms.

"She cannot be your child, nor even your grandchild," he said, as he looked from the beautiful infant to the hideous old woman.

"Mine!" she exclaimed, while her face assumed an expression that was really horrible, and she uttered a loud imprecation on the unconscious child—"she is none of mine, indeed, and she costs me more than my day's work in keeping her—useless brat! I will make her pay for it when she is fit to work for me, I can tell her."

"But who is she, then?" said Philip, "I will make it worth your trouble to tell me all you know of her."

The old woman took the hint, and, sitting down on the ground, proceeded to tell him a long story, which we may give in fewer words.

It appears that some years before she had taken an orphan niece to live with her, a beautiful girl of sixteen, whose parents had died, leaving her literally without a friend in the world except her old aunt, to whom she soon made herself so useful that she amply repaid what her scanty subsistence must have cost. She had been, however, but a short time with her aunt, when the Baron of A—— came to take up his residence in his castle, which was within a short distance of the village. His only son riding one day past the door, caught sight of the beautiful peasant; and after openly avowing his admiration, and keeping up a degree of intercourse for some time, he became so truly attached to

her that he offered to marry her in secret, well knowing that his father would never consent to such a match. The girl really loved him, or she might not have been dazzled by such an offer. As it was, she was ready to follow him where he pleased; and after the ceremony had been performed, at midnight, by the village priest, he took her with him to the town of F——, where they remained, in comparative happiness, for about a year. At the end of that time the young man was killed in a duel; and the unfortunate girl, turned out of the house by his proud relations, who refused to believe that they had been married, crawled back barefooted, starving, and heartbroken, to her native village, with her infant daughter in her arms. She survived only a few weeks, and died, leaving her child to the care of her old aunt, who had kept it up to the present moment merely because, heartless as she was, she dared not leave the unhappy infant to die of starvation.

The similarity to his own fate struck Philip most forcibly in this story. He looked down on the sweet face of the child, who had fallen asleep in his arms, and he felt that his talents as a physiognomist must be utterly at fault, if the infant soul could ever ripen into anything inconsistent with her perfect beauty. He was not displeased, moreover, though he would hardly have owned it to himself, to find that she was, at least, his equal in rank; and altogether it seemed as if Providence had purposely thrown her in his way. He hesitated no longer; and, turning to the old woman, he told her that he wished to adopt this child, and that if she would consent to give her up entirely to him, without ever attempting to see her again, he would give her a sum of money which should be enough to secure her independence for life. Old Gertrude could hardly believe her ears: she would willingly have given the child to any one who would have taken such an expence off her hands; but with an offer like this it may well be conceived she readily closed. Philip's eyes sparkled with delight; and he told her that as it was now too late to proceed that night, he would come early in the morning, and take the child. She could hardly believe him sincere; and even promised, at his earnest request, that she would say nothing about their extraordinary agreement to her neighbours till after he should have been gone, at least, a day. He then gently laid his new-found treasure on her knees, and retired to the house where he was to pass the night.

With the first dawn of day Philip was to be seen advancing towards the hut, leading his horse behind him, all prepared for the journey, and holding in the other hand the money which he had promised to the old woman. Gertrude, on her part, was equally ready, having made all the preparations she deemed necessary; she had sought some remains of finery which had belonged to the unfortunate mother, and Philip thought the child looked even more beautiful than the night before, as he saw her now, wrapped in a rich mantle of crimson velvet, with her fair hair combed smoothly over her sweet face. He gave the money to old Gertrude, who received it with many hypocritical wishes for his happiness, but he cut her short very sternly, and mounting his horse, desired her to give him the child; this she did most readily, and, holding it tenderly on his arm, he rode slowly out of the village.

It was as fair a morning as ever shone upon this sinful world, but there was yet more of sunshine in Philip's heart. He looked up to the bright blue sky, where the lark was spreading her eager wings, and making her glad voice ring through the clear air; and there was a light in the dark eyes of the deformed misanthrope, which told that even he, with his powerful mind, and his strong reason, he had been caught in the glittering net, and was already tied and bound with the bright golden fetters of hope.

Is it not a strange thing how men will thus incessantly shape out to themselves the materials of future disappointments, and toil like very slaves for the accomplishment of their own despair? Why hope, why wish, why dream? Why seek to relieve the dull monotony of the present, by weaving rainbow-coloured webs wherein to deck the years that may never dawn for them?—is it not horrible to see some great mind give up his whole life, his energy, his talent, to the attainment of some fair object, which wears for him the aspect of happiness, and when weary and wayworn, his youth, his

strength, his innocence gone, never to return, he claims the harvest from the seed which he hath sown, and the serpent he has nourished in his bosom turns round and stings him, and he finds that he has been struggling and labouring only for his own misery.

Philip Marsden looked down on the face of the sleeping child, and as he printed his first kiss upon her infant brow, he murmured softly, "Beautiful child, thou shalt be called Nadine,* for thou art indeed my first, and last, and only hope."

CHAPTER IV.

There is not a fairer spot on this fair earth than the little Oriental town of Broussa. Situated on the coast of Asia Minor, surrounded by groves of cypress, orange, and myrtle, it lies like a little Eden between the bright sea, and still brighter skies. It is comparatively unknown to modern travellers, who seldom venture to so remote a part of the world, and except a few stragglers from Constantinople, a stranger is scarcely ever seen in the streets. In a most beautiful situation, about a mile from the town, a rather singular-looking building had stood for some years; it was on a rising ground, in the very centre of a thick grove of palm and cypress trees, and commanded a most magnificent prospect. It consisted of an enclosure of about half a mile square, shut in by a wall of extraordinary height, and which rendered it impossible to distinguish anything within; indeed not one of the inhabitants of Broussa had the smallest idea of the nature of the building, and any but a Turkish population would not have remained so quietly in ignorance, for the circumstances under which it had been raised were in themselves very singular. About fourteen years before a small Italian brig had anchored in their bay one summer evening. Its appearance created some curiosity, which was not diminished when a stranger landed from it the next morning, and without stopping to examine the town, hired a horse and proceeded to ride into the interior of the country. He returned in the evening, and with a degree of energy which much surprised the phlegmatic Turks, insisted on immediately discovering the proprietor of the ground which we have described. It was, however, several days before he could succeed in becoming possessor of it, as business is not conducted at Broussa with great expedition; but as soon as this was accomplished his arrangements were very speedily made. One morning, whilst the inhabitants were still buried in their tranquil slumbers, a number of workmen were to be seen busily engaged in raising the wall, of which we have spoken, and in the course of a few days it had attained a height which prevented the proceedings within from being visible to any one. For three months the little brig floated upon the still waters of the bay; at the end of that time the stranger was seen to land, accompanied by a female, who held in her arms a little child. They entered into the enclosure by a low postern door, which was immediately shut, to the great discomfort of the curious beholders. From that time onwards no one was ever seen to pass the threshold, except the stranger himself, who generally rode out every day, the workmen were dismissed with ample payment for their services, and gradually even the wonder subsided as the novelty wore off. This mysterious spot had been arranged with singular elegance and taste; it was a very wilderness of beauty. Some parts of it were laid out as parterres, filled with the most lovely flowers; in others the wild luxuriant vegetation had been left seemingly uncultivated, and the myrtle bushes and oleander seemed to interlace their wild branches at will, but the exquisite scent of a bed of violets which grew at their feet, or the low murmur of some cool fountain, half hid in their deep recesses, showed that art had assisted nature. In the centre, surrounded by towering palms and cypresses, stood a low building, of remarkable elegance, and apparently equally well calculated for a residence

* The word Nadine expresses "Hope," in the Russ an language.

during the hot summer or the scarcely less genial winter. It was a sort of pavilion, supported by light, graceful pillars, between which were hung curtains of heavy silk, and within were a marble hall, and several other rooms, closed in by large doors, which, when opened, admitted a constant current of air, and furnished with a most delightful combination of Eastern luxury and English comfort.

It was on one of those glorious evenings of the month of June, that the proprietor of this little paradise stood on the roof of the pavilion, which was flat, according to the custom of the country, and looked down on the lovely garden below; but even in this elevated position, which was always agreeable on account of the heat, it was impossible for the eye to pierce the thick plantations, so as to see anything beyond the wall, which was so artfully concealed by the trees that from this point the enclosure appeared much larger; and there, in the same attitude as when he looked down on his stepmother's funeral, stood Philip Marsden. Fourteen years had passed over his head since he last appeared—fourteen years, during which millions had lived and hoped, despaired and died—empires had risen and fallen—monarchs had bowed their crowned heads before the majesty of death—and the busy, ever-moving world had worked and fretted itself so far nearer to its mysterious doom. But Philip had never moved one day from his little earthly paradise; and yet, in that immortal soul, a life, as busy and as stirring, had been working, whose rise and fall and secret movements had been, perhaps, watched by the friendly angels with more of interest than the fate of dynasties could excite. It is a precious thing, one immortal soul, that cannot die, but may suffer eternally; and it must be awful to see it hovering on the very brink of eternity, and looking into the abyss in its own might and strength.

Before retiring from all communication with the world, Philip had, as has been already stated, completely satisfied his own mind on the all-important subject of life and death; and once thoroughly convinced, he resolutely avoided all thought or study on the subject, determined to prevent the possibility of being moved in his firm opinion—perhaps from a feeling of peace in the idea that, "after life's fitful fever," he should, indeed, rest well. But how far inferior to the glorious hope which, even in her darkest hour, smiles on the soul who knows she cannot die.

And now Philip had ventured his earthly happiness on one solitary hope; and if that deserted him, he dared not even think on what his life would be—that life which he believed to be his all! But fourteen years had passed, during which every energy, every power of his mind had been bent to the accomplishment of one idea—he had lived in one engrossing thought—and, as yet, all had gone as he could have wished; and he felt that he was now touching the climax of his dreams—now or never must he be blest.

For those who have never left the cloudy atmosphere of our own green island, it must be almost impossible to imagine the transcendant beauty of an eastern sky. The clearness of the air, the vivid tints, the rich colouring, the intense brightness of the mighty stars as they roll through a very ocean of cloudless blue, are all quite indescribable; and to-night there was, indeed, a radiant beauty over earth and sky; a faint breeze ruffled the bosom of the glittering sea, and sighed amongst the orange boughs, and the silence seemed scarcely broken by the song of the nightingale, or the distant cry of the jackal. Suddenly a clear, wild, ringing laugh was heard amongst the myrtle bushes. Philip's whole face lighted up at the sound. He looked eagerly down, and forth bounded, from amid the green thicket, a fairy form of the most wild and singular beauty, with white robes shining in the clear moonlight, and long fair golden hair, that floated round her like a golden veil, and large starry eyes, that seemed to catch each ray of light. The vision of beauty glided over the moonlit path, and behind her, bright and graceful as herself, a young gazelle was sporting its wild nature; tamed by the influence of her sweet presence, meekly it followed her light footsteps. Philip gazed on her for a few minutes in silent adoration, and then he called her, and his voice was low and sweet, as though he dreaded that a harsh sound would wound her

delicate ear. She looked up with a bright sunny glance, then bestowing a fond caress on the gazelle, she darted across the garden towards the house, appearing and disappearing among the trees like a very sunbeam, and in a few minutes she stood by Philip's side on the terrace. He welcomed her with a smile of inexpressible sweetness; but he did not speak, and Nadine perceiving that his mind was occupied, gently drew him down on a seat, and throwing herself on the ground beside him, laid her head upon his knee with child-like grace.

Nadine was exquisitely beautiful, but there was something singular in her whole appearance. There was a wildness in every look and gesture, and an untaught elegance in every movement. Her large clear eyes looked as if they had never been dimmed by a single tear, or clouded by one dark thought; and though her whole sweet face was radiant with intellect, there was a guileless innocence beaming in every smile, which could never have dwelt in the heart of one who had been brought in contact with this polluting world—and guileless she was indeed. Philip had nobly redeemed the vow he had taken as he bent over the slumbering infant. He had succeeded in bringing her to the age of sixteen, utterly unconscious of the existence of sin, and yet more of sorrow. He had brought her, when too young to distinguish anything, to this little paradise, and had placed her under the care of an old woman, who was both deaf and dumb, and could therefore teach her nothing; and for some years the happy child wandered freely through the beautiful garden, without a thought beyond the enjoyment of animal health and spirits; but Philip was anxious to develop her intellect, and when he began to point out to her the beauties of nature, and the admirable organisation of the system of the universe, the intense interest with which she listened to his words, and the extreme facility with which she understood him, made him tremble lest her mind would not rest satisfied with the amount of information which he wished her to possess; and in this he had judged rightly, as was proved to him by a rather singular incident.

When Nadine was about twelve years old, Philip observed, with equal fear and astonishment, that something was evidently weighing heavily on her young mind, and that, for the first time in her life, she wished to conceal her thoughts from him. She would sit for hours gazing on the ground, without speaking, and then would turn her large wild eyes to the bright sky, with a look of passionate inquiry. This went on for some time without his venturing to ask the reason of her unwonted silence, for he dreaded that her pure mind should be sullied even by the first idea of the necessity of concealment. At length he observed that she left her room every morning, at a very early hour, and did not return for a considerable time. Unable to overcome his anxiety, he followed her one morning unobserved, in the hope of discovering the mystery. It was about half an hour before sunrise, and the whole garden was redolent with the first sweet breath of morning, but Nadine passed on, heedless of the dew-bathed flowers, that seemed to raise their rainbow-coloured heads to greet her, and the thousand birds that from every branch were pouring forth their song of involuntary praise. Onwards she sprung over the glistening turf, until she reached a small rising ground, where the glorious view of the unbounded horizon was no longer interrupted by the thick trees. She stood there for a few minutes, the faint breeze raising her flowing hair from her cheek, and her eyes intently fixed upon the glowing East, that was shining like burnished gold, and where the sun was about to appear. She remained perfectly silent for a few minutes; but when the first bright speck announced the approach of the mighty ruler of the day, her agitation became almost uncontrollable. She stood, breathless, pressing her small hands on her heart, as though to still its beating; and, when slowly rising from a sea of liquid blue, the glorious light burst in unclouded splendour on her sight, she uttered a wild cry of intense adoration, and, falling prostrate on the ground, poured forth an address to the great luminary, in language which no poetry could equal, because it sprung from the very depths of an unsullied heart. Philip stood aghast; the attitude and the words were those of sincere but

untaught worship. And it became evident to him that the intelligent soul, whose very instinct compelled her to believe in a first cause, had struggled with the darkness in which he had enveloped her, until, ignorant of the Maker, she had adored the most glorious of his visible works. But Philip shuddered at the thought of this pure but ardent spirit thus chained to an unworthy earth, and, in very ignorance, worshipping the created in place of the invisible Creator, and he at once determined that at all risks she should know of the existence of a God, though he quickly foresaw that, when she had attained this which is the first step in knowledge, she would but, like the young eagle, strive to spread her untried wings, and soar yet further.

He found, however, that he had magnified in some measure the danger. Nadine's anxious spirit seemed to repose with unchanging delight on the awful thought of an omnipotent, eternal, and invisible God; and her mind found ample employment when he instructed her in astronomy, which he found it necessary to do, in order to prove to her that the bright object of her adoration was but, like herself, the work of an invisible being. But from astronomy they proceeded to the other sciences, and Nadine, though still ignorant of the awful power of death, which was sweeping thousands from the earth every day, made most unusual progress in many of the highest branches of knowledge; and their life was now one of unclouded joy, such as is rarely found in this vale of tears. Philip had not one wish beyond the limited sphere of his own little Eden; he had wandered over the earth in search of peace, and he believed, poor erring mortal! that he had found it here. Nadine only knew that there was a world beyond the boundaries of their garden, less bright than her own sweet home; and when she wished for change, it was but to enjoy the wings of some wild bird, whose flight she believed could reach some of the sparkling stars, which Philip had taught her were inhabited by beings beautiful and guileless as herself.

Oh! happy hours, how swiftly they flew on! The endearing child had grown into the lovely girl, and Philip knew that, from her infancy upwards, no other mortal had shared her pure affections with himself, and it may well be believed how exquisite was the enjoyment with which he felt that he was indeed beloved, and by so bright and innocent a being, whose beautiful mind lay open to his view, that he might read every artless thought, as though written on some fair scroll. Yes! his brightest hopes were realised, and Philip determined that she should, on her birthday of sixteen, see for the first time the face of another man, in the priest that should unite them for life.

LAMENT OF A ROMAN PATRIOT.

I.

He that hath poured a filial woe,
Or bent him o'er a lover's bier,
And felt bereavement's bitterest throe,
When grief forbids the starting tear
Congenial spirits bring relief,
And share with me this double grief.

II.

Oh, Rome! from thy maternal breast
My infant mind her nurture drew;
Alas! can tears alone attest
The debt to thee, my parent, due?
Flow on, my tears—still freely flow,
Ye cannot drain the depths of woe.

III.

Oh, Rome! in childhood thou to me
Wert all a mother could supply;
Still, when in youth I turned to thee,
I viewed thee with a lover's eye.
Flow on, my tears, I vainly mourn
The hopes that from my soul are torn.

IV.

Oh, Rome! I feel within me here
The tide of sorrow darkly flow,
For thou who wert so doubly dear,
My dream of youth art laid so low.
Flow on, my tears, but flow in vain,
The depths of woe ye cannot drain.

V.

It is not that a Vandal horde
Has burst within thy shattered wall,
That Brennus waives his reeking sword,
Exulting in thy second fall.
Oh! 'tis not this extreme of woe
That bids the streams of sorrow flow.

VI.

It is not that a vulture crew
Of bigots, hovering in the rear,
Their purpled talons now imbrue
In all to me that once was dear—
Who, while they tear each mangled part,
Must rend the life-strings of my heart.

VII.

'Tis not for this my tears are shed—
This could not so my spirit rive;
For, Rome, I could not think thee dead,
And with the thought consent to live!
Eternal Rome, my tearful eye
May see thee droop, but never die!

VIII.

For though, to Gallic Brennus bowed,
She seem to close her high career,
Hope beckons through yon threatening cloud,
And sheds an Iris bright and clear,
Foreshadowing, with auspicious ray,
The glories of some future day.

IX.

Then why these tears? Ah! ask not why
I bid the streams of sorrow start;
For hope deferred will dim the eye,
And wring with doubt the sickening heart.
Oh, Rome! my spirit aches for thee—
Oh! when shall I behold thee free?

X.

Thou canst not die; thy very name
Must live while earth's foundations stand.
But thou mayest linger on in shame,
And stamp'd with slavery's searing brand.
'Tis this my scalding eyeball laves
With tears, that Rome should cherish slaves.

XI.

Let bigot tyrants fetter thee—
Rome yet shall mock their mad control;
Like Xerxes, they but lash the sea.
The onward billows of the soul
Shall, heaving with a people's hate,
O'erwhelm them in a Pharaoh's fate.

XII.

Flow on, my tears!—I may not see
The dawn of freedom long delayed;
But still my heart must pine for thee,
And sicken in oppression's shade—
Flow on my tears, nor cease to flow,
Till Rome has passed that gulf of woe!

16th July.

LINES

WRITTEN THE DAY BEFORE THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL IN DUBLIN.

As some fair vision, radiant o'er with light,
Breaks with bright glories on the gloom of night,
Distant tho' yet, but still whose coming ray,
Sends forth its twilight, heralding the day—
She comes, to cheer with hope that 'nighted shore,
Where plague and famine heaped their spectre store,
Where infant suffering, and maturer life,
Fell faint and dying, 'midst destruction's strife,
And the whole land, like some colossal deck,
Struggled and sunk—a mighty social wreck:
Queen of Imperial greatness, o'er whose power
No clouds are spread, no adverse fortunes lower—
Thy people free, best pillar of thy throne,
Which 'midst the shock of states stands firm alone;
Be thine the hand to cheer the fainting heart,
To act the mother's, as the Monarch's part.
O'er the sad scene to shed thy cheering light,
And from thy well-loved isle to chase the night;
To bid the din of civil discord cease,
And hush each cry of party into peace,
To drive contending factions from the land,
And join the people in one heart and hand.
What though some vows of fealty have been broken—
Some words of passion have been rashly spoken—
Still are they surface-specks; no deeper sore
Cankers the general heart, sound to the core.
Let no disturber from a foreign land
On words of passing anger take his stand,
Nor vainly hope to raise Rebellion's flame,
A tower of strength it stands—the Royal Name.
Come when She may, the echoing shout will prove
The deep devotion of her people's love.
Hibernia well may mark the happy hour
Which brings Victoria to her emerald bower,
And fills up hope, long shadowed forth in thee,
Illustrious Queen—most gentle Majesty.

VENICE.

"Albion, the Ocean Queen, should not
Abandon Ocean's children in the fall
Of Venice—think on thine, despite thy watery wall."
BYRON.

When empires fade, and dynasties decay,
Let history's page record their fallen sway;
Let kings deplore a prostrate monarch's case,
And statesmen mourn a minister's disgrace:
Leave such to rue the extinction of a throne
Whose crumbling fortunes must involve their own.
But there are cities, in whose rise and fall
Is stamped the common destiny of all—
Whose glories were the glories of the mind,
That dawned with them, and with their wane declined—
Whose beams were like the lunar light to guide
The ebb and flow of learning's sacred tide—
Whose world-wide story spreads through every clime,
Their scope, the soul; their chronicle, all time.
Who wept when Odoacer's conquering hour
Deposed the minion of prætorian power,
The last degenerate of a dwindled line,
Th' imperial puppet of the Palatine?
But when, in sandy Afric's arid waste,
The soul of Rome in Cato looked her last,
True as an Indian widow to her lord,
Expiring freedom fell on Cato's sword;
While the same stroke that laid the patriot low,
To freedom dealt the suicidal blow.
'Tis Venice—thus the world has wept for thee,
Cradle thou wert and grave of liberty;
From thy first sires her nourishment she drew,
Born at thy birth, and with thy stature grew;
Thy fostering hand to glory was her guide;
Thy home her empire, and thy seat her pride;
And when decay had stamped thy brow serene
With age, and shame, and sorrow, Hadrian Queen—
When France, enslaving all in Freedom's name,
Had signed thy doom and her eternal shame—
When the last Doge resigned his ducal throne,
And Mark beheld his winged lion flown—
Then Freedom gave her last expiring sigh,
And, born with Venice, learned with her to die,
And fled from violated rights below
To plead above a prostrate city's woe.
But as, when Arethusa's fountain source
Fled from Thessalian Alpheus' wanton force,
The limpid stream through many a hidden vein
Rose to the earth at Syracuse again,
Thus Venice mocked the spoiler's wasting band,
And springs again upon her island strand.
Say, when the latest Doge, Manini, saw
His country prostrate to the conqueror's law,
Th' historic glories of her ancient sway
In one Lethean ocean swept away,

And deemed her shore should yet deserted lie,
A second Tyre for fishers' nets to dry—
Or where the unfrequent gondolier would scan,
With careless gaze, Rialto's broken span,
Where sunken shafts and shivered marble piles
Should stand, the relics of her hundred isles—
Say, could the Doge himself—the last who wore
The crown a Dandoli had worn before—
Say, could Manini deem his fallen name*
Should yet wipe out long centuries of shame—
That as with him began her servile state,
So from his sons her second rise should date?
Then should the dragon-teeth of conquest, sown
In well-won fields of glory once her own,
Spring in a night with warrior's serried files,
The iron harvest of her hundred isles.
Ye that at Candia or Lepanto bled—
Shades of the mighty, Venice claims her dead—
Old Contarini and the swarthy Moor,
Immortal chiefs, your laurel'd swords restore.
While names like these were victory alone
Shall Venice sue from strangers for her own?
While names like these her annals yet record,
Can Venice crouch before a Croat horde?
Ah! no let desolation rather sweep
Her tarnished trophies to the yawning deep,
Ere Venice lingers an inglorious slave,
Without the nerve to die, the power to save.

J. B. H.

* It is a curious coincidence, that the name of the last Doge, Manini, who survived the extinction of Venice at the treaty of Campo Formio, and whose tomb still remains in the Church of the Scalzi, should be the same as that of the first president of the new republic lately established

THE CITY OF LONDON AND THE NEW PLANTATION.

IRELAND has been the standing difficulty of successive British governments. England has always been in advance, and the effort to keep the associated nation up to the leading island's place in civilisation and freedom has necessarily embarrassed both. As coupled hounds equally injure each other whether they pull in opposite directions or one lag behind the other, so England pulling Ireland prematurely after her through a religious reformation, a parliamentary reform, a poor-law, and an artificial stimulation of her agriculture, followed by a sudden withdrawal of the stimulant, has found our connexion a perpetual drawback, and a source of continual irritation. Yet our statesmen, being agreed that that connexion is essential to the welfare of both islands, are content to suffer the impediment, making it, by the various methods of their art, as little detrimental as they can. To us, dragged onward in this unequal progress, it is a grievous aggravation of unhappiness, that these methods have varied with successive changes of administration, so fundamentally as to leave us at all times uncertain how our affairs are henceforth to be managed—one statesman conceiving that the right method of bringing us into harmony with English advancement is by encouraging the spread of the Protestant, another, by encouraging that of the Roman Catholic, religion; one aiming at Britannicising our sympathies by the introduction of British institutions, another, by the infusion of British blood; some relying on ethnological, some on theological some on economical means of assimilation: but all in succession experimenting on our state, regardless how they may derange the policy of their predecessors.

In spite of these drawbacks, and in spite of the violent political discontents, their natural consequences, among ourselves, the Irish had advanced under the stimulus of agricultural protection to the possession of a reasonably well developed social body. If our nobility and gentry had some vices and many prejudices, they were at least lovers of order, and promoters of rational social enjoyment—that prize for which all industry exerts itself, and without which enterprise always languishes, and national prosperity is unknown. But their elevation was due to an artificial value given to their possessions by the *bonus* of a corn-tax; and when it became apparent that the manufacturing energies of England required the abolition of that subsidy, it became also evident that Ireland must suffer another of those social *bouleversements* to which she had so often before been subjected for the convenience of her more powerful associate, in the downfall of those classes whom the corn-duties had elevated into that temporary eminence. Over that change, sad as it was, but inevitable, Lord Clarendon has had to preside, instructed and intending, we doubt not, to break as far as he could the fall of ancient houses, and to vindicate or excuse the policy which cut away the artificial system on which they had been erected, by imputing as much as possible of the blame of their disaster to the concurrent operation of the potato blight. Foreseeing, also, that the fall of so many tall poppies would leave the lower surface of society bare for the unimpeded operation of economic influences, and devising a new policy for bringing Ireland into harmony with British progress by detaching the Irish mind from the contemplation of all but the lowest material pursuits, Lord Clarendon commenced his supervisorship of our last transition with the announcement, through various channels of official opinion, that a resident nobility and gentry are unnecessary here, and that the Irish are forbidden by natural laws to follow any other than the pursuits of agriculture.

That policy, which we took the liberty of designating, at the time, as a project for converting this country into a nation of ploughmen and shepherds, naturally excited the strong distaste of the educated and intellectual portion of the community. Men who have experienced the enjoyments of society do not readily reconcile themselves to the sordid routine of the draw-farm. If the change, however, had been inevitable, we should have

been bound, and would have endeavoured, to submit to it, without repining; but it was very generally observed that the operation of the poor-law, which at that time became even more destructive to the upper classes than the loss of the corn-tax, or the loss of the potato itself, so far from being mitigated by any effort of our governors, was aggravated and intensified by their administration, as if existing destructive causes were not rapid enough in their effects, and the executive had determined to speed the overthrow of all but the humblest producers of the raw material of civilization, by the extraneous and supplemental instrumentality of a perverted application of the laws made for the relief and ease of property. The refusal of parliament, at the instance of the minister, to take these evils into its consideration, culminated the heap of disaffecting causes then in operation; and but for the revolutionary theories of land tenure, broached by some of the more violent among the popular leaders, there can be little doubt that at that time the ministerial policy would have provoked something approaching to a general revolt of the upper classes in Ireland.

That danger having been averted, and the foolish attempt of those who sought to kindle a counter servile war repressed, the plebeianizing policy of our rulers has been recommenced under the most favourable circumstances; and a new and imposing feature of the design has been brought to light by Sir Robert Peel's suggestion of filling the vacant places of the broken-down proprietary and famine clearances with British colonists, and by the resulting project of the London Companies for a new plantation of Connaught.

Sir Robert Peel had probably perceived that the better classes in Ireland, of whom some at least must survive the wreck, would not be content with a mere "ploughmen and shepherd" social condition, and in delineating the general features of his great project allowed us to see the land in imagination peopled by a true social body comprising a resident proprietary, a tenantry, and a peasantry; but to obtain the means for so vast an undertaking was a difficulty with which even he did not appear prepared to grapple. He, therefore, after making a few imposing passes with his wand, retired from the stage, having dropped a hint, in the midst of his more distinct suggestions for a new resident proprietary, of the use which might be made of great associated absentee companies in carrying out some minor portions of the social enterprise. The former part of Sir Robert Peel's scheme met no favour from the parties in power; the latter suggestion they acted on eagerly and promptly. It tallied with the official theory of an absentee proprietary and a peasant population, and was immediately taken up by the City of London.

The City of London had already aided, to the extent of nearly an entire county, in the great plantation of Ulster. Excepting the possessions of the Church, which are however very extensive, and some estates comprised in earlier grants to private individuals, the whole of the county of Londonderry had been originally planted by the Irish Society and the Livery Companies of London. An achievement so splendid and honourable had naturally caused the Londoners to look on their Irish connexion with feelings of great pride; and by a mistake very natural to men possessing a proverbial excess of self-esteem, and not much engaged in historical pursuits, the belief among them was almost universal that the whole success of the Plantation of Ulster was due to their exertions, that they had planted Antrim and Down as well as Londonderry, and were the civic parents alike of Belfast and of Coleraine. The project, therefore, for a new Plantation of Connaught by the London Companies was no sooner ventilated, than the most extravagant expectations began to be entertained of its success, not only as a benevolent effort for the relief of the starving Irish, but as a means of aggrandising London in wealth and political power, and an instrument for bringing a wide and refractory district of Ireland into submissive harmony with the future requirements of English interests, and metropolitan opinion. To inaugurate the project with fitting ceremony, a civic banquet was prepared, and amid the splendours of an entertainment as distinguished for the social and intellectual dignity of the guests as for the sumptuousness and magnificence of the accessories, the city of London, through her chief magistrate, solemnly undertook the task of regenerating Con-

naught. The business details of the undertaking were entered on at a meeting of the Common Council; and here was read to the assembly a letter from Lord Clarendon, written, we presume, with the approval of his Excellency's colleagues, and explanatory of their joint theory of the policy we have adverted to. After expressing the feelings of satisfaction, almost of delight, with which he had read the report of the proceedings at the Mansion-house, Lord Clarendon goes on to say:—

"I have long been desirous that English capital should be invested in Irish land, because I think that some change in the proprietary class is indispensable to the progress and prosperity of the country, and will be beneficial to those proprietors who are now in a state of hopeless embarrassment, and struggling against difficulties which it must, I fear, be impossible for them to overcome. However good the intentions of a landlord may be, he cannot fulfil his duties to himself, and to those dependant upon him, if, as is too often the case, his property be mortgaged to its full value, that value being frequently calculated on the extravagant rents that a potato cultivation and the reckless competition for land have produced."

The "change in the proprietary class indispensable to the progress and prosperity of this country" had, doubtless, long been determined on, seeing that the destruction of the existing race of landlords was a necessary consequence of the cessation of the system of protection by a corn-law; but the avowal of a long-continued desire to see that change effectuated is hardly consistent with the discretion for which Lord Clarendon has attained so distinguished a reputation. It is true there is a period in all projects when a broad avowal of designs theretofore concealed becomes part of the policy of the scheme—just as in a battle a general will develop his whole plan of operation at the crisis of the engagement; but demonstrations which, in the moment of victory, would add to the completeness and brilliancy of the action, become, when prematurely disclosed, the foulest mistakes that sully the fame of unsuccessful commanders; and we cannot but think that this declaration of a predetermined hostility to Irish proprietors, and a long-existing anxiety to supplant them by British, taken in conjunction with the oppressive use which had just been made of the poor-law, as an engine for the expulsion of the former, made, too, at a moment when it was still uncertain whether Parliament would so disarm that engine of its terrors, by the enactment of a *maximum* of rating, as to admit of the introduction of the latter, and while the mainly-important question of raising funds for the purpose remained undetermined, was a premature disclosure of Lord Clarendon's hand, and an ill-omen for the success of the "ploughman and shepherd" policy. A nation had need to be very low, indeed, in spirit and in intelligence, when a governor can with safety avow a long-continued desire of supplanting its proprietary by a proprietary drawn from another country, and can suffer the intended victims of his policy to perceive that it has been for that specific purpose that taxes have been suffered to accumulate on them heavier than their means could bear. The letter proceeds:—

"In fact, the whole social system of Ireland has been based upon the potato, and the failure of that root has consequently entailed universal distress. Hence so many landed proprietors are now unable to keep down the interest on their mortgages. Tenants can no longer pay their rents, and the peasants, for want of employment, are driven upon the rates, of which the collection becomes daily more difficult. Such a state of things contains within itself no germ of amelioration, it cannot even remain stationary, it must go from bad to worse, for the means of improvement are altogether wanting, and the national resources are gradually wasting; and even if the potato were to revive (and to that all classes are now clinging with desperate hope), it would only bring back the evils under which the country has been so long labouring."

If Lord Clarendon had said—"In fact, the whole social system of Ireland has been based upon the corn-law and the potato, and the repeal of the law and the failure of the root, combined with an unlimited expenditure for the support of the poor in unproductive idleness, have consequently entailed universal distress," he would more truly have stated his major proposition, and in that form no one could deny its perfect truth. Admitting the existence of universal distress, from

whatever cause, we proceed then with Lord Clarendon's train of reasoning:

"It is manifest, then, that a complete change of system, as regards agriculture, the tenure of land, and the social habits of the people, has become indispensable."

It is not for the purpose of captious objection that we pause to remark that, so far, this manifest necessity for a complete change of the system of the tenure of the land, is a conclusion unsupported by any premiss. We notice the illogical structure of the argument (if that can be called argument which consists of nothing but a *gratis* conclusion), merely for the purpose of showing with what eagerness Lord Clarendon pushed his policy at this conjuncture, an eagerness which betrays him first into a haughty admission of hostility to the whole class of Irish proprietors, and next into this rash hint at a revolution of the law of landlord and tenant, where it further exhibits itself in a total disregard of the requisites of argumentative reasoning. Supposing, however, that all, so far, had been deduced in ratiocinative form, there are few minds, however rudely trained in any process of reasoning, which will not be revolted at the resulting conclusion, viz., pursuing the sentence last above cited—

"And that change can only be effected by the introduction of English capital, enterprise, and skill, in the manner contemplated by the meeting at the Mansion House."

That is to say, no beneficial change can be effected by Irishmen of capital, of enterprise, or of skill, purchasing land in their own country; it can only be effected through purchases by Englishmen and these purchases not to be by individual Englishmen, who would come and live on their estates, and supply the social vacancies left by their Irish predecessors, but by Englishmen in associated companies, remaining absentees in England, purchasing in their corporate capacity, and transmitting hither their capital, their enterprise, and their skill, through deputies and agents, in the manner contemplated by the meeting at the Mansion-house! The mind remains astonished at the enormity of the proposition. We need not pursue the remaining topics of the letter, nor involve ourselves further in the disagreeable duty of commenting on the conduct of a chief governor bound to protect the property of those over whom he has been placed in authority, who conceives that he discharges his duty to his own conscience, to his sovereign, or to his country, by projecting the transfer of that property from its present owners, at an undervalue, to a new proprietary resident in another country, and seeking to carry out that project by depreciating the value of the interests to be disposed of. An action at law would lie against a trustee who should use his position to decry the value of the estate of his *cestui que trust*. A governor of a country declaring that now "good land is to be bought cheap" and inviting corporate bodies of his own countrymen to come forward and complete the desirable object of supplanting the present proprietors, may be above the reach of the legal tribunals; but history has still to be written, and there are heavy damages recoverable there against the names of unfaithful rulers.

The receipt of a letter from one so high in authority, holding forth such strong inducements to purchase, filled the city with very high-wrought expectations; and for some weeks the belief was very general, that at least one-half of Ireland was about to be partitioned out to English adventurers at nominal prices, with a guarantee against the further ravages of the poor-law. The multitude of benevolent people who in the capital occupy their minds with plans for Irish amelioration, gave the reins to their imagination, and in conversation, and in literary composition, drew endless brilliant pictures of wastes reclaimed, water-powers applied to manufactures, green-crops supplanting the potato-culture of the Celt, and peace, plenty, and Anglican opinion pervading the whole west of Ireland. Even *Punch* did not deem the extrication of Paddy from his morass by the benevolent aid of Gog and Magog a subject unworthy of humorous and good-natured illustration. In the midst of these gratulations, however, there occurred certain untoward circumstances, which cast a sudden damp on the undertaking.

A bill had been introduced by the Lords for the very useful and desirable purpose of converting the peculiar Irish tenure by lease for lives renew-

able for ever, into a tenure in fee-farm. Some of the tenants of the companies, on their Londonderry estates, held considerable tracts by tenure of this kind; and the companies, who have lately made a practice of resuming the possession of all the lands held from them by expired or forfeited leases, in an evil hour, we fear, for the success of the new plantation, objected to the extension of the proposed enactment to them. This opposition, which was overruled by both houses, provoked no small amount of indignation among the companies' Irish tenantry, and loud and bitter complaints of mismanagement, oppression, and breach of public trust, proceeded from various quarters of Londonderry, both county and city, against the civic landlords. At the same time, some sturdy inquirers here began to test the success of the plantation of Londonderry by statistical comparisons, which certainly go to show that that county at large is by no means so far advanced in the arts of life as the panegyrists of the companies would have the public believe. Here, however, large allowances must be made, inasmuch as the greater portion of the companies' estates has passed out of their immediate possession, and is administered by intermediate landlords, whose terminable leases give no inducement to permanent improvement, and whose tenantry, as a necessary consequence, are far from prosperous. The wretchedness of some of these districts reduces the average of comfort for the whole, and is calculated to produce a false impression as regards, at least, some of the estates directly administered by the civic landlord. Here again, however, the superior size of the farms—averaging, on the Drapers' estate, 18 acres, while the average for the county at large is only 13—and comparative comfort of the dwellings—which, on the estates last mentioned, are as good of their class as to be found anywhere in Ireland, although, in point of house-accomodation, Londonderry county stands eighteenth only among the thirty-two Irish counties—are counterpoised by a further consideration, very strongly urged by a portion of the press, and which cannot but weigh greatly with reflecting minds, that the moral condition of a large tract of country occupied only by small farmers, and governed despotically by an agent, however well such a state of affairs might suit the policy of our present governors, is not such a social state as the British constitution contemplates for the people who enjoy its privileges; and that, whatever might be the present advantages of calling such a state of things into existence in Connaught, where, doubtless, the Drapers' estate would be a paradise in comparison to the existing misery, the ultimate evil of subjecting that province, or any considerable part of it, to the dictation of a corporate body already possessing great political power in another part of the Kingdom, would be dangerous to the liberties of the state, as well as inconsistent with the proper growth and development hereafter of a well-constituted social body. For if society were to stop at the point it has attained to on the Drapers' estate, and beyond which its existing connexion with London will not suffer it to advance, we might as well forget the theory of the constitution, and adopt the maxims of the government of Turkey.

While the project underwent these discouraging examinations here, the Lords suddenly struck the whole Peel scheme a heavy and unexpected blow, by rejecting the provisions of the amended Poor Law Bill for a *maximum* rating, and a permanent rate-in-aid. Whoever buys the land now, must buy it *cum onere;* and where the existing burthen is such as has broken the backs of one class of proprietors, we may naturally expect some hesitation among those to whom the successorship may be offered, on however advantageous terms. Whether Gog and Magog will allow considerations of that kind to deter them from their benevolent designs, it would be rash to anticipate;* but we hope the giant philanthropists will have sufficient reassurance

* We give the following *jeu-d'-esprit* on the subject from a Dublin journal—*The Press.* We hope, for the credit of the Londoners, our contemporary's anticipations may not be realised:—

"A CARD FOR 'PUNCH.'

"Smart Mister Doyle or Mister Leech,
Whiche'er you be who deign to teach
The dull age with your picture stories
And clever wood-cut allegories

In *Punch:* I think your last design
Of Gog and Magog very fine:
Yet these good giants, as I judge,
Though lifting Paddy from the sludge

in prospect of a moderate potato-crop, to enable them to enter on their project under such limitations as, while giving them ample opportunity to do all the good that they desire, may also provide for the growth of a true constitutional society in those districts hereafter.

The limitations to which we allude, shortly consist in this, that the tenantry of the companies shall have power, as they hereafter acquire wealth, to acquire the fee of their holdings, either at a fixed number of years' purchase of the rent reserved, or by the valuation of a jury summoned under the provisions of the Lands Clauses Consolidation Act. Certainly, if such a proviso were in force in respect to the Companies' Estates in Londonderry, that part of the country would long since have purchased its social independence, and would now be the property of a far superior class of small proprietary residents. Without some such provision, to take effect say after a lapse of ten, or even twenty years, we do not think that the permanent interests of the country could admit of the extension on any considerable scale of the system of absentee corporate proprietorship. We do not underestimate the immediate advantages. English capital, enterprise, and skill are most desirable, and coming in any constitutional shape—especially coming with Englishmen who would reside on their purchases—are to be received with grateful welcome. But rather than witness a permanent extension of the social state which at present obtains on the Companies' northern possessions, we should be content to see things suffered to take their course in the west; for we believe that no present benefit could compensate for future social stagnation; and are of opinion that it would have been better for the descendants of Esau that their forefather had died, rather than sell his and their birthright for the mess of pottage.

In any act or charter, therefore, which the crown or legislature may think fit to grant to the City of Lon-

---

With very picturesque effects,
Might be improved in some respects.

"Videlicet: methinks the prevalence
Of absolute, unmixed benevolence
Irradiating both their faces,
Excludes some economic graces
Which might in both, from eye to chin,
Be advantageously touched in.
As thus, suppose you think well of it,
Give Gog, say, half an eye to profit;
And philanthropic Magog meek,
His tongue, the least bit in his cheek.

"Next, say that you supplied the place
Of Magog's clumsy iron mace
With wand like that diviners hold
Who search you out secreted gold;
And just beneath the covering sod
A pot of gold to draw the rod.

"Suppose that Gog, while lending Pat
This hand in front, behind, with that
Should just be seen to lift the flaps
That guard his pockets: since, perhaps,
The wretch, though in such abject need,
May yet have got some Title-Deed,
May still, for all his empty pantry,
Possess some History of his Country;
Nay, bear beneath that ragged coat,
The record of a Right to Vote;
Or, letting worldly cares go whistle,
Retain a Breviary or Missal:—
No knowing what his rags may hide
That prudent friends should set aside.

"But here, I fear, we tread on sore ground;
So, leaving Paddy in the foreground,
To Gog's disinterested assistance,
We'll pass at once into the distance.

"Here I'd suggest to introduce
Two figures—damsels tight and spruce
As needs to grace the board or bolster,
Fair Leinster this, that handsome Ulster;
But 'neath a load, each comely quean,
Low bent and labouring, should be seen,
And hard beset her path to keep,
In mire already ankle-deep,
And floundering on to where a reach
Of Pat's own quagmire waits for each:
And on their packs I'd have displayed
In good large letters 'Rate-in-Aid.'

"And if your art could so exhibit it,
To show those fardels fresh unriveted,
(Their tracks still raw) from Paddy's shoulders,
Just ere his generous upholders
Had volunteered to set him right,
'Twould make the thing more apposite.
I doubt if even Dan. Maclise
Could then produce a neater piece.

"But *hubbaboo!* (or, if the sounds
Hurt your nice English ears) Gog's w——ds!
Here's a fine mess the Lords have made—
They've cut away the Rate-in-Aid!
Relieved of their vicarious packs,
Ulster and Leinster stretch their backs;
The packs to Pat returning straight,
Oppress him with redoubled weight;
And generous Gog and Magog manful,
Not counting on so heavy a handful
Nor liabilities so weighty,
Drops Paddy like a hot *pitatie.*"

don for these humane purposes, we trust we shall see manifested as prudent a regard for the future independence of the Plantation, as for its immediate assistance to the necessaries of life. Including such a provision, there could not be imagined any undertaking more honorable to the public spirit, humanity, and wisdom of all engaged in it; and, however we deprecate the policy which this project has been the immediate means of developing, through the letter we have had to comment on, we believe too well of the citizens of London, to fear that they will shrink on this occasion from proving their willingness to "do as they would be done by," and have every confidence that, if funds should not prove deficient, the project may be turned to the best uses both for them and for us; although, qualified with the proviso we have suggested, it certainly would not be so well calculated to excite the delight of our present rulers.

It is understood, however, that considerable difficulties exist in the essential matter of providing funds. That men, so well experienced in the conduct of public and private affairs of business, should have allowed their designs to take a shape so definite, without the certainty of having the necessary means at their command, is not a little surprising, and certainly is not calculated to increase the public confidence in the success of their undertaking. If the fact be, as is alleged, that the only means the city possesses for carrying into effect this magnificent project, consists in a plan for mortgaging some surplus revenue arising to it from the coal dues of the port, we may expect to see the whole scheme melt into thin air. The coal dues, we believe, amount to four shillings a ton; and the citizens will naturally demand, if there be a surplus, why it should not be remitted, rather than they should continue to pay twenty-five per cent. on one of the prime necessaries of life, for the limited and remote gain proposed by the promoters of the Irish plantation. But we hope, for the credit of Sir James Duke, as well as for the sake of the poor, to whom the project would afford food and employment, that these rumours may prove unfounded, and that the city of London, hitherto renowned for wisdom and prudence, will not turn out to have committed itself to the ridiculous position of celebrating, in the face of Europe, the purchase and regeneration of a principality, without having the means available to pay for a hundred acres of land.

Our readers may have perceived that the whole subject has presented itself to us in inseparable connexion with a certain policy which we have felt it our duty consistently to resist; and that we can only detach it from that system by supposing it disarmed of its plebeianising tendency, by the introduction of such a proviso as we have described. We do most earnestly hope that that "ploughman-and-shepherd" policy will not be much longer persevered in. The Queen's visit has shown that the influences most operative on the Irish character for good are derived from a class of feelings and sentiments wholly incompatible with the plebeianising method. If we are to be brought into harmony with English progress, and distracted from the contemplation of dangerous subjects, it must be by giving us as many of the higher fruits of civilisation to occupy our gaze, as the necessities of imperial administration can afford. To us it is immaterial by whom either policy is to be carried out. All statesmen are liable to mistakes, and although Lord Clarendon's letter was a blunder, which must more or less diminsh his efficiency in his present office, he is too much of a diplomatist to feel any difficulty in changing his hand; and we are far from despairing of seeing him adopt a totally different line of treatment for this country, if he should attain the exalted place which is understood to be the present object of his ambition. Let who will be premier, however, Ireland's future depends mainly on herself. No policy can repress the advance of resolute industry—

> "Nullum numen abest si sit INDUSTRIA sed te
> Nos facimus Britannia, deam, cœloque locamus."

We have but to will and to work; and there is no legitimate aspiration of a people, however aristocratic, sensitive, or fond of refinement, that we may not compass, without caring what particular policy may actuate the minister of the day. But a wise minister will know that the working qualities of a people depend on their temper;

and, if he would aid us in our efforts for our own regeneration, will be careful to do nothing to irritate the national proper pride.

P. S.—Just as we go to press, we observe the following significant announcement, from which we infer that the London companies are not prepared with the necessary funds; and further, that whatever may be attempted in the matter will be subject to some such proviso as we have suggested. The scheme, as now indicated, seems both feasible and meritorious; but we do not understand what the promoters mean by a "right of pre-emption":—

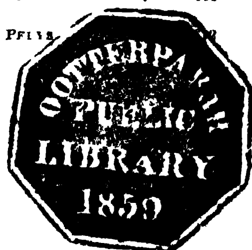
"FREEHOLD ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION OF IRELAND.—Proposals have been put forward under this title for the formation of a society, under the auspices of the city of London, for the employment of the Irish people and the elevation of their national character. It is proposed, under the sanction of government, that the corporation enter into agreement for the purchase or right of pre-emption of lands in suitable districts of Ireland, and expend the necessary sums in adapting them to productive agricultural enterprise, by effectual arterial and thorough drainage, and by deepening and clearing rivulets and outlets, in building convenient farm-houses and cottages, in laying out settlements, and dividing the same into allotments expedient for the purposes of sale and disposal. The purchase-money of such estates to be paid in money, or in a stock to be created by the corporation, at the option of that body. The lands so improved to be sold to persons of the requisite capital to cultivate the same, or conveyed in fee simple, on mortgage, to yeomen of good character, subject to a terminable rent-charge. This rent-charge to represent the annual payment, which, on the ordinary system of tenure, he would pay to the landlord for the use of the soil, together with the premium necessary to enable the corporation to reassure the value of the property, and so replace the amount of their investment on the decease of the occupier. The value of the fee simple would be restored to the association by virtue of the annual premium; the property, during the life-time of the occupier, remaining mortgaged to the association, as security for the rent and premium, and for the due observance of all necessary covenants."—*Morning Chronicle.*

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PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.—THE AIR.

Man's place on the earth—the scene of all the manifestations of life, animal and vegetable—seems to lie in a wonderfully narrow compass, when we compare the thin envelope of air to which our existence is limited, with the bulk of the earth, on the one hand, or with the abysses of space, on the other. The sheet of varnish which covers an artificial globe is not thinner, in proportion to the body which it surrounds, than is this shallow pond of air in which we live, compared with the vast subjacent body of the earth. Within this thin, invisible medium, all the generations of man, since the creation of the world, have played their parts—planting and reaping, founding states and cities, and waging wars by sea and land. Through its vital envelope man may range horizontally, as far as the surface of the globe extends, but a depth of a few miles bounds his sphere of locomotion vertically. Below this limit the solidity of the earth opposes an impenetrable barrier to his explorations downward; above it, the tenuity of the ether equally baffles his efforts to ascend. But confined in bodily presence though he is, within these boundaries, man darts his intellect into the worlds beyond, weighs his own planet against the suns and planets of the external abyss, calculates the law which prescribes their motions and periods, and of the wandering host of heaven makes guides and sentinels for his own paths over the desert and the ocean. Arguing from the seen to the unseen, he speculates on the condition of the interior of the globe, estimates the heat and density of its parts at different depths, and determines the disposition of the strata of rock and water which underlie any given point of its surface. But the surface itself, and the lower stratum of the air, are his proper and peculiar sphere; and narrow as these limits are, when compared with the vast dimensions of all around and above them, God has so disposed the objects existing within them—has so proportioned the faculties of man to the phenomena which immediately surround him—*that there is no emotion of sublimity or grandeur comprehensible by our nature, which may not be called forth in our daily walk by objects* perceptible to the naked eye, by sounds audible to the unassisted ear, and forces tangible by the bare hand. The vault of heaven, seen by the shepherd on the hills, is as great and glorious a spectacle as can be realised by the most strenuous imagination of the astronomer. We may reflect that the mountains which surround us would seem but mole hills, and the torrent which flows by our feet a thread hardly discernible, in the eyes of beings capable of beholding the surface of the earth from a sufficient distance; yet there is no capacity for ideas of magnitude and grandeur in our nature which the aspect of the mountains actually seen by us does not fill; and if we would paint to ourselves the mighty vortex of the world, and suns and stars running the races of eternity, from the ends of space, round the central throne of the universe, we shall find no image in our minds of greater or nobler adequacy than that of the actual running river visibly evident to our senses:—

> "Swift unimaginably swift,
> Soft spins the earth, and glories bright
> Of mid-day Eden, change and shift
> To shades of deep and spectral night
> The vexed sea foams, waves leap and moan,
> And chide the rocks with insult hoarse,
> And wave and rock are hurried on,
> And sun and stars in endless course."

Small therefore, relatively, to the great world of the *Cosmos*, as the ob-

jects and phenomena may be which are transacted immediately around us, they are infinitely great and majestic to us, who, in truth, can comprehend nothing greater, however we may argue that there are things to which the greatest of these are little in comparison. The delight which we feel in participating in Humboldt's emotions, when he stands to contemplate the falls of the Orinoco, or the cone of Chimborazo, is a complete pleasure, not to be added to by anything in its kind. Coleridge's hymn in the vale of Chamouni fills all our capacity for the adoration of God in his works, and leaves us nothing to desire in additional height for the mountain, expansion for the vault of heaven, or rapidity or force for "Arve and Arveiron fiercely glad."

All within these limits is the province of Physical Geography. In this enlarged topography, the currents of the ocean and atmosphere, the gradations of heat and electricity, the distributions of plants and animals, and the geological structure of the globe, have the same claims on the ingenuity of the map-maker as the delineation of sea and land in ordinary geography. No study more agreeable can be conceived than an atlas of maps of this kind. There is no department in all the vast region of which we have been writing but has here its appropriate illustration. From the depths of the ocean to the heights of the atmosphere, the whole theatre in which God conducts our drama of animated nature is exposed. We shall turn to the largest and most perfect of the numerous works of this kind with which science has lately obliged the world—the superb "Physical Atlas" of Johnston*—and endeavour to explain the series of panoramas of air, water, earth, and organic existence which its successive plates present to us.

In the *Cosmos* of Humboldt we begin from the remotest bounds of space; and descending from the furthest recognisable nebulæ, through phalanx after phalanx of fixed stars, to our own solar system, at last arrive at the earth. In approaching the subject in this way, the first field of observation on which we find ourselves cast is the ærial envelope formed by the atmosphere. It was not without reason that the ancients deified the air, and counted the "Prince of the Powers of the Air" among the mightiest of the angels. Out of it all the breath of our past and subsisting life has been drawn, and all animated beings at their departure have breathed back their lives into that common reservoir of vitality. Not only is it the receptacle of life, but the medium of sound and motion, and the menstruum of transmutation. Through it the waters are lifted up, and dispersed day by day over the dry land. All the augmentations of growing things come through or out of it, and are resolved back again through or into its substance.

The great phenomena of the air, which can best be represented by the map-maker, are its tidal currents, or

* "The Physical Atlas; a series of Maps and Illustrations, exhibiting the Geographical Distribution of Natural Phenomena." By Alexander Keith Johnston, F.R.G.S.; F.G.S, Geographer at Edinburgh in Ordinary to her Majesty, &c., &c. Based on the *Physikalisker Atlas* of Professor H. Berghaus, with the co-operation in their several departments of Sir David Brewster, K.H.; Professors J. D. Forbes, Edward Forbes, and J. P. Nichol; Dr. Ami Boue; G. R. Waterhouse, Esq.; J. Scott Russell, Esq.; and Dr. Gustav. Kombst. Divisions—Geology, Hydrography, Meteorology, Natural History. Edinburgh and London. 1849.

We subjoin the titles of other cognate works which have been issued cotemporaneously.—

1. "The Gallery of Nature; a Pictorial and Descriptive Tour through the Creation, illustrative of the Wonders of Astronomy, Physical Geography, and Geology." By the Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A. London: Wm. S. Orr and Co. 1848.

2. "Atlas of Physical Geography, constructed by Augustus Peterman, F.R.G S., &c., with descriptive letterpress, embracing a general view of the Physical Phenomena of the Globe." By the Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A. London: Wm. S. Orr and Co. 1849.

3 "A Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy, and of Physical and Political Geography, &c., with descriptive letterpress." By Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A. London: Wm. S Orr and Co. 1849.

constant and periodic winds, its watery precipitations, and its zones of varying heat and electrical tension. It is still true, as when the inspired words were written, that, so far as human knowledge goes, the wind, in its minor multitudinous currents, "bloweth whither it listeth;" but the great movements of the aerial tides are as regular, though perhaps not as easy of explanation to the intelligence, as the tides of the sea. The air at the equator, lifted upward by the rarefying beams of the sun, continually draws in below a stream of cold air to supply its place from the poles. If the earth stood still, the consequence would be a direct circulation of hot air above, from the equator to the poles, and of cold air beneath, from the poles to the equator. But the equatorial current, as it rises, carries with it the rapidity of the earth's diurnal motion from west to east, which is greatest at the equator, and nothing at the poles. The polar currents, on the other hand, starting with no rotatory velocity, lag behind the progressively increasing movement of the surface as they rush midward, causing throughout two broad regions on either side of the equator the continuous reverse currents, from east to west, of the trade winds. Now, the supernatant currents, carrying their equatorial velocity into the upper region of the air, as they rush off towards the poles, begin to part with their heat, and to resume their density, and sink half-way, preserving enough of their initial velocity to constitute two other wide regions bordering the zones of the trade winds in either hemisphere, in which the general movement of the atmosphere is obliquely from west to east. Such is the generally received theory of the great wind-zones of permanent direction; but the mind experiences a difficulty in imagining the access of the continuous polar in-draught through the interposed medium of descending equatorial currents; and however well disposed to believe that, what has satisfied so many acute observers ought to be satisfactory, remains reluctantly unsatisfied. Still less conclusive is the explanation of the Monsoons, or periodic winds which, following the declination of the sun, blow in reverse directions each alternate half year, from the Chinese Sea to the Persian Gulf, displacing a wide tract of the zone of the trade winds; and profound uncertainty rests on the origin and causes of the tyfoons and hurricanes which move through certain regions of the earth's atmosphere, in paths resembling those of comets through space—whence they come, and whither they go, alike unknown.

There are few things in science more impressive than the reserve with which great learning expresses itself, where less-informed teachers make no difficulty of accounting for everything on established principles. We cannot read Humboldt's cautious generalisations on the causes of the monsoons, without perceiving that a thousand difficulties were present to his mind —

"In parts of the globe where radiation acts on very extensive continental and oceanic surfaces in certain relative positions to each other, as between the east coast of Africa and the west coast of the peninsula of India, its effects are shown in the monsoons of the Indian seas—the Hippalos of the Greek navigators. As the direction of the monsoons varies with the declination of the sun, their periodical character was early recognised, and turned to the use of man. In the knowledge of the monsoons, as well as in the still more ancient and general knowledge of land and sea breezes, there lay, as it were, enveloped and concealed, the hidden germ of that meteorological science which is now making such rapid progress."—*Cosmos*, vol. i., p. 311.

The land and sea breezes which, throughout the tropical countries, compensate so advantageously for the uniform direction of the trade winds (since without such a provision navigation must have been almost altogether in one direction), appear plainly enough to be due to the greater capacity for receiving and radiating heat in land than in sea surfaces. The land, heating more rapidly than the sea during the day, rarefies the air above it, which, ascending, draws in the sea breeze to supply its place, just as in the theory of the trade winds, the polar in-draught is supposed to supply the ascending columns of rarefied air at the equator. The land, again, cooling more rapidly than the sea during the night, sends off the

heavy columns of its subsiding atmosphere to displace the now comparatively rare strata covering the warmer surface of the sea. In this alternate action we perceive a kind of rotation characteristic of all the great operations of natural agents. A successive presentation to and withdrawal from the sun's heat, of differently constituted surfaces, disturbs the equilibrium of the air, and makes it circulate, just as a similar successive exposure of each portion of the oceanic surface to the sun's and moon's attractive, as well as heating action, causes the multitudinous circulation of the tides and currents of the sea. Where one action ends, another is already begun. At the equator only, where, on the theory we have supposed, the advancing currents from either pole would encounter, a belt of indeterminate aerial direction surrounds the whole middle of the world, and separates the zones of the trade winds by a narrow region of calms, compressed, it might seem, into inaction by equal opposing forces on both sides. Here, however, the process of electrical circulation makes up for the absence of continuous aerial currents, and the hurricane often whirls through the tranquil expanse in its terrible gyrations. We shall not pause here to do more than indicate, in passing, the analogous actions of the circulation of the waters which supply the land surface of the earth with moisture, or the circulation of the vital fluids in vegetable and animal tissues, all which point to a wonderful and sublime uniformity of method in God's conduct of operations so diversified as these various processes seemingly are, but shall return for a little time to that beneficent arrangement of the land and sea breeze, and enjoy their refreshing alternation in the cheerful language of Dampier :—

"These sea breezes," says this famous sea captain, "do commonly rise in the morning about nine o'clock—sometimes sooner—sometimes later. They first approach the shore so gently, as if they were afraid to come near it · oftentimes they make some faint breathings, and, as if not willing to offend, they make a halt, and seem ready to retire. I have waited many a time, both ashore to receive the pleasure, and at sea to take the benefit of it.

"It comes in a fine, small black curl upon the water, whereas all the sea between it and the shore, not yet reached by it, is as smooth and even as glass, in comparison. In half an hour after it has reached the shore, it blows pretty briskly, and so increaseth gradually till twelve o'clock; then it is commonly strongest, and lasts so till two or three, a very brisk gale. After three o'clock it begins to die away again, and gradually withdraws its force till all is spent; and about five o'clock, sooner or later, according as the weather is, it is lulled asleep, and comes no more till the next morning.

"Land breezes are quite contrary to the sea breezes, for these blow right *from* the shore, but the sea breeze right in *upon* the shore; and as the sea breezes do blow in the day and rest in the night, so, on the contrary, these do blow in the night and do rest in the day, and so they do alternately succeed each other; for when the sea breezes have performed their offices of the day, by breathing on their respective coasts, they, in the evening, do either withdraw from the coast or lie down to rest. Then, the land winds, whose office it is to breathe in the night, moved by the order of Divine impulse, do rouse out of their private recesses, and gently fan the air till the next morning, and then their task ends, and they leave the stage. . . . .

"These winds are an extraordinary blessing to those that use the sea in any part of the tropics; for as the constant trade winds do blow, there could be no sailing in these seas, but by the help of the sea and land breezes, ships will sail 200 or 300 leagues, as particularly from Jamaica to the Lagune of Trist, in the Bay of Campeachy, and then back again, all against the trade wind."

We borrow these refreshing passages of Dampier from the "Introduction to Meteorology" of Dr. Purdie Thomson,* a work of a full and well-assorted mind, to which we shall often refer in the department now engaging our attention.

The land breeze of the tropics is repeated, as it were, vertically, in the alternate upward and downward cur-

* "Introduction to Meteorology." By David Purdie Thomson, M.D. Edinburgh and London. 1849.

rents which have been observed in lofty mountain chains, upward breezes blowing during the day, and downward breezes throughout the night. All seem referable to the same operation of the warmth of the sun acting on adjacent surfaces of different heating capacities. In all, the same circulatory process is apparent, whether the period be continuous, as in the trade-winds; or biennially periodic, as in the monsoons of India, and Etesian winds of the Levant; or diurnal, as in the land and sea breezes of the tropical coasts; and in all, the currents once set in motion, as they must have begun to be, on the first separation of land and sea, have probably continued without other intermission than that arising from the disturbance of storms, since the creation of the world. We are reminded of the continuous pulsations of an animated being.

But the erratic winds which spring up throughout all parts of the atmosphere, and at all hours and seasons, are placed far beyond the comprehension of these simple motions. In the ocean we see cold currents rushing from either pole towards the equator, and warm currents running contrariwise to the poles; these combining with the double tidal wave which daily sweeps round in the track of the moon, modified by the interposition of islands and continents, and by the uneven surface of the bottom of the sea, keep up, and account for, all the motions of the watery envelope. But excepting the superficial agitation which is excited under the path of the aerial storm, the sea has no disturbances corresponding to the erratic winds and tempests of the atmosphere. These spring up like dreams in the mind of the sleeper, subject, as yet, to no certain law of association or origination. We can only perceive that they begin by two methods of propagation—some being draughts of wind, drawn after the exciting cause; others, darts, as it were, or arrows of the air, cleaving themselves a passage by propulsive force. We can easily understand how a rarefaction of the air, at a particular point, will cause an in-draught of a denser column of air, and how the replacement of that in-draught may draw after it a long train of complementary currents, till the aerial balance be again re-established. We can also, with facility, comprehend how the sinking of the barometer, which tells of the rarefaction at the moment when it occurs, may predict the arrival, by-and-bye, of the gale or storm which may be necessary to restore the broken equipoise. If we adopt the rotatory theory of storms, also, we can perceive how, while the gyrations are carried forward like an advancing whirlpool, the places under one edge of the progressive track will have a violent wind blowing in the reverse direction to the progress of the storm; while at the opposite margin of the track, along which the whirling process takes place, the wind shall be found blowing with the double velocity of its rotatory and progressive motions combined. Thus, what are called "aspiration winds," or winds propagated in a direction contrary to their motion, as the gases which issue from the end of a rocket, are probably parts of rotatory gales observed on the margins of the track of gyration. Thus, the case mentioned by Franklin, of a violent wind from the north-east, which blew one evening at Philadelphia, about seven o'clock, and was felt the same night at eleven o'clock at Boston, to the north-east of the former place, blowing an hour later for every hundred miles it travelled backwards, was probably the outer edge of such an aerial whirlpool, which, although doubling back on its own march at one margin, was all the while borne forward as part of the advancing column. If the barometer invariably fell before the approach of high winds, we should conclude that all storms were in-draughts; and that whether, in their progress, they acquired a rotatory motion within themselves, giving rise to such phenomena as those last mentioned, or drew their *entrainements* of supplementary currents straight after them, they were alike due to the efforts of the air to restore its own broken equipoise; but the barometer does not sink before the advent of all gales; nor is its sinking always due to rarefaction only; and there are sudden gusts of excited portions of the atmosphere which rush out without premonition of any kind, like passions in the breast of a madman, destructive and terrible,

the manifestations of another and more mysterious mode of electricity.

If we observe the flight of a boomerang through the first half of its course, after leaving the hand of the thrower, we have a lively representation of the course of the tropical hurricane. Like the boomerang, the advancing vortex whirls along, in nearly a straight line, to a certain distance, then turning back on its former track, returns by the opposite limb of an elliptical curve, till its propulsive force is expended—a series of vortices within a vortex. The tornado is, in truth, an aerial boomerang, thrown by a mightier hand than man's; and so strikingly analogous are the courses of the two, throughout the first part of their career, that we need not be surprised if a further investigation of the law of storms should shew the returning track of the hurricane completed, and possibly repeated behind, as in the reduplicating flight of the Australian weapon.

But hitherto the tracks of all hurricanes appear to be parabolas, of which the vertices invariably point to the west, and in which the storm invariably proceeds from the equatorial to the polar limb. Thus in the great Indian ocean the hurricane turns back, after having rushed up from Borneo or Sumatra towards the coast of Madagascar, and expends its returning gyrations over the southern Australian seas. In the West Indian seas, on the other hand, the tornado, arriving from the African side of the Atlantic, sweeps into the Gulf of Florida, and curving northward and westward back on its course, goes off by the coast of the United States and the bank of Newfoundland. To revert to the illustration of the boomerang. it is as if the giant of the storm, standing on the equator, with his back to the east, flung the aerial whirl-bat into the northern hemisphere from his left hand, and into the southern from his right; but here arises a most remarkable difference. The course of rotation of the advancing vortex in the southern hemisphere is from left to right, like that of the hands of a watch—west, north, east; in the northern hemisphere it is from right to left—east, north, west. Such seems the result established from a multitude of observations by scientific investigators. The credit of the discovery is perhaps divisible between Colonel Reid and Professor Dove, of Berlin, who deduces this result from general reasonings on the law of conflicting polar and equatorial currents. The attestation of the law by observed facts appears to have been reserved, in a great measure, for Colonel Reid, who we observe has just issued a second work on the law of storms.* Capper and Redfield had, we believe, suggested the general theory of progressive rotation, which Colonel Reid, Dove, Thom, and others confirmed; and now in this singular distinction between the northern and southern tornados, our sea-captains appear to have attained a further guide for steering themselves out of dangers in which only a few years ago all human skill and foresight were at nought.

Looking at Mr. Johnston's extension of Berghaus's "Map of the Distribution of the Currents of the Air" ("Physical Atlas, Meteorology," No. 2) we have all these considerations suggested to the eye in exact lines and figures. We see on either side of the equatorial region of calms, the broad belts of the trade winds of slightly variable width, according to the unequal distribution of sea and land; the northern belt and a portion of the southern overlaid by the collateral currents of the Indian monsoons. Next to these we observe the regions of the descending equatorial columns, still whirled forward with part of their first velocity as they march northward, prevailing over the lagging course of the polar supplies. Along the several coasts where similar relations of sea and land to those of the Indian peninsula produce minor monsoons, we observe the periodic coastwinds indicated on the Guinea, Brazilian, and Mexican coasts. Starting westward, with a west and south obliquity, out of each zone of the trade winds, red lines indi-

* "The Progress of the Development of the Law of Storms and of the Variable Winds, with the Practical Application of the Subject to Navigation. Illustrated by Charts and Wood-cuts." By Lieutenant-Colonel William Reid, C.B., F.R.S., of the Corps of Royal Engineers. London: Weale. 1849.

cate the track of the hurricanes passing from the tropics through the West Indian archipelago on the north, and the southern Indian ocean on the south, into the temperate zones of either hemisphere; and a triangular space similarly distinguished on the eastern verge of the district of the Indian monsoons, shows the region of the tyfoons. Conspicuous among the hurricane tracks of the northern hemisphere, we remark that of the great storm of November, 1836. Its direction is nearly straight from the coast of Newfoundland to the interior of Lithuania, where its force seems to have expired. Assuming this to be the northern limb of such a parabola as the other hurricane-tracks of the Atlantic describe, the path of this tempest, in its earlier stages may probably have passed through the Gulf of Mexico, and round northward by the western states of North America; but although when it visited us, and throughout all its track that has been observed, its progressive direction was from west to east, there seems no reason to doubt that it was a regular hurricane of rotation, and as such must, in accordance with all observations hitherto made, have commenced near the equator with a primary movement from east to west. In accordance also with the rule propounded by Dove and Colonel Reid, its secondary or internal gyratory motion must throughout have been from right to left, or from eastward by north to west; but how this corresponds with observed facts we are not in a position to say.

Directing our attention now to the minor diagrams which occupy portions of the margin of Mr. Johnston's map, we find, in the left-hand corner, a chart of the courses of no less than fourteen hurricanes, which have traversed the West Indian archipelago between 1780 and 1837, constructed by Mr. Redfield of New York. The general track lies to the seaward of St. Domingo, enveloping the Leeward Islands and the Bahamas. Jamaica occupies a position of comparative impunity, and Bermuda lies just outside the district of disturbance on the opposite side. One cannot help being struck with the identity of direction between these aerial disturbances and the great gulf-stream which flows beneath; but there is no corresponding oceanic current in the region of the hurricanes of the Indian ocean, and probably the coincidence is only in appearance.

At the top of the map we find a somewhat similar chart of the progress of the great Rodriguez hurricane, of April, 1843, from Thom's "Inquiry into the Nature and Course of Storms in the Indian Ocean."* Here we perceive the contrary course of rotation, though the general law of progression from the equator westward and back towards the temperate region is the same as in the Atlantic storms. The construction of Mr. Thom's chart was conducted in this manner:—

"A series of diagrams was projected, showing the position of all the vessels involved in the storm, and the direction of the wind at noon each day. From the veering of the wind and the state of the weather, &c., obtained by examining the log-books, and the general direction of the arrows indicating that of the wind, a point was fixed on as the probable focus of the hurricane, round which concentric lines were drawn enclosing all the arrows. When this was done for each day, the centres so ascertained were transfixed to their proper position on the chart, when it was found that the foci occupied a regular curving line, extending from latitude 10° S. to the southern tropic; and that they were separated from each other by intermediate distances, gradually diminishing in length as the track diverged from the equator.'

The description is not as lucid as the chart; but from it we collect that the hurricane, during its early stages, advanced at the rate of from 220 to 230 miles a-day, and gradually diminished in progressive speed, and increased in rotatory diameter, as it receded from the equator.

But Colonel Reid's chart of the "Culloden Storm," in March, 1809, which we find in the right-hand corner of this singularly copious map of Mr. Johnston, is still more interesting. The East India fleet under the convoy of the line-of-battle ship the Culloden, homeward-bound, encountered this hurricane on the 12th March. In

* London. 1845.

the diagram we see them as first caught on that day in the northern, or equatorial limb of the storm-track, on the inside margin of the current of rotation. On the 13th, they are carried 300 miles further westward along the axis of the storm, somewhat decreasing their distance to the margin, beyond which would be safety. On the 14th they pass still closer (driving still in the direction of the axis of the storm) to the marginal bordering; and the Indus, drifting a little south, just attains to the verge, but is immediately drawn in again. The Northumberland, more fortunate, though still unfortunate, extricates herself during the 15th and 16th, but still continuing her course westward, early on the 17th, falls in with the fury of the hurricane again, now wheeling round in its course, and doubling back in its reverse track, just as a comet at its perihelion. The Euphrates, Huddart, and Pitt, clearing still further out from the margin of the northern limb, spend the 16th and 17th in security in the calm intermediate waters; but, holding on their westerly course in like manner as the Northumberland, the Huddart, on the 18th, again becomes involved in the hurricane, and founders. The Culloden, in the meantime, followed by the rest of the fleet, continues to drive westward with the body of the storm, like an argumentator unable to escape from a vicious circle, until, on the 19th, having crossed the axis of the tornado on the 10th, they at length break through the whirling barriers of the wind, and emerge on the outer sea, with the loss of four sail foundered. About the same time that these vessels became so engaged in the upper, or north-eastern limb of the hurricane, the Nereide, and the Harrier, and Racehorse were coming up, outward-bound, from the south-west. The Nereide, on the 16th, meets the head of the storm, which hurries her off for that whole day under bare poles, as a charging column, wheeling right shoulders forward, would hurry along a stray skirmisher. The Harrier is last seen, on the 15th, just entering the fatal track over which the tornado is about to advance; and the Racehorse is left lying-to in the middle of the southern limb, where it appears she lay on the starboard tack, helpless, for twenty hours, till the tornado passed by.

From Colonel Reid's last work we extract illustrative passages from two ships' logs, as better than any landsman's description, both of the way these things actually present themselves to men at sea, and of the growing appreciation and use of the rotatory theory, in enabling ship captains to steer clear of the focus of danger. The first is from the log of the ship Runnymede, Captain Doughty, from England to Calcutta:—

"At 8 30, the larboard quarter boat was torn from the davits, and blown across the poop, carrying away the binnacle, and crushing the hen-coops in its passage. At 9, p.m., wind if possible increasing, the foremast broke into three pieces, carrying away with it the jib-boom, main and mizen topmasts, starboard cathead, and mainyard, the main and mizen masts alone standing. At 10, p.m., the wind and rain so severe that the men could not hold on the poop; baling the water from between decks, which is forced down the hatches, but the ship is quite tight, and proving herself to be a fine sea-boat. The pumps attended to, drawing out the water forced down hatches, mast coats and top-sides forward.

"11th November.—Hurricane equally severe, wind S.E. (bar. 28 0), the gusts so terrific, mixed with drift and rain, that no one could stand on deck; advantage was therefore taken of the lulls to drain the ship out and clear the wreck. The starboard bower anchor, hanging only by the shank painter and the stock (iron), working into the ship's side, the chain was unshackled and the anchor cut away. Noon, Lat. Acct 11 deg. 6 min. N., Long. 95 deg. 20 min. E., no observations since the 7th. Barometer apparently rose a little. Hurricane equally severe in the gusts; the ship perfectly unmanageable, from her crippled state, but riding like a sea-bird over a confused sea, running apparently from every point of the compass. A large barque, with loss of topmasts and mainyard, drifted ahead of us, and a brig was seen to leeward totally dismasted. At 4, p.m., barometer fell to 27 70, and Cummins's mineral sympiesometer left the index-tube. Hurricane blowing terrifically; the front of the poop to leeward, cabin-door and skylights torn away, and expecting every moment the poop to be torn off her. The severity of the wind is beyond description, *there is nothing to*

compare to it; for unless present, no one could conceive the destructive power and weight of wind crushing everything before it, as if it were a metallic body At 1, p.m., no abatement; every one, sailor and soldier, doing all in their power to keep the ship free of water; could not stand at the pumps; the water being principally in the between-decks, it was baled out by the soldiers as much as possible.

"12th November.—Midnight, hurricane equally severe; the gusts most awful, and rudder gone. At 1.30, a.m., felt the ship strike."

"The destructive power and weight of the wind" have never, perhaps, been more graphically exemplified. *Quere, how came the barometer to fall under an atmosphere so dense as to be comparable to a metallic body?* Captain Doughty does not seem to have been aware of the rotatory theory; but our next extract from the log of Captain Vine Hall, of the barque Black Nymph, exhibits the fruits of Colonel Reid's aids to navigation in a practical and successful application of his principles —

"About 5, p.m., the barometer still falling, though the weather continued fine, I ordered the crew, employed in cleansing the ship and preparing for harbour, to strike top-gallantmasts and yards, and, indeed, divested the rigging aloft of all top-hamper, and everything that could be spared.

"Done beforehand, all was done quickly and well The barometer still falling, I said to myself, 'Now in reality is coming one of these typhoons,' and having previously been led to pay some attention to the subject, I looked to its approach with a mingled feeling of apprehension and curiosity

"Towards evening I observed a bank in the S E. Night closed in, and the water continued smooth, but the sky looked wildish, the scud coming from the N.E., the wind from *north.* I was much interested in watching for the *commencement* of the gale which I now felt sure was coming, and considering the theory to be correct, it would point out my position with respect to its centre.

"That bank in the S E must have been the meteor approaching us, the N E scud the outer *north-west portion of it;* and when at night a strong gale came on about N. or N.N.W., I felt certain we were on its western and southern verge. It rapidly increased in violence; but I was pleased to see the wind veering to the N.W., as it convinced me that I had put the ship on the right tack, namely, *on the starboard tack,* standing, of course, to the S.W.

"From 10, a.m., to 3, p.m., it blew with great violence, but the ship being well prepared, rode comparatively easy. The barometer was now very low, the wind about W.N W., the centre of the storm passing, doubtless, to the northward of us, and to which we might have been very near, had we, in the first part, put the ship on the larboard tack, and stood to the north-east and towards the centre, instead of on the starboard tack, and to the south-west, the opposite direction.

"About 5, p.m., wind at W.S.W., sensibly decreasing, the barometer rising. At 6, fresh gale; made sail to keep ship steady; a very great sea on, and towards midnight it became a moderate gale. The wind having now become S W. to S.S.W., the ship broke off to S.E. Thinking it a pity to be lying so far out of our course, I wore to N.W, and made sail, but in less than two hours heavy gusts came on, and the barometer began again to fall. I now thought, of course, we were approaching the storm again, and, doubtless, the theory is not mere speculation. I wore again to the S E., and to show more clearly how great a difference a *very short distance nearer to or further* from these storms makes, the weather rapidly improved. The next morning it was fine and moderate, and the wind became S E, with a heavy-running westerly swell Until the afternoon there was a dark wild appearance in the westward, which seemed to me another proof that it was the meteor which had *the day before appeared in the S.E.,* and whose course had been from S.E to N W., passing a little northward of our position"

Next to the aerial currents, we arrive at the watery precipitations of the atmosphere, exhibited on a like chart of the world, and also extended and improved from an original of Berghaus. The map ("P. A. Meteorology," No. 3) exhibits the relative quantities of rain yearly precipitated on the different parts of the earth's surface. We are at once struck with the belt of dark shading which surrounds the earth at the equator. Here the heat and humidity are greatest, and the evaporation greatest; the air has consequently a heavier surcharge of moisture to return to the surface; and throughout the tract between the zones of the trade winds, this watery circulation goes forward with hardly

any intermission. Continual electrical discharges accompany the process. It is a region of calms, but also of rains and thunder. Without the agency of electrical tension, the atmosphere could not contain such charges of moisture. The mixture of currents of unequal temperature, both saturated, but not yet overflowing with watery vapour, may account for the disengagement and precipitation of light showers of rain; but some uplifting and repellent power must reside in the thunder-cloud, which, floating in the atmosphere, carries in its bosom a cargo of water-drops of the weight of thousands of tons. Whence comes the peculiar character of this equatorial belt of the earth? The sun traverses it twice in the year, as it does the other tropical latitudes; yet it neither partakes of the trade winds, nor of the periodic rains of the rest of the inter-tropical districts. Are there here peculiar telluric agencies which repel the aerial currents? However it be, the daily rains which sweep over the equator disappear for the alternate six months in the zones of the trade winds on either side, where biennially periodic torrents follow the ascending and receding declinations of the sun, varying also in their precipitation over the regions affected by the monsoons, according to the alternations of the latter. But the prevalence of particular winds in these regions, although it may explain the greater humidity of the coasts towards which they blow from sea, as on the eastern coasts of Africa and South America, which are certainly much more moist than their respective western coasts (in South America, indeed, a portion of the western coast is permanently rainless), will not, *per se*, account for the periodic division of the year into a wet and dry season; and we are again driven to speculate on some cause more adequate than science has as yet distinctly indicated to us. The cautious Humboldt holds out no very encouraging prospect of a speedy solution of these difficulties:—

"The meteorological portion of the description of nature, which we are now concluding, shows that the various processes which the vast aerial ocean presents—the absorption of light, the disengagement of heat, the variation of elastic force, the hygrometric condition, and the electric tension—are all so intimately connected, that each separate meteorological process is simultaneously modified by all the rest. This complexity of disturbing causes (which reminds us involuntarily of those which the near, and especially the small, cosmical bodies, the satellites, comets, and shooting stars, encounter in their course through space) makes it very difficult to give the full interpretation of meteorological phenomena; and the same cause greatly limits or wholly precludes the possibility of that prediction of atmospheric changes, which would be so important for agriculture, and horticulture, for navigation, and for the conveniences and pleasures of life. . . . . The simultaneous thermic and hygrometric modifications of the upper regions of the atmosphere (when direct observations on mountains or in aerostatic ascents are wanting) can be sought only by hypothetical combinations, whereby the barometer may indeed serve also to determine temperature and moisture. Important changes of weather do not usually arise from a local cause situated at the place of observation itself; their origin is to be looked for in a disturbance of the equilibrium of the currents of the atmosphere which has begun afar off, and generally not at the surface of the earth, but in the higher regions, and which, bringing with it either warm or cold, dry or moist air, either renders the sky and the atmosphere cloudy and thick, or serene and clear, by transforming the towering masses of cumuli into light feathery cirrous clouds. As, therefore, the inaccessibility of the primary phenomena is added to the multiplicity and complication of disturbances, it has always appeared to me that meteorology must seek its foundations and its advance first in the torrid zone; in those more favoured regions where the same breezes always blow, and where the ebb and flow of atmospheric pressure, the course of hydro-meteors, and the phenomena of electric explosions, all recur periodically."—Sabine's *Cosmos*, pp. 336–8.

We have adverted to a rainless tract on the coast of Peru; raising the eyes to the upper part of the map, we are struck with other similar tracts, but of vastly greater dimensions:—the Zahara, or northern desert of Africa; the peninsula of Arabia, and highlands of the Persian plateau; the vast desert of Tartary; and another portion of the new world, embracing the table-land of Mexico, and a portion of California. The presence of the Andes, the Himalayas, and the Rocky

Mountains on the verges of three of these great tracts, and the probability that they arrest the clouds, borne by the prevailing winds towards the rainless districts, would seem to favour the idea of a similarly circumstanced cordillera in Africa, and to confirm the supposed position of the Mountains of the Moon. Or it may be that, independently of mountain barriers, the ascending currents of hot air from the arid surface of the Zahara vaporise any moisture that the winds may bring, and prevent it assuming the form of rain. The aridity of the surface is thus perpetuated, and the herbless plain and rainless atmosphere react on one another in eternal sterility.

Beyond the regions of the periodic rains, we perceive the relative quantity gradually decrease towards the poles. Observation, in fact, shows that the average quantity of rain between the tropics in one year is, in round numbers, eight feet; in the temperate latitudes five feet, and in the arctic regions from three to one foot, being a mean amount for the whole of five feet. That is to say, if all the rain that falls in a year (not allowing for what is constantly taken up again by evaporation) were spread out in one sheet over the surface of the earth, it would form a pond of five feet in depth. At this rate, it is probable that all the waters of the earth have already passed more than once through the circulating system of the atmosphere.

But where the greatest quantity of rain falls, the rainy days, singular to say, are not so many in proportion to the fair days, as in the countries where the amount of precipitation is comparatively small.

"In general the number of rainy days is greatest near the sea, and decreases in proportion, the further we penetrate into the interior. On the eastern side of Ireland it rains on 208 days; in the Netherlands on 170; in England, France, and the north of Germany, and in the Gulf of Finland, on from 152 to 155 days; on the plateau of Germany, on 131; and in Poland, on 158 days; while on the plains of the Volga, at Kasan, it rains on 90; and in the interior of Siberia, only on 60 days in the year. In Western Europe it rains on twice as many days as in Eastern Europe; in Ireland on three times as many days as in Italy and the south of Spain."—*Physical Atlas, Meteor.* p. 7.

The general rain-map, of which we have spoken so far, is necessarily in some of its parts constructed on imperfect data; but it is followed by a "hyetographic," or rain-map of Europe ("P. A. Meteorol." No. 4) constructed with extraordinary nicety, and laid out in curves of equal humidity, with as much exactness as a geodetical map, with contour lines of elevation. Here we see our own rainy island unhappily enveloped in the margin of an atlantic field of excessive humidity, which embraces no other portion of the adjoining land, except single points of Cornwall and of Britanny respectively. The consideration of this impressive picture of our natural condition, as contrasted with the dry, airy plains of France and England, may admonish us that it is vain for a people living in such a climate as ours to contend with rivals so circumstanced, in the production of wheat; and that the growth of green crops, and the rural wealth of cattle-products, are the true objects of our agricultural exertions.

The production of hail and snow in the atmosphere seems to be an immediate effect of electrical agency. The poles of excessive cold coincide pretty nearly with the magnetic poles. Electric explosions are often accompanied by the fall, not only of meteoric stones, but of masses of ice:—such a mass, the size of an elephant, is alleged to have fallen, in the end of the last century, in India. The sudden evolution of hail during a summer thunder-shower is familiar to us all. The snow-flakes, luminous with their electric charge, have been witnessed by Humboldt. It is in the region of ice and snow that the Aurora tinges the northern heavens with the splendours of its magnetic flashes. But we are here on the confines of an inquiry into the magnetical modes of electricity, where, we must remember, Humboldt has warned us "a premature satisfaction can only be obtained by those who permit themselves to set aside, as erroneous, all these phenomena which are inconsistent with their own views."

The suspension of fogs in the atmosphere also indicates the presence of some highly elastic, sustaining power. We here have the vapourised molecules coalesced into watery globules, which we can perceive around us, yet they do not fall as rain-drops.

We read of a fog in Westphalia, which being blown on a forest, and there frozen, by its weight uprooted trees of three feet in diameter. How was that great weight of watery particles sustained in the thin medium of the air? Dr. Thompson collects notices of a great number of remarkable fogs, among which we would particularise a luminous fog seen off the Cape Verde islands, in which Ehrenberg found (but, indeed, where does he not find?) innumerable silicious infusory animalcules; and the great fog of 1783:—

"It prevailed over the adjoining continent, and produced much fear that the end of all things was at hand. It appeared first at Copenhagen, on the 29th of May; reached Dijon on the 14th June, and was perceived in Italy on the 16th. It was noticed at Spydberg, in Norway, on the 22nd, and at Stockholm two days later; the following day it reached Moscow. On the 23rd it was felt on the St. Gothard and at Buda. By the close of that month it entered Syria; and on the 18th of July reached the Altai Mountains in Asia. Before its appearance at these places the condition of the atmosphere was not similar; for in this country it followed continued rains; in Denmark it succeeded fine weather of some continuance; and in other places it was preceded by high winds. The sun at noon looked rusty-red, reminding one of the lines of Milton. The heat was intense during its continuance, and the atmosphere was highly electric. Lightnings were awfully vivid and destructive. In England many deaths arose from this cause, and a great amount of property was lost. In Germany, public edifices were thrown down or consumed by it; and in Hungary one of the chief northern towns was destroyed by fires, caused by the electric fluid, which struck it in nine different places. In France there were extraordinary hailstones and violent winds. In Silesia there were great inundations. The dry fogs of 1782-83 were accompanied by influenza; at St. Petersburgh 40,000 persons were immediately attacked by it; after the thermometer had suddenly risen 30 deg. Calabria and Sicily were convulsed by earthquakes; in Iceland a volcano was active, and about the same time, one sprung out of the sea off Norway. The co-existence of dry fogs with earthquakes and volcanic eruptions had been previously observed, *e. g.*, in the years 526, 1348, 1721; and since then, in 1822 and 1834."

A somewhat similar fog overspread London before the cholera of 1831, and the influenza of 1847. Hecker ("Epidemics of the Middle Ages") has collected notices of various phenomena of this kind, which have preceded the great continental plagues, and have often been characterised by offensive odours. The industry of Hecker has, however, been exceeded by Dr. Thomson.

We have nowhere met so full a catalogue of portentous aeriel phenomena as Dr. Thomson's. We omit the ordinary terrors of thunder-storms and water-spouts, and proceed to meteors of more uncommon occurrence. The enumeration of the various recorded falls of meteoric stones, and meteoric masses of iron, is particularly copious. Adopting the theory which regards these masses as portions of other planetary bodies—fragments, perhaps, of broken or exploded stars—which, after long wandering in space, have fallen within the sphere of the earth's attraction, they convey to us the striking declaration, that the *materiel* of the universe is the same throughout; and if the material be fundamentally the same, is it not probable that its combinations and developments have also a certain analogy throughout; so that separated as God's manifold creations are, in space, there may exist amongst even the remotest of them a general relationship, perhaps the capacity for a common sympathy? The idea of the planetary system having originated in successively detached rings thrown off from a common nucleus, seems also fortified by these attestations from the depths of space. Pausing to contemplate such bodies as messengers from the external world, Humboldt rises to a fine eloquence:—

"A meteoric stone affords us the only possible contact with a substance foreign to our planet. Accustomed to know non-telluric bodies solely by measurement, by calculation, and by the inferences of our reason, it is with a kind of astonishment that we touch, weigh, and analyse a substance appertaining to the world without: the imagination is stimulated, and the intellect aroused and animated, by a spectacle in which the uncultivated mind sees only a train of fading sparks in the clear sky, and apprehends, in the black stone which falls from the thundering cloud, only the rude product of some wild force of nature."

It is not often, however, that the aged philosoper, in his last and, at present, his most renowned work,* mingles much of the fire of youthful speculation with his cautious generalisations. In truth, the *Cosmos* of Humboldt, though a grand, is a cold composition. The caution of great learning, increased by the sedateness of years, gives to his great pictures a bareness to which the mind, with difficulty, reconciles itself; and the distances between the vast objects presented are themselves so vast, that it requires an effort of the intellect, not unfrequently attended with fatigue, to follow their connexions. The imaginative faculty, the parent of all inductive discovery, is chained down to the positive statement of facts as they now exist; and the charm which speculation adds to ascertained knowledge, is rarely suffered to soften or harmonise their rigid outlines. Passing from the cold and remote statements of the first part of the *Cosmos*, to that part of his treatise which deals with the history of science, Humboldt, in the midst of profound learning, wanders into topics disproportionate to the grandeur of his undertaking. The scope of the whole is so immeasurable, that we experience an impatient sense of obstruction at having to stop to read a pretty, though tame, description of mountain scenery by Basil, or an interesting, though petty, episode on Chinese gardening. Not that either the one or the other is, in itself, deficient in interest or in novelty· for it is something new and pleasing to learn that the religious pre-occupation of the mind of Basil did not prevent the philosophic father from enjoying fully the face of nature, and that the botanical gardens of modern civilisation have had their early prototypes beyond the great desert of Tartary, as well as in the precincts of the palace of Solomon; still there is a disparity in the topics, and a want of continuous bearing in their arrangement, which makes the *Cosmos*, as a whole, less attractive than a great work of a great philosopher, matured through many years, and on a subject embracing, in wide outline, the whole scope of human knowledge, might reasonably have been expected to be. But we stray from our immediate subject.

The other objects which fall from the atmosphere, however hard it be to say how they may have got there, are all of undisputed telluric origin. Yet, if we were not assured of each fact on unquestionable testimony, the enumeration of them would surely seem monstrous and incredible. Showers of pollen, of ivy-berries, of farina, of esculent lichens, regarded as *mannas*, falling sometimes an inch thick on the ground—of viscous and gelatinous matters, like mucus, falling with aerolites—of substances resembling milk, ink, blood, and flesh—of fish, mussels, frogs, and worms! It is easy to understand how violent gusts of wind and waterspouts can carry up fish and frogs from suddenly-dried ponds and ditches, and cast them to earth again on the dissolution of their airy vehicle, in rain. The rains of ink, milk, and blood, appear again sufficiently accounted for by the presence of the differently-coloured pollens of plants, of infusorial animalcules, and of volcanic dusts; and even the substances resembling flesh, which from time to time are alleged to have fallen from the air, seem to be accounted for as vegetable incrustations of thermal springs. Such a substance, it appears, has long been known to naturalists:—

"In addition to the abnormal rains described, we would refer to the still stranger phenomena of showers of flesh, fish, frogs, grasshoppers, worms, &c. From the circumstance of substances resembling flesh, covered with skin, having been found upon the earth, it is not surprising that an atmospheric origin should have been assigned to them. We are told by Signor Carlo di Gimbernat, that a substance called zoogène, which bears a striking resemblance to human flesh, both in physical characters and chemical composition, is occasionally met with; that it was found to cover the thermal springs of Baden and Ischia, and was detected on rocks in the valleys of Senigaglia and Negropont, at the base of Epirus, below which, according to some mythologists, Typhon was confined. This product is so singular, that we shall attempt to describe it. It has received several names, *e. g.*, *theiothermine*—Montheim, whose account of it is the best;

* "The Aspects of Nature" (London, Longmans, 1849) is a republication, although so enlarged and annotated as almost to constitute a new work.

glairine, Anglada; *baregine*, Longchamps, from the thermal sulphureous springs of Bareges, in the Pyrenees; *animal extractive, or baregine*, Gairdner. It is found in the mineral springs of Aix-la-Chapelle, Burtscheid, Baden in Austria, Baden in Switzerland, Bagnoles, Ax, Bareges; and by Gimbernat, in the thermal vapours arising from Vesuvius and the Solfatara of Pozzuoli. It was recognised as a distinct substance by Scheuchzer about the beginning of last century, and in 1747 its true animal nature was shown by Lemonnier. Since then its properties have been investigated by Vauquelin and others. It bears a greater resemblance to mucus than to gelatine or tannin, but it does not exactly agree with any one of these; it is unctuous greyish white, and, when cold, inodorous and tasteless; it is soluble in hot water, and then resembles thin beef-tea. It burns with an animal odour, and yields, by destructive distillation, hydrogen and carbonic acid. Caustic alkalies dissolve it, but neither alcohol nor ether; nitric acid disengages nitrogen, as it does from flesh, strong sulphuric, hydro-chloric, and acetic acids feebly precipitate its aqueous solution. Nitrate of silver, and acetate of lead, throw it down, but not copiously. No reaction occurs with corrosive sublimate; tannin produces turbidity, and, after standing, a deposit. The theory of Berthier, that it is the product of air and light upon the surface of thermal springs; and of Fabroni, that it is derived from fossil bones by lixiviation and percolation, are inadmissible. To the latter, its geological situation is a sufficient objection, for it occurs in springs, issuing from rocks of the primary formation, which have no traces of organic remains, not even 'the very elements' of organic compounds. By passing aqueous vapour over red hot coals in an iron tube, Döbereiner obtained, besides gases, a substance closely resembling zoogène."—*Thomson, Meteor.* p. 161.

But besides the preternatural appearances accompanying the fall of rain and explosion of electrical discharges, there are other portentous objects bred in, or developed by disordered conditions of, the atmosphere, of which we cannot read without intense mental stimulation. We know that a minute change in the proportions of the elements which form our atmosphere, would be fatal to man's existence;* but we cannot guess what species of living being might succeed us. Looking back, however, to periods anterior to the appearance of man on the earth, and seeing traces, on the one hand, of a vegetation which must have required a constitution of the air incompatible with human existence; and on the other, the remains of monstrous beasts to which probably that atmosphere yielded their gross breath of life, we may conclude, that if the air were again made unfit for our breathing, our place would not long be left unoccupied by some new animal successors. When, therefore, we observe the advent of wide-spread pestilences, heralded by the development of new or excessive growths of animal, or insect, or vegetable life in the atmos-

* Dr. Thomson sets forth this consideration very forcibly.—"Let us suppose with some, that atmospheric air is a *chemical* compound, an idea argued against by the late Dr. Dalton; or grant, with that great philosopher, that the gases are merely *mechanically blended*, we cannot too much admire the wisdom of the Creator in adjusting the proportions so exactly for the comfort and preservation of his creatures. We have stated, that four vol. of nitrogen and one vol. of oxygen form atmospheric air; or to reduce the ratio to the following standard—say, *two* vol. of nitrogen and *half* a vol. of oxygen compose the air we breathe. *Two* vol. of nitrogen and *one* vol. of oxygen form the nitrous oxide, or *laughing-gas* of Davy—a fluid which, when inhaled for a few minutes, intoxicates; but which would be injurious, if not fatal, if breathed for any length of time. *Two* vol of nitrogen and *two* vol. of oxygen form the nitric oxide—a gas which cannot be respired, for, coming in contact with the atmosphere, it is instantly converted into a poisonous acid, the nitrous acid recognised by its ruddy fumes. *Two* vol. of nitrogen and *three* vol. of oxygen form the hyponitrous acid, which exists only in combination with a base. *Two* vol. of nitrogen and *four* vol. of oxygen form the nitrous acid already mentioned. *Two* vol. of nitrogen and *five* vol. of oxygen compose nitric acid or aqua-fortis, one of the most corrosive and deadly poisons. Thus, of *all* the combinations of these two gases, atmospheric air is the *only* one fit for sustaining life! How easily could the destruction of the [present inhabitants of the] globe be effected, were the Creator to change the proportions of these fluids!"—*Meteor.* p. 13.

[illegible]ere, we are led by a cogent induction to conclude that it is a disorder of the air which breeds the epidemic; and that these are the first growths of that new animal and vegetable kingdom which would succeed the existing one, if mankind were to be swept away. All the great plagues of the middle ages were so heralded. The sudden and excessive growth of a red fungus on the surface of the Elbe, made that river for several days seem to run blood, before the breaking out of one of these pestilences. In 1673 the Nile reddened in the same way, and remained blood-like and putrid for several months. The same ill-omened vegetation, or, as later researches would make it appear, animalcular development, assuming the appearance of *blood spots*, has frequently, on the approach of great epidemics, sprung into life in scattered patches on the clothing and furniture of the people. We may judge of the terror of the multitude on seeing these terrible tokens of what they considered the approaching end of the world. D'Aubigné ("History of the Reformation," book xvi. c. 5) thus describes from the writings of Zwingle, in a somewhat inflated, but vivid and interesting style, the appearance of a phenomenon of this kind:—

"On the 26th July, 1531, during the height of the religious contest, a woman chancing to be alone before her house, in the village of Castelenschloss, suddenly beheld a frightful spectacle—blood springing from the earth all around her. She rushed in alarm into the cottage—but, oh, horrible! blood is flowing everywhere—from the wainscot and from the stones; it falls in a stream from a basin on a shelf, and even the child's cradle overflows with it. The woman imagines that the invisible hand of an assassin has been at work, and rushes in distraction out of doors, crying murder! murder! The villagers, and the monks of a neighbouring convent assemble at the noise—they succeed in partly effacing the bloody stains; but a little later in the day, the other inhabitants of the house, sitting down in terror to eat their evening meal, under the projecting eaves, suddenly discover blood bubbling up in a pond—blood flowing from the loft—blood covering all the walls of the house. Blood—blood—everywhere blood! The bailiffs of Schenkenberg, and the pastor of Dalheim arrive—inquire into the matter, and immediately report it to the Lords of Berne, and to Zwingle."

Concurrently with the blood-spots, a cruciform lichen frequently started into equally sudden growth on the altar-cloths, the vestments, and other damp linen surfaces exposed to the air. The same *signacula* have often terrified observers after violent electrical commotions. Warburton, in his essay on the attempt of Julian to rebuild the Temple, rebukes the scepticism which had ignorantly discredited the statements of Ammian and Nazianzen, that such crosses had appeared on the robes of the priests during the electric explosions which drove the Roman masons from their foundations, by instancing similar appearances observed immediately after thunder-storms which had then recently occurred in England. In our own times, just before the potato blight of 1846, red mould-spots appeared on linen surfaces exposed to the air in bleach-greens, as well as on household linens in Ireland. During the last invasion of epidemic cholera, as we read in a recent number of the *Times*, *Palmella cruenta* was found in abundance, purpling the ground near Oxford, as if red wine or blood had been poured out. In September, 1848, Dr. Eckard of Berlin, while attending a cholera patient, observed the same appearances on a plate of potatoes which had been placed in a cupboard of the patient's house. The potatoes were transmitted for examination to Ehrenberg, who finds the colouring matter to consist of extremely minute animalcula; and, recurring to historical corroborations, the professor adduces a wonderful array of new "blood prodigies." Among these, the notices of "bleeding hosts" are the most frequent; and we read of consecrated wafers and priests' vestments repeatedly exhibiting these horrible appearances, caused, doubtless, from their being usually kept in damp places. The reader who desires to see more on the subject, will find an instructive *resumé* of Ehrenberg's paper in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* for the 13th of the present month of October, from which we extract the following paragraph of portents:—

"Appearances of blood flowing from

bread when bitten are recorded as occurring at Tours in 583, at Spires in 1104, at Namur in 1193, at Rochelle in 1163, and at many other places. At Augsburg, in 1199, a person having kept the consecrated wafer in his mouth, brought it at a later period to the priest changed into flesh and blood. Pilgrimages were not unfrequently made to witness bleeding hosts, as that of Doberan in 1201, and that of Belitz, near Berlin, which had been sacrilegiously sold by a girl to a Jew. In 1296, the Jews at Rotil, near Frankfort, having been reported to have caused a host to bleed which they had bought, a fanatical persecution of these people took place, whereby 10,000 were said to have been slaughtered. Several Jews were burned at Güstrow, in Mecklenburg, for a similar offence In 1492, a priest, one Peter Done, residing in Mecklenburg, sold two hosts to a Jew for the purpose of redeeming a pawn; and they, having pierced them, abundance of blood flowed out. The priest, now tormented with remorse, confessed the transaction, and betrayed the Jews twenty of their number were burned on an eminence at Sternberg, since called Judenberg, and at this very Judenberg did the Mecklenburg deputies recently commence their sittings. In 1510, thirty eight Jews were executed, and then burned, for 'having tormented a consecrated host until the blood came.' The bleeding of the host, produced in consequence of the scepticism of the officiating priest, gave rise to the miracle of Bolsena in 1264, the priest's garment stained with the blood being preserved until quite recent times as a relic. This gave rise to the foundation of the festival of the *Corpus Christi* by Urban IV, although Raphael painting his celebrated picture in 1512, substitutes Julius II."

These and a thousand like instances which moderate industry might collect from the sources first indicated by Hecker,* point to the conclusion that there is a certain electrical status of the air necessary for the healthy development of the existing forms of life; but that the germs of other forms of life, in abundance, lie unseen around us, ready to start into new manifestations of the power and wisdom of God, if it should please him to adapt this vital envelope of our globe to the uses of other occupants. Nay, we might go a step further, and, arguing from the association of moral with physical epidemics—from the delusions of mediæval witchcraft, and the dancing mania and fury of the Flagellants following on the Black Death and Sweating Sickness—infer that the same subtle agency may affect the minds, as well as the bodies of men and demand, whether it may not also be possible that, with new forms of life, an altered condition of the atmosphere might also bring with it new modes of thought and intelligence? For, if the introduction of alcohol into the stomach derange the brain, and if certain gases breathed into the lungs will excite an intoxication of laughter, may it not be equally possible that a disordered air, breathed by a whole community, may breed public frenzies, and drive nations into revolutionary drunkenness? The mental excitation which took place over the East at the period of the spread of Mahomedanism, or throughout Europe at the period of the Reformation—may these not have been due literally to skyey, if not to celestial influences? And, connecting our question with the supposition that the comets which visit our system are not merely useless appendages, but that they impart a something to the medium through which our atmosphere is rolled, or directly to our atmosphere itself, may we not reasonably ask whether, in the judgment of reflecting men, they are to be accounted as merely superstitious astrologers, who regarded these planetary meteors in early times as heralds of pestilence and revolution? We are accustomed to hear modern astronomical schoolmen ridicule the idea of appreciable effects resulting from the contact of these "wisps of vapour;" but we shall not fear to expose ourselves to the charge of superstition, in earnestly praying that the earth in our day may be spared the consequences of such a contact. "If that mist," says Nichol ("Thoughts relating to

* "Epidemics of the Middle Ages," p. 205. Hecker cites Sigbert Gemblacensis; Spangenberg; Hermannus Contractus; Crusius, who tells of a miller's lad who was burned for making sport of the crosses, by painting them; Mezeray; Vincenzo Sette; Angelus (Annales Brandenburg.), and George Agricola.

the System of the World"), speaking of the tail of a recent comet which preceded the earth in its orbit by only fourteen days, "thin though it was, had, with its next to inconceivable swiftness, brushed across our globe, certainly strange tumults must have occurred in our atmosphere; and, probably, no agreeable modification of the breathing medium of organic beings. Right, certainly, to be most curious about comets; but prudent, withal, to inquire concerning them from a greater distance than that: although, one night in Nov., 1837, I cannot be persuaded that the earth did not venture on a similar, but comparatively small experiment." We may dislike the inelegant style of the writer, but we cannot but be struck with the reasonableness of his apprehensions.

A chart of the lines of equal polarisation of the atmosphere follows ("Physical Atlas—Meteorology No. 4"). In the present state of science, the investigations connected with the polarisation of light, that is to say, with those changes in the refrangibility of luminous rays caused by their transmission through particular media, excite the eager attention of philosophers; and the success of Sir David Brewster in mapping out the whole concave of the aerial vault, according to its conditions in this respect, has been eminent and meritorious; but we should have much preferred a map of the lines of magnetic intensity, as more immediately allied with subjects cognizable by the mass of moderately-instructed students, and more interesting for comparison with the other phenomena represented, especially with the chart of line of equal heat in the atmosphere, to which we shall presently more fully refer. Yet we cannot quit this department without again drawing on Dr. Thomson for an amusing, though loosely written, illustration of the effects of atmospheric refraction, as a pendent to the better known examples of the giant of the Brocken, and the huntsmen and horsemen of Souterfell:—

"On the 27th September, 1846, about three p.m., a very extraordinary mirage was witnessed from Clifton Park, Birkenhead, on the Cheshire coast of the Mersey. The author was favored with an account of the phenomenon from an observer. The astonishment of those who were so fortunate as to behold this unique mirage must not have been slight, when they witnessed in the sky, above Liverpool, an image of Edinburgh! The day had been warm, and the sky was serene, with light-grey clouds on the horizon, upon which the enchanting scene was depicted. The principal places in the city were most distinct and clear, and seemed as if laid out by the painter. The mirage continued nearly an hour, and, what is curious, the figures were *erect*. Gazing with delight and wonder at the fairy scene, it was recollected that at that time a *panoramic model* of Edinburgh was being exhibited in the open air, by the side of a pond in the Zoological Gardens of Liverpool, opposite Birkenhead. The scenic representation of the Scottish capital was painted in oil, the front view presenting an angle of 45 deg. to the river. The model was a good representation, and the aërial city could not be mistaken, especially by those familiar with the real city."—p. 254.

The map of the isothermal lines ("Physical Atlas—Meteorology, No. 1)," or lines of equal distribution of heat at the earth's surface, we have reserved for our concluding observations on this department of the subject. We owe the first construction of charts of this kind to Humboldt. It was he who first suggested the connection of the observed points of equal temperature by lines, the curves of which would exhibit the zones of equal climate, and indicate the limits of like productions in the vegetable and animal kingdoms. If the earth were of a uniform surface, these lines would correspond with the degrees of latitude. Ireland would be found in the same warmth-parallel with Labrador, and Halifax with Bourdeaux. But the unequal distribution of sea and land, and the irregular forms of the continents of the northern hemisphere, perhaps diversities in the distribution of the earth's own internal heat, cause wide differences in the temperature of places under the same latitude. This is especially the case in the continent of Europe, which enjoys a larger share of warmth than any other quarter of the temperate regions of the earth. On the opposite side of the Atlantic, the progressive decrease, from a high to a low temperature, takes place within the comparatively short distance between

New Orleans and Quebec; on the European side, the same gradation is spread over a space of more than twice that prolongation, extending northward from the Straits of Gibraltar to Iceland and Scandinavia. The current of the gulf-stream carrying the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico northward towards Spitzbergen, is alleged to be the proximate cause of this inequality. We can scarcely bring ourselves to believe such an instrumentality adequate to effects so vast, effects which isolate the whole northern Atlantic region in a temperature twenty degrees higher than that of North America on the one hand, or of northern Asia on the other. If it were so—and we could conceive the isthmus of Panama by any means removed, so that the great drift current from the Southern Ocean, instead of being repelled from the American coast, and cast back with the warm waters of the Mexican Gulf, as it now is into the northern Atlantic, should either be cut short by a counter-current from the Pacific, or continue its course round the island of South America—what a prodigious change would be at once wrought on all the seats of modern civilisation! If it be to that current we owe the peculiar warmth of our quarter of the world, and the opening of such a flood-gate as we have imagined would withdraw it from our ocean, the ice of Hudson's Bay would at once close down on the British seas: the limit of permanent frozen ground would come as far south as Dublin and Berlin: grain crops would cease to be cultivable north of the latitude of Paris, and the vine would only grow in the southern provinces of Spain and Italy. The reindeer, the elk, and the bear would take the place of the ox and sheep on our pastures, and the foliage of our oak woods and groves of elm and sycamore give place to the melancholy verdure of the pine-forest. Remembering that the barriers of the earth are not irremovable, we cannot but shudder to think of such a sudden and complete extinction of life and motion; and reflecting that the narrow barrier of Panama is but a volcanic breakwater cast up by some sudden subterranean expansion from the bottom of the sea, we are almost involuntarily led to ask ourselves when was this barrier interposed? or can it be that the ancient testimonies of history to the rigours of frozen Gaul and glacial Ierne were given before its interposition had cast these warming currents on our Atlantic coasts? But imagination carries us beyond the verge of reasonable speculation. The probability is, that the cutting down of forests, and the draining and tilling of the surface, have been equally instrumental with the gulf-stream and warm winds from the Atlantic, in bringing up the temperature of the west of Europe to its present standard; and that, as the backwoods of Canada, and the northern states of the American union, begin to disappear before the axe of the planter, and the green surface of the prairie to grow brown under his ploughshare, the isothermal lines of Humboldt, which now sweep from Scandinavia and Iceland through twenty degrees of latitude southward to Quebec, will be found ranging with a gradually decreasing obliquity to the north of a cultivated region, which shall carry civilisation and the arts of life up towards the Arctic Circle, there as here. Still, to whatever extent our present standard of temperature is proximately due to the gulf-stream, it is to that extent remotely dependent on the strength and continued resistance of the narrow barrier of Panama.

The lines of Humboldt extend only to the arctic regions in either hemisphere; beyond these, the gradations of increasing cold have been mapped by Sir David Brewster. As we have already observed, the poles of extreme cold are, like those of terrestrial magnetism, double, and nearly coincident with the latter. They have been fixed in the northern hemisphere at points about equidistant from the pole of rotation, in the frozen regions to the north of North America and Siberia respectively. In the southern hemisphere, a continuous wall of ice prohibits the approach of the explorer sufficiently near to determine whether the rigours of the southern winter are propagated in the same manner from double foci of intensity; but, so far as observation goes, the distribution of cold in that hemisphere is much more equable than with us, a condition due, no doubt, to the uninterrupted

tract of ocean which occupies the antarctic polar basin. It would be difficult to imagine anything more dreary than the situation of the southern explorer, coasting for many hundreds of miles continuously along the verge of this vast monotonous ice-field, amid desolate coldness and silence—separated from mankind by a waste of waters, and from the objects of his research by an insuperable, lifeless continent of ice. Yet even in such cheerless regions, the love of knowledge, stronger than the thirst for adventure, reconciles the experimental philosopher to the tedium of separation and the perils of the deep, well recompensed for years of solitude and privation, if he have but the good fortune to find some new bay dissolved a little deeper into the confines of the ice-field, or to discern through driving snows the outline of some barren summit of antarctic land. Imagination, passing from pole to pole swifter than even that electricity on which heat and cold both possibly depend, if it be not itself a mode of the same element, transports us full of sympathy to the side of Franklin, ice-bound at the other extremity of the globe. May more propitious heavens shine upon him at the opening of another polar summer, should British enterprise, stimulated by the love of science and the incitements of humanity, fail earlier to reach him in his icy prison.

Beginning from the heights of the atmosphere, we have now descended to the watery envelope of our globe. The paths we have trodden have been high and dizzy; but the higher, the nearer to heavenly contemplation; and the more dizzy, the more abounding in warnings to humility.

"In the very atmosphere in which he lives and breathes, and the phenomena of which he daily sees, and feels, and describes, and measures, the philosopher stands in acknowledged ignorance of the laws which govern it. He has ascertained, indeed, its extent, its weight, and its composition; but though he has mastered the law of heat and moisture, and studied the electrical agencies which influence its condition, he cannot predict, or even approximate to a prediction, whether on the morrow the sun shall shine, or the rain fall, or the wind blow, or the lightning descend."

Such is the testimony of Sir David Brewster, after a life spent in these difficult but delightful investigations. It is, however, the characteristic of knowledge, that the more we know, the greater delight we have in perceiving so much more to be unknown; and they are the Newtons and Humboldts of the world, who, in the evenings of lives of philosophic toil and triumph, can best bow themselves with Job before the demands of the Divine interlocutor; or, with hearts of understanding, extol the praises of the God of nature, in the language of that oldest and best philosophy spoken by the Psalmist—"O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise Him, and magnify Him for ever!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CIRCASSIAN CAMPAIGN.

[An old and valued contributor, who even in his continental rambles has not forgotten us, has, in the course of these rambles, fallen in with a German officer who served for four years in the Russian service, in a Circassian campaign. The manuscript of this officer's journal was shown to our friend, who believed that the incidents it recorded, clothed in an English dress, would be interesting to our readers. We think so too: and the following pages contain the translation from some leaves of the original German of the journal. They possess, at least, the merits of being faithful transcripts of the narrative of events jotted down day by day as they occurred, by one who was, *bonâ fide*, an actor in the scenes he describes.]

ARRIVAL ON THE FRONTIERS—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

I had been placed *a la suite* of the cavalry, and temporarily attached to the Cossacks of the line, and after endless trouble and annoyance, I at length obtained possession of my poderoschne, and the other papers necessary for my departure. With a light heart I stepped into my sledge, and was heartily glad when I found the barriers of St. Petersburgh behind me, and myself flitting along over the smooth sledge-way to Moscow and thence by Tula, Woronesch, and Novoi-Tscherkaisk to Stavropol, the place of my immediate destination, which I reached after an uninterrupted journey of four weeks.

As I entered the town, I accidentally encountered the celebrated General Sass, who looked hard at me, as I passed, probably thinking to himself—"Here is another fool come to look for an El Dorado in this remote corner." My first official visit was made to General Grabbe, an old acquaintance with whom I had been very intimate at Munich, in 1810-11, where he had been attached to the Russian mission in the suite of Prince Pariotinski, and he now received me with the greatest kindness and cordiality. I next went to the Attaman of the Cossacks, General Nicolajew, to whom I brought several letters of introduction, as he was to be my future chief; and finally, to General Sass, the "Lion of the Caucasus."

General Grabbe invited me frequently to his house during my stay at Stavropol, and I found amongst the officers at head-quarters some compensation for the "degouts" I had experienced in the capital. The bread a stranger eats in the service of another country is often bitter enough, as I have frequently experienced in my own person. The feeling of attachment that so generally binds the foreign officer to the sovereign to whose service he has devoted himself, is scarcely ever appreciated, nay, often misunderstood. His considerate and humane treatment of the private soldier, is frequently looked on with an eye of jealousy, or even attributed to a wrong motive; and still the foreign officer is generally, at least, on a par with the majority of his comrades, both in real devotion to the service, and attachment to the soldier. Happy is he who finds one or two brother officers that think and feel like himself.

General Grabbe, besides receiving me with hospitality, conferred on me the additional and important favour of permitting me to choose on which part of the theatre of war I would try my fortune; and after some consideration, and making the necessary inquiries, I decided on the right flank of the line, then commanded by General Sass. My reasons for making this choice was, that the great difficulty of the country on the left flank (Daghestan), seldom afforded an opportunity for employing cavalry, and having always belonged to that arm, I was, of course, anxious to serve in a country where it could be efficiently used.

Having thus received my ultimate destination, the Attaman of the Cos-

sacks attached me *pro tempore* to the regiment of the Cuban, and I set out for the Stanitza-Prosnoi-Okop, where the head-quarters lay. The next day I drove to report myself to General Sass, to a fort about two wersts distant, where the Lion of the Caucasus dwelt, like an eagle perched on his eyrie. On driving into this fort, I saw things that amazed me in no small degree, and from which I hastily concluded that this far-famed and feared man, must have altogether divested himself of every feeling of humanity during his prolonged residence in this country. But this was, however, not the case, as I afterwards learned, and much of what I then saw with repugnance, as evidences of cruelty and barbarity on the general's part, turned out, on a nearer acquaintance, to be a mere acquiescence in the customs of warfare of the Circassians and Cossacks. For instance, I saw a number of human heads stuck on the points of lances, displayed over the gates, and in the court-yards of the little fort. Some of them appeared quite fresh, whilst others were in a state of semi-decomposition. Most, if not all these heads, had belonged to Circassians that had been killed in battle, the custom on both sides being, to cut off the heads of the slain and carry them off as trophies of victory. I witnessed, too, many other things on this occasion, that made an equally unfavourable impression on me.

The perpetrator of all these horrors, as I then considered them, I found in an anteroom, surrounded by his staff, and by a number of chieftains belonging to various tribes under the protection of Russia. General Sass immediately presented me to his officers, who received me as a new brother in arms, with much kindness and cordiality; and on the other hand, the Circassian chieftains when they heard that I was a Frank, and had come from a very great distance for the sole purpose of fighting against their brethren in the mountains, seemed to be very much astonished as to what my motives could be, and stared at me with the utmost curiosity.

A NIGHT MARCH—SKIRMISH.

I had now enough to do to prepare myself for the coming campaign, and was soon fully equipped, having three good saddle horses, and two camels in my stable. In the meantime, too, the command of the Cossack Regiment of the Caucasus had been given to me, by which I acquired not only an independent sphere of action, but also many advantages in point of position, &c.

Our task for the coming year was to extend the line to the river Laba, and to build forts and posts of observation on that river, and the Urup. About the end of April we commenced operations on the fort Georguvskaija; subsequently we were employed in repairing Sassa, a fort built by General Sass at his own expense, some years before; and finally the whole corps was encamped on the spot that had been selected as the site of the chief fort of the centre of this position of the line, and which was to be called Makofskaija. We had been employed on the works here for some months, when one evening we all of a sudden received the order to march, so unexpectedly, that we (field officers) had scarcely time to get out our horses, and ride full speed after our regiments, which were already in motion, under the general's own orders. This was the first time that I had seen a regiment turned out of camp, and moved off without orders from its commanding officer, and I was not a little astonished at this departure from the ordinary etiquette of the service; but I soon found out that whenever an expedition was planned by General Sass, he arranged the whole details in his own head, and no one knew anything about the matter, except perhaps one or two officers of his own staff, until he ordered out the troops, and marched off with them. I soon overtook my regiment, and placed myself at the head of it without saying a word, for the mysterious bearing of the General, when employed on his secret expeditions, showed me that it would be unadvisable to attempt obtaining any information as to the cause of this violent hurry, and I was obliged to content myself with waiting patiently for what was to happen.

We continued our march rapidly and noiselessly the whole night, moving in a straight line over the boundless steppes, on which the sound of the horses' hoofs was deadened by the quantity of long grass with which they are covered. Smoking was pe-

remptorily forbidden, and the least noise one made, even clearing one's throat, immediately reproved. Even the very horses seemed to be aware that they must move in silence; and I subsequently learned that the Cossacks reject, as unfit for service, a horse that either neighs or snorts. Two or three Tartars, who act always as guides, glided phantom-like at the head of the column, steering us over the wide and monotonous plains with as much confidence and certainty as if there had been a sign-post every thirty yards; and thus we moved on silently towards the place of our destination, where Sass hoped, as I afterwards learned, to surprise a large flock of the enemy's cattle, and drive them away. Two hours before dawn we reached the edge of the steppe, and got into a broken and wooded country, the paths through which were quite impassable in the dark, General Sass was therefore obliged to give the signal to halt, which was passed from file to file till it reached the tail of the column, and every one then dismounted and lay down beside his horse, in perfect silence, and we remained thus till the first dawn of day, when we continued our march.

We soon arrived at the spot where it was expected that we should find a large herd of cattle, and our Cossacks were detached in all directions to seize on them; but we had scarcely got a sight of the herd and its keepers, when they vanished, without leaving a trace of their whereabouts. We now found ourselves scattered in all directions over the enemy's country, and soon perceived the mountaineers from the neighbouring villages, gathering in all directions, to assist their brethren in the protection of their property. When the general perceived that he had failed in his object, he ordered the troops to retreat, and re-form on an eminence, from whence he had hitherto overlooked and directed their movements, and from which point he proposed commencing his retreat in regular form. In order to cover and protect this operation, I was ordered to remain on the spot with my regiment for a quarter of an hour, and at the expiration of this period, to follow the main body.

Meanwhile the enemy became more and more threatening in his demonstrations, and began to show himself on all sides, even on that in which the main body of our troops had retreated, so that it became evident that his intention was to endeavour to cut us off altogether. Not a single shot had been as yet fired on either side, although the enemy was quite close to us, and we remained quietly in position waiting for the expiration of the fifteen minutes, when all of a sudden my rear guard came in at full speed, closely pursued by several hundred Circassians. The moment this happened I nearly lost all command over the Cossacks, and it was only by the greatest exertion of my authority that I could prevent the entire regiment from rushing *en masse* and in disorder on the enemy; some of my men escaped in spite of all my efforts, and brandishing their long guns over their heads, rode in their peculiar wild and furious manner against the enemy, who advanced to meet them with equal gallantry. Whilst a portion of my regiment was thus skirmishing and caracolling in the most graceful and picturesque manner, I did my best to rally the remainder and get them into something like order; but the moment I turned my attention towards one wing of my wild horde, those on the other, who were burning to join in combat and support their brethren, escaped, and so I was at length compelled to let them have their own way, and the whole regiment was soon skirmishing *en debandade.**

* I have frequently been told, by a dear friend now no more, that it is almost impossible to get Cossacks to remain steady in a position in front of an enemy. They will either make a furious dash at their opponents, or turn their backs and scamper off, if they find the affair too hot or too heavy. The officer alluded to once told me that he commanded, in 1812, a brigade of cuirassiers, to which a pulk (regiment) of Cossacks was attached, and wishing to withdraw his brigade a couple of hundred yards from a position he occupied, he proceeded to effect this movement in the usual manner, seeing which, the general of division, who knew the Cossacks better, rode up, and ordered him to make the whole pulk dismount and lead their horses, as being the only way of effecting a retrograde movement with der; but still those Cossacks are most formidable adversaries even when opposed

The general soon came up with a fresh body of troops to support me in the skirmish, which had now extended itself in all directions; and I had abundant leisure to amuse myself looking on and admiring the skill and gallantry of both parties in their peculiar mode of fighting.

This is a regular challenge of the brave to the brave, in fact a duel on horseback, for they ride singly at one another at full speed, swinging their long guns over their heads, and bending down over their horses' necks they discharge their guns at one another, and then careering round on their splendid horses in the most graceful manner, they prepare for a second attack of their opponents. It is highly interesting to observe the adroitness with which they take advantage of every bit of shelter that the ground affords them against their adversary's bullet, and for this reason it seldom happens that skirmishes of this kind are very bloody. Now and then a Cossack or Circassian would, after receiving his opponent's fire, hang down over the horse's side as if he had been wounded, but if the enemy suffered himself to be deceived by this manœuvre, and approached too near, he generally had reason to rue his temerity.

In an open country our Cossacks are better shots than the Circassians; the latter are, indeed, never sure of their aim except when they lie in ambush, and they then support their long guns on a forked stick that they fasten to the end of the gunstock, which enables them to take a deliberate aim. They seldom use the cold steel, except when they surprise their enemy, or are driven themselves to the last extremity; but on such occasions the Tschaschka* and fentschal,† which they sharpen in a peculiar manner, become dreadful weapons in their hands.

By degrees the skirmish became slack on both sides, and the mountaineers retreated into their ravines and hiding-places, and allowed us to move off unmolested towards our former position. After a while I descried a stately old Circassian, clad in a beautiful suit of defensive armour, riding quietly in our suite. Having inquired the cause of his presence, I was informed that he came to beg from the general the head of one of his chiefs who had fallen in that day's skirmish, and which had been, as usual, severed from the trunk by our Cossacks. This venerable warrior had fought against us the whole day, and pointed out several spots on his corslet from which our balls had rebounded. The next morning he had the pain of seeing his chieftain's head fixed on a lance at the general's quarters, and he stood for a moment looking at it with an expression of the deepest sorrow before he took it down to convey it back to his own home.

by regular troops, as is shown by the following passage from the French General Morand's "Considerations sur la Cavallerie," which is so apropos and interesting that I cannot refrain from quoting it:—

"What a glorious spectacle," says Morand, "was afforded by this European cavalry, glittering with gold and burnished steel, under the bright rays of a June sun, extending its lines on the banks of the Niemen, and full of ardour and military daring; and how bitter are the souvenirs that we preserve of those vain manœuvres that wasted its strength against those Cossacks, hitherto unknown, but who contributed more to the salvation of Russia than the regular armies of that empire. Every day we saw them extended on the horizon in an immense line, whilst their adroit skirmishers penetrated into our very ranks to brave us. We formed in order of battle and marched against this line, which disappeared the moment we reached it, and the horizon showed nothing but birch trees and pines; but an hour afterwards, when our horses were being fed, the attack recommenced, and the dark line deployed itself again, and the same manœuvres were repeated again, with the same result. It was thus that the most splendid and the bravest cavalry in the world exhausted itself, and was wasted against men that it thought unworthy of its valour, and who, nevertheless, sufficed to save the empire of which they were the real support, and the true deliverers. To put a climax to our affliction, it must be added that *our cavalry was more numerous than the Cossacks*, and that it was supported by the most rapid, the bravest, and the most terrible artillery that death ever disposed of; and it must be added that its chief, the admiration of all brave men, supported his movements by the most intrepid infantry, and, nevertheless, the Cossacks triumphed. — EDITOR.

* Sabre. † Long dagger yataghan.

WINTER QUARTERS.

We were now dismissed to our winter quarters, as the operations for this year (1840) were at an end. This was a period of our existence to which the officers always looked forward with the greatest dread, for we then had to experience a total deprivation of everything that makes life tolerable. I associated but little with the greater part of our officers, and the few with whom I could associate disappeared by degrees to seek whatever amusement the semi-barbarous towns of the frontier could afford. I was, therefore, frequently left without a single creature with whom I could exchange a rational word, which, coupled with the total want of employment, often drove me to the verge of desperation. In addition to the above miseries the wretched state of our quarters was such, that we had scarcely a corner in which we could rest our weary limbs. Mine consisted of one small room with a little closet off it; and although I pasted the walls all over with paper and red linen, on which I stuck up divers Parisian ladies that I had from time to time cut out of the *Journal des Modes*, which at least gave my quarters some remote air of civilization, still, in despite of my tapestry and Parisian belles, I could not succeed in making the wall air-tight, or preventing the cold blasts of the steppes from penetrating in all directions; and to complete the measure of my sufferings, the mud in the streets was so deep that it was sometimes impossible to get through it even on horseback.

A WINTER EXPEDITION—PASSAGE OF A RIVER—SURPRISE OF ONE OF THE ENEMY'S AULS.

General Sass was not, himself, to arrive for some days; but he sent orders to Colonel Wasmund, an old and very deserving officer, to proceed with the troops then at the Stanitza Ladowkaija to the river Belaija, for the purpose of destroying a forest on the other bank of that river, which had frequently impeded our operations, as it afforded secure hiding-places for the mountaineers, and rendered it a service of great danger to attempt the passage of the river in that neighbourhood. The Belaija is a mountain torrent to which the Circassians have given the name of the Mad Belaija, because although usually so shallow as to allow troops to cross it almost without wetting their feet, it occasionally rises in the course of a few hours to such a height that it is almost impossible to swim the horses across. We passed this river about nine o'clock in the evening, and continued our march all night. It had rained for several days in succession previously, and the whole country had been under water, and this was now covered with a thin sheet of ice, for a heavy frost had just set in. At every step our horses took the thin sheet ice broke under their unshod hoofs, and thus, half sliding half wading, we performed the most harassing night-march I ever made, and reached early the next morning the place of our destination, where we immediately threw out a chain of posts and commenced the work of destruction. Several thousand hands laid in a few days a large tract of this beautiful virgin forest level with the ground; but though the immense trunks were felled, it was found impossible either to carry them off or destroy them, so that after all our labour was in vain, for we left the enemy a more impenetrable bulwark than ever. General Sass had not contemplated this contingency when he gave orders for the destruction of the forest, and has probably since then had cause to rue his mistake.

We next marched to the Stanitza Us Labinskaija on the lower Kuban, where we expected to find the general with the remainder of the troops, and we reached it about midnight, after a most fatiguing march, for the thaw had set in again, and the ground was so heavy that the two battalions of the Kabardine Jäger regiment and a six-pounder that accompanied us, could hardly make their way through the mud. Half frozen and hungry we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a good fire and a comfortable meal, in which we were however disappointed, for we had no sooner arrived than we received orders to continue our march to Voronesch Kaja, where Sass awaited us. We arrived there at daybreak the next morning, after having marched twenty-two hours without intermission, but both men and horses were in such a plight that we were totally unfit for service. Fortunately quarters were prepared for us

here, and we were allowed to rest for some hours.

The next evening our Tartars reported that the ice was breaking up on all the rivers, and had already begun to drift. This would have deterred any one else from undertaking a difficult march and the passage of a riv ; not so Sass, who was only the more obstinately bent on his expedition, and so we found ourselves ready to march again at sunset. The honour of forming the advanced guard with my regiment was conferred on me, and all my men were furnished with hatchets for the purpose of cutting a road for the artillery through the masses of ice which had been swept over the low banks of the Laba and Belaija by the winter floods far into the plain. With great difficulty and incredible labour we succeeded in making our way to the banks of the river, where we arrived at midnight, when I immediately detached an officer with fifty Cossacks to the opposite shore to reconnoitre the country.

The mode in which the passage of rivers is effected in this Caucasian warfare struck me, although an old soldier, with amazement. I have already mentioned that our marches were made in straight lines across the country, without reference to roads or tracts of any kind, and it frequently occurred that in making our point we were obliged to cross the same river or its branches half a dozen times in the course of a day. We never thought of inquiring either the breadth or the depth of a river, and the choice of the point of passage was altogether determined by the nature of the banks, that is, simply whether they permitted ingress to and egress from the water, and for these details we depended on our Tartar guides. If we had reason to suspect that a body of the enemy was on the opposite shore we threw over a few Cossacks, as in the present instance; but if that was not the case the column took the water just as it reached it, and every one made the best of his way across. When the water is low enough the infantry ford it, if not each Cossack takes a foot soldier behind him and swims over. Accidents seldom occur except when the infantry soldier loses his head or his seat and drags the Cossack down with him, but this does not happen very frequently. The most interesting part of the operation is getting the guns through. When the river is deep but not wide, as is generally the case, the whole team takes the river at a canter, and the foremost horses contrive to get a footing on the opposite shore before the gun gets into the centre channel; they then drag it right through and up the opposite bank; but if the river be too wide for this mode of proceeding, the prolonge is attached, and the gun dragged through with its assistance. The Russian ammunition waggons are peculiarly well adapted for this kind of work, being two-wheeled carts, with three horses yoked abreast, but when a river is to be crossed the horses are yoked singly, one before the other, with long traces, and the first leader generally scrambles on to terra firma, whilst the wheeler and cart are still swimming. These carts are watertight at bottom and float well, so that the ammunition is less frequently damaged than might be expected. Both the Circassians and the Cossacks of the line carry their small arm ammunition in small cylindrical cases that are sewed on, or rather form part of the breast of the uniform, so that even when swimming their horses the cartridges are above the level of the water, which seldom reaches much above the man's waist, besides which the powder is kept wrapped up in greased rags which protect it from damp.

The first time I assisted at an operation of this kind I was so much absorbed in wonder at the scene passing before me that I almost forgot when my turn to ride into the water came, and that I had to go through this "proof by water" myself. How I scrambled through on that occasion is more than I have ever been able to comprehend; my only recollection of the matter is that I was in tremendous terror of my life the whole time, but one or two trials made me as much "au fait" as the others. I cannot, however, even to this day clearly understand how the artillery was sometimes managed: of a dark night, for instance, and where the banks were steep. I have known it to be dragged up and down places that seemed to me to be impracticable, even for an infantry soldier, much less a six-pounder gun.

But to return to our expedition. General Sass arrived soon after I had sent the Cossacks across, and placing

himself at the head of the remainder of the regiment gave the example of a fearless leader by plunging into the torrent the first. It was past midnight, in the month of February, and the stream was covered with large masses of drifting ice. One must have witnessed a scene of this kind to be able to form an idea of it—no combination of words that I am master of would suffice to paint it. Fortunately for us the water was rather low on this occasion, and did not reach above our saddle-skirts; but our legs were so much bruised by the pieces of floating ice, swept along by the torrent, that it was with the greatest difficulty, and only by holding fast by the saddle, that we could prevent ourselves being swept off our horses' backs.

As soon as the whole force had crossed the river and formed on the opposite bank we resumed our march with the greatest possible expedition, for we were still a long way from the place of our destination, which it was absolutely necessary for us to reach before daybreak. After a rapid and fatiguing march we perceived the enemy's auls a few wersts a-head of us, just as the first streaks of light appeared in the east, and we were then divided into separate bodies to attack them all simultaneously. The village which I was ordered to attack lay in a deep ravine, protected on one side by a thick wood, on the other by a rapid mountain stream. As we approached it from the heights above we could see the "fair sex" taking to the wood "*en chemise*," whilst the men were endeavouring, some to get away the cattle in the same direction, others to make preparations for defence; so that by the time we succeeded in getting down the steep side of the ravine the Circassians had managed to save the greater part of their property, and were carrying it off into the mountains, and only a few who were too slow in their movements fell into our hands.

On such occasions frightful barbarities are perpetrated on both sides (the Circassians frequently make similar excursions into the Cossack territory). I saw, for instance, one of my men with his foot planted on the breast of an old greyheaded man, whose head he was endeavouring to hack off with a blunt hatchet, and finding that he could not succeed he turned round the instrument and beat the man's brains out. My people soon set fire to the village in all directions, and the flames immediately communicated to the haystacks, so that the whole place was on fire, and the heat became so excessive that we were compelled to withdraw from this scene of desolation. The columns of smoke that rose in the distance announced to us that the other detachments under General Sass had also completed their *day's work*; and we, therefore, moved off to rejoin them, and await further orders.

The Circassians of the neighbouring auls now came up to the assistance of their brethren, and began to show themselves on all sides. They followed our movements at a distance, and seemed waiting for an opportunity of attacking us with advantage in some ravine or other broken ground; but we kept as much as possible in the open country, and gave them no advantage over us. Some of the most daring of the mountaineers galloped up to our ranks and challenged our people to single combat; but we held on our way steadily until we arrived at an advantageous position, where the general ordered us to halt.

Our artillery was placed in battery in front of this position, and masked by a couple of hundred Cossacks. The main body of the Circassians soon made its appearance, and dashed impetuously at our rere guard, which waited, as it had been ordered, till the mountaineers came on in an irregular mass, at full speed, to within about four hundred yards of where the battery of guns was posted. At a signal from Sass, the Cossacks opened to the right and left, and retreated in full gallop, whilst the guns poured in a murderous volley of grape into the thick ranks of the Circassians, which drove them off immediately, and emptied several saddles. Not liking this hot reception they drew off to a civil distance, whilst our people cooked their soup and rested themselves. After a few hours we resumed our march, and arrived towards evening at a ford over the Belaija, where we were ordered to pass the night. We had nothing with us but our burkas and baschlucks,* notwith-

* Cloaks made of felt, worn both by the Cossacks and Circassians.

standing which, we enjoyed a comfortable and refreshing night's rest, although a snow storm came on towards morning and covered the ground several inches deep. We were now not more than thirty wersts from the Stanitza, from which we had commenced our march, and might have reached it in a short time, but this was not the general's intention. At daylight in the morning we continued our march down the left bank of the river, towards a district inhabited by a tribe in friendship with us. Sass's object was to seize on a chief of one of their villages who had frequently proved unfaithful, and as this man possessed great influence over his countrymen it was thought advisable to seize on him.

When we arrived at the village in question, the general sent in two of our Asiatic guides (who act, on such occasions, the part of the heralds of olden time) to summon this chief to appear; but the Tartars soon returned with a message to the effect, that the chief in question had been absent several days—no one knew where. Sass then demanded that the family of this person should be given up to him as hostages, which, however, was point-blank refused. Not accustomed to have his orders disputed much less disobeyed directly, General Sass got into a towering rage, and ordered the village to be surrounded and cannon placed in battery against it. He then sent in another message to summon the inhabitants to unconditional surrender; but the latter not only refused this, but proceeded to make active preparations to resist force by force. The general was thus placed in an unpleasant predicament, for he did not wish to commence actual hostilities with a tribe that was on friendly terms with us; and on the other hand, he could not suffer his authority to be set at nought, and he had now gone too far to retreat without risking the total loss of his influence with the mountaineers. Anxious, however, if possible, to avoid proceeding to extremities, he ordered the artillery officers to point the guns in such a way that they should frighten the people of the village without doing them much damage; and this fortunately had the desired effect, for the obstinate resistance of the Circassians gave way before the iron will of our general, and they soon sent out messengers to renew their offers of unconditional surrender and promises of obedience to the orders they had received.

A beautiful young woman with an infant at her breast, and accompanied by two boys, made their appearance in front of our position, and were delivered up to the general. One of our camels was then unloaded, and the chieftain's wife and children transferred to its back, after which we resumed our march, and reached the Stanitza Woroneschkaija the same evening. The troops were then again dismissed into their winter quarters, and I returned to mine, where I remained until the operations of the ensuing spring called me into the field again.

FIELD SPORTS IN THE CAUCASUS.

I was, however, fit for duty again in a few days, and hastened after my regiment, which, in the meantime, had marched to the upper Laba, where I found all hands engaged in establishing themselves; for knowing that we were to remain encamped here until late in the autumn, every one tried to settle himself as well as he could. I have always been in the habit of trying to make those corners of the world into which my destiny has driven me, as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and to this I owe, in a great measure, the preservation of my health, which I certainly would never have enjoyed in an equal degree if I had been obliged to live as the great majority of our officers did. My kibitka and my iron bedstead accompanied me everywhere I went, and it was only in the few cases in which my camels could not follow me, that I was compelled to rough it like the others.

The country round our encampment was very beautiful: deep romantic valleys interspersed here and there with groves of lime-trees, mulberries, figs, chesnuts, oak, and walnuts, ascended from the plains to the foot of the hills; and in the distance was seen the enormous chain of the snow-clad Caucasian mountains, from the centre of which the gigantic Elbruz, the monarch of the Caucasus, rose like a pyramid of silver far into the blue aether. Immediately in front of the camp lay the Achmet mountains, from the foot of which the river Laba flowed towards us in a series of graceful curves.

A few days after our arrival General Sass invited me to make a "promenade à cheval" into the hills with him, not tête-à-tête, however, for we were followed by a couple of hundred Cossacks. I was not aware of the general's motive for making this excursion, but believed that he proposed making a reconnoisance of this portion of the frontier. That a grand chase was intended to be combined with it, I only perceived at a later period, when I saw a number of Cossacks detached to beat the valleys and woods; but the impenetrable forests and deep precipices that we met as we advanced, showed us that sporting here was out of the question. The general then decided on riding into that part of the forest where it was intended that we should fell the timber required for the construction of the fort on which we were employed. Sass took, as usual, the shortest and straightest road to his point, and seemed to take a pride in surmounting every obstacle that we met. We made our way thus for a time, but came at length to a place so steep that we could not remain on horseback except at the imminent risk of our lives; we were, therefore, compelled to dismount, and, laying hold of our horses' tails we suffered ourselves to be dragged up the steep ascent. Every step that our gallant horses made dislodged large fragments of stone, which rolled down threatening to break our legs: and thus half crawling, half walking, we reached the summit and found ourselves on a table land, where we stood like Ariadne on Naxos, surrounded on all sides by precipices that seemed inaccessible. However, after a long search, we at length found a place when there appeared to be some remote possibility of reaching the foot of the mountain. Three or four dare-devil Cossacks put themselves at the head of our little column and began to descend a narrow ledge of rock, which formed a sort of natural path, and had most probably never been trodden before by a human foot. I looked on at this proceeding for some time with very uncomfortable feelings, until at length my own turn came to essay the dangerous passage.

Recommending myself to all the saints in the calendar, I laid hold of the tail of the horse next before me, and hanging the reins of my own charger over my arm, I got under weigh. Finding it seldom possible either to walk or to keep my legs, I was fain to perform the greater part of the descent on the rear centre of my body, running imminent risk all the time of being run over by my own horse if he had happened to stumble, and not daring to look to the right or left for fear of becoming giddy and tumbling into the abyss below (facilis descensus Averni). By degrees the whole party managed to effect the descent to terra firma, without accident, and we now found ourselves in the most delightful spot I have ever seen in all my wanderings through many lands. Europeans have no idea of the variety and richness of the vegetable kingdom that exists in these regions, where the climate is so exceedingly favourable and the population so thin that nature appears in her primitive and most beautiful aspect, and little or nothing is destroyed or altered by men's hands. There are thousands of acres of virgin forest here that have never felt the axe or even been polluted by the human foot; and it is easy to conceive that great quantities of wild animals and game of all descriptions, in a wilderness of this kind, which affords such a variety of cover.

Every step we advanced we found places where bears or wild boars had their lairs, and we saw and put up several of these animals. There are, also, numbers of wolves, jackals, panthers, hyenas, antelopes, hares, wild goats, &c. The Circassians are not much addicted to hunting, at least on this part of the frontier, and in general only pursue those animals whose skins are of value to them. They are, I believe, not very fond of the flesh of wild animals, and being chiefly Mussulmen have a peculiar detestation for that of the wild boar, which partly accounts for the great numbers and comparative tameness of these animals. The nearly impenetrable woods, and the high grass that grows in the open ground, render it impossible to get up a regularly organised battue, and one is therefore obliged to roam about at hazard, and look out for a spot where you can make your way through the thickets; but game is so very plenty that one seldom fails of meeting some sport. But the only certain way of killing a few head of game is from a standing, for there are innumerable runs in all directions from the woods to the water and the

grass. This, however, would be a dangerous mode of proceeding at the present day, on account of the mountaineers, who are always prowling about on the frontier, notwithstanding which, single Cossacks will often hide themselves in the thicket of a moonlight night, and they seldom return without a couple of bucks.

Shooting is always carried on here on horseback, and our Cossacks possessed an almost incredible dexterity at this sport. When a head of game is put up they ride at it full speed in order to turn it, and there is nothing high enough or wide enough to stop them; but as the long grass prevents one seeing what sort of game is on foot (all one knows indeed is that some animal is in motion), the greatest interest is excited to ascertain what it will turn out to be, and in their impatience to make this out, the Cossacks keep up a dropping fire on the spot where they see the grass and bushes in motion, and on such occasions one may esteem themselves peculiarly fortunate if they come off with a whole skin, for one hears balls whizzing past one's ears in all directions; indeed a great chase of this kind seldom ends without some accident.*

When the game has been killed, the next process is to dismember it; and this process is performed with such rapidity, that the largest animal is cut in pieces, and distributed amongst those entitled to share it, in the twinkling of an eye. But this leads, not unfrequently, to quarrels, especially when Cossacks of different regiments hunt together, and I had once a great deal of difficulty in preventing a regular battle between some of the Don Cossacks and those of my own regiment, on account of some wild boars that each party had claimed to have shot. As it was utterly impossible to ascertain whose fire really killed an animal, when every one in the field had a blaze at him, my sentence, when appealed to, was generally "Po polam, *i.e.*, half and half," which usually satisfied all parties.

One day a captain of the Podolian Jager regiment and I got up a grand chase for ourselves: he brought out one-half of his company, and I a couple of hundred of my Cossacks. We left the camp early in the morning, and soon reached a spot that seemed suited for our sport, where we held a general council. Having arranged a plan of operations, we took up positions at intervals along the edge of a wood. I had scarcely got to my standing, when I saw a splendid stag walking leisurely towards me; I fired at him and down he went, but immediately got on his legs again and disappeared in the long grass. Convinced that I had put a bullet into his head, I ran forward to follow the track, when I heard a noise in a bush close by, that made me recollect that my rifle was not loaded. I stopped, and my ramrod was still in the barrel, when I saw a figure appear before me, which I could not make out at the first glance; but I immediately afterwards recognised it to be that of a huge bear, standing motionless on his hind legs a few paces before me. I cannot well describe my sensations at the sight of this animal; it was a mixture of fright and annoyance at being unprepared, that seized on me, and drove the blood back to my heart. In the meantime the bear disappeared and left me gaping on the same spot, lamenting my having allowed an animal that I had seen for the first time in his native forests, to excape me in so silly a manner, and having thus let slip an opportunity that would, most probably, never present itself again.

One must be passionately fond of sport to put up with all the difficulties and disagreements that we had to contend with in this country. our eagerness in following game sometimes led us into places out of which we had much difficulty in extricating ourselves; and in addition to this we were in constant fear of being surprised by some wandering party of mountaineers, and were, therefore, obliged to post videttes and piquets all round whilst we were shooting. However, on this occasion we returned home to the camp in the evening without any accident, and laden with game of all kinds.

* One of the first fruits of last year's revolution in Germany, or what the Germans call the "Marzi Errungenschaften," was that the peasants turned out *en masse*, and destroyed every head of game they could find, young or old, male or female, in or out of season. The happy result of one day's sport in my neighbourhood was, that five does, two bucks, three peasants, and one schoolmaster, besides smaller game, were stretched on the ground before evening.—TRANSLATOR.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LVI.

GEORGE BENNETT, ESQ., Q C.

There could not be a more severe comment on the policy of England, in reference to the government of Ireland, than a plain statement of the abuse of public patronage. In the wise and benevolent arrangements of Providence, the better part of man's nature is intended to be acted upon, and virtue promoted, and industry encouraged, by the sanction of seasonable reward. The distribution of patronage is, therefore, a most important trust. It may be used for the wisest purposes, or abused for the meanest: it may be made subservient to the formation of character in the classes of society directly interested in its honours, cheering integrity and perseverance with the hope of reward, or stimulating the craft of worldly cunning, to rely confidently on the example of the chameleon, by taking the colour of the stalk on which it crawls, and the leaf on which feeds.

The name of George Bennett is long familiar to the mass of our readers, associated with honest worth, private virtues, personal excellence, and professional ability; the name of one possessed of that amount of natural good sense and fairness of mind, which, in its higher departments, is a form of genius; who has lived for half a century in his profession; has won the esteem of competitors and companions, the confidence of the Bench and the jury-box, every attestation to merit which public opinion and private respect could ordinarily bestow; and yet he is still, as we sketch him, plain George Bennett, without official rank or judicial elevation.

The outline of the life of such a man, if not replete with the interest which naturally belongs to public position, is not without peculiar instruction; and it becomes those who would always connect praise with things "lovely and of good report," to offer the tribute of generous commendation to a life spent in honest usefulness, which has not been rewarded with promotion, because it would not be corrupted by patronage to leave the plain and open course of industry and virtue. There have been some lucid intervals in the policy of government—"few and far between;" but the fixed purpose of making personal character and professional excellence the principal qualification for promotion and office, is one of the elements of public reform which Ireland hopeth for in her prospect of better days.

George Bennett (how familiar to us all his honest name!), born in the city of Cork, on the 20th of September, 1777, was the second son of the late Judge Bennett, who was one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench. In Easter Term of the year 1800, he was called to the Irish Bar. For some years he remained without much to stimulate his industry; following an example, or rather an impulse, which seems in some degree national, he abandoned single life, and headed a household as a married man. At this period of his career, the late Lord Guillamore presided in the Court of Exchequer, in which the great portion of the law business of the south of Ireland was ordinarily transacted. This very singular and very able judge, like many of his companions in the profession, had been for a long period quite unacquainted with the learning of the law; but on the appointment of Lord Redesdale as Chancellor of Ireland, a fine bar of equity lawyers was soon formed in his court; and, amongst others, Lord Guillamore, then Mr. O'Grady, soon became conspicuous for sound learning, accuracy, and argumentative power. Indeed it is a matter of public consequence to observe the speedy influence of the judicial character on the learning and conduct of the bar, and the general administration of public justice. When ability and integrity are the conditions of promotion, ability is attracted and nurtured, and integrity encouraged and invigorated; and when a fixed policy elevates talent and learning to the judgment-seat, ignorance is rebuked and discouraged, and all the crooked paths to preferment stopped up as "useless and unnecessary." In fact,



"*via trita, via tuta;*" but the dispensers of patronage must decide on the line of road which is to be the '*via trita!*'.

Before such masters of equity as Lord Redesdale or Sir Edward Sugden, an ignorant practitioner was soon weighed in the balance and found wanting. The stimulus to exertion which an early marriage gave Mr. Bennett, sent him speedily into the Court of Exchequer. The Chief Baron was a man of peculiar sagacity: the intricacies of the Irish character were instinctively familiar to him. The strong common sense of Mr. Bennett soon brought him into favourable notice in the court, and business began to flow in upon him rapidly. At that time the proceedings of our courts did not, as now, become public property, by the aid of reporters; and, in the natural course of things, liberties were taken, in the confidence of a corner, which could scarcely be allowed in the open publicity of our present practice. The Chief Baron, in the nook of the Exchequer Bench, with his droll, waggish countenance, demolishing an argument with his wit, or scouting subtlety with a sneer, the fraud of the litigious tenant had no prospect of escape, and the claim of the landlord as little chance of defeat. "A nice way of paying rent with a special demurrer," was the caustic preface to the ominous words, "We must overrule your demurrer."

How we remember our enjoyment of a scene in court, when a member of the bar, since honourably distinguished in his career, determined on making the Chief Baron listen to a "learned" argument. A young fop had hired a horse to ride from Dublin to the race-course at Bellewstown (about eighteen miles); he returned on the same day, and from the length of the journey, and the severity of the ride, the horse died. The owner demanded the value of the horse, but the young gallant resisted: an action of trover was brought, and the defence set up was *infancy*. It was urged that this was virtually a case of contract, and infancy a full defence. The jury, however, under the direction of Baron Pennefather, found a verdict for the plaintiff, and his Lordship reserved for the consideration of the Court of Exchequer the question of the law. When the leading counsel, the present Judge Perrin, stated the point, he was interrupted by the Chief Baron, thus —

"Mr. Perrin, suppose the young man had shot the horse, would you say he was not responsible?"

The acute mind of Judge Perrin at once perceived that this question exposed the invalidity of the defence; and he relieved himself from the difficulty by saying "That was not this case;" but that his learned friend who was on the same side was prepared to argue the question on authority. The junior, with a pile of books, folio, quarto, and octavo, looked "unutterable things;" the Chief Baron leered jocosely at the "great guns" and musketry, and the attack commenced.

Counsel.—"My Lords, I propose in this case to call your attention to some authorities two hundred years old, when judges understood the common law better than they *do* now."

Chief Baron.—"May be so; but we're better up to horses now."

Some cases were cited and patiently heard; when the counsel thought a little illustration might enliven the argument.

Counsel.—"Now, my Lords, suppose an infant, wishing to make a false shew of property, borrowed my purse or pocket-book, and refused to pay or return it, would trover be maintainable?"

Chief Baron.—"Perhaps not; it is not unlikely that if the young gentleman disposed of the contents of the purse, he might properly be indicted and hanged."

The discomfiture of the counsel, and the arch gravity of the Chief Baron's countenance, can never be forgotten by any who shared in the merriment of that memorable rencontre.

Counsel.—"My Lords, this is virtually a contract of hiring; there is no tort—no *vi et armis*—nothing which any man who understands the law of the land can say brings this case out of the operation of the general rule as to the contracts of infants."

After proceeding in this strain for a long period, and exhausting all the

authorities which he had brought into court, he sat down under the belief that he had given the Chief Baron a "nut to crack" which would try his powers.

Now the peculiarity of the Chief Baron was this, whenever he got hold of a good plain sterling principle, which disposed of the case before him, he disregarded argument and authority as "the idle wind."

Here, said he, a horse was hired; he was ridden to the race-course; refreshed with a canter there, and then ridden back to town, and dies of the abuse he receives. A trespass *vi et armis:* which I will venture to translate into plain English, "*with whip and spurs;*" and so it is plain to us all that, in law and justice, he who killed the horse should pay the price of him to the owner.

Mr. Bennett's strength lay in combining natural good sense and sagacity with a familiar acquaintance with the broad principles of law, and an exact knowledge of that customary local law, which grows out of the peculiar habits and dealings of certain districts and classes in the country. The Chief Baron and he agreed in this; both abhorred a parade of books and decisions, but took with a strong statement of a solid principle; and when the material facts were presented, strong common sense perceived quickly the proper conclusion to be deduced.

The power of dealing with statements of facts and evidence is one of much importance in the useful departments of professional life. The plainness and vigour of Mr. Bennett's mind, and the admirable practical character of his habits of thought, fitted him especially for this line of his profession. With a fine commanding figure, tall, erect, and manly, there was a bluntness, and yet a courtesy of manner, in rare and peculiar combination; he was never florid or verbose, but he was earnest, and often impassioned; and you never could listen to him without the impression that his tongue and his heart were in perfect harmony together. His influence with juries was remarkable: he was judicious and safe, without stooping to cunning—earnest and effective, without rising into declamatory elevation.

His business had, after some years, rapidly increased; and almost in every case of general interest or importance his services were engaged. It sometimes happens that the most valuable qualities of an advocate are left out of sight, in estimating his proper position; and these, like insensible perspiration, may be connected with functions of the most useful description. A man of honourable feeling, kind sympathy, sound judgment, and high-minded integrity, may be the arbiter of differences and the adviser of peace between litigants, in many a case within the sphere of his interference, and in reference to which the blessings of a peacemaker rest upon him. A kind word of suggestion from such a man, whose character commands the respect of both parties, and whose disinterested advice cannot be suspected, may often stop a ruinous or reckless career of litigation, wasting property and embittering life. As an abitrator, few men have been so often selected as Mr. Bennett—the parties had in him the good sense of a juror, the learning of a judge, and the diligence of an advocate.

In the year 1822, the late Lord Manners was Lord Chancellor of Ireland. At that time, "the gift of a silk gown" was intended simply as the reward of merit for men of respectable business and standing; and as Mr. Bennett had been more than twenty years in his profession, and for more than ten years in large and increasing practice, Lord Manners offered him a silk gown; his first answer was characteristic of his good-humoured prudence—"I would rather you gave the silk gown to my wife." His friends, however, and amongst them the late Mr. Saurin and Judge Burton, strongly advised him to accept the offer, and he became a leader on the Munster circuit.

The conduct of the crown prosecutions on this circuit was a responsible and very important duty. It was managed by the late Master Goold, then a sergeant, assisted by other counsel. A vacancy occurring amongst the assistants, Mr. Bennett was appointed to it; and when Sergeant Goold became a Master in Chancery, the post of leader devolved on Mr. Bennett, at the request of the late Chief Baron Joy, then attorney-general. The course of proceeding at that time did not compel the attendance of the counsel for the crown, in the manner required by more recent arrangements; but the high sense of duty, under which Mr. Bennett always acted, constrained him to forego a large amount of business on the civil side at the assizes, in order to give an undivided attention to the conduct of important prosecutions.

The great benefit of such a representative of the attorney-general cannot be too highly appreciated. In a country like Ireland (and we refer particularly to the southern districts), where sound social influences are wanting, and the power of enlightened Christianity is cut off, it is of real importance that the law should be made "a terror to evil doers." It seems to have been the result of the attentive observation of Sir John Davis, and confirmed by all who have had much experience of the Irish people, that they love and admire justice, but *they need the restraint of its inflexible administration.* Exercise authority *firmly* and *fairly*, with dignified energy, and with an evident regard to the good of the community, and in the end this policy will prevail. Relax or vacillate, and authority is paralysed. There is, perhaps, no position which an advocate can occupy, which tests his powers more severely than that of a public prosecutor. His object is not the triumph of a verdict, but the full and satisfactory investigation of the charge; his statement (when he makes one) is simply for explanation. The candid production of every witness whose testimony may throw light on the subject of inquiry; the direct examination of the witnesses, bringing out, in connected and intelligible sequence, the parts of the narrative; to avoid leading the witness, and yet taking care to direct him in method and order, so as to make his answers follow connectedly and plainly: all this requires great tact, much experience, and real candour. Then comes the fabricated defence to be broken down, the *alibi* to be exposed, and the crafty, callous witness to be sifted and confounded. The impassioned address of the prisoner's counsel, flinging into the jury-box every topic which can array the feelings or enlist the prejudices of some "boot-eater" against the sound inferences of truth and reason—all this must be met in reply, answered without extravagance, and overcome without straining. "Acquit, if you can—convict, if you must."

And assuredly the reply which ever tells most powerfully in public prosecution, is that in which the minds of the jury are carefully brought back to a simple and practical consideration of the broad facts of the case; rejecting small discrepancies, as not merely unnecessary to be reconciled, but rather confirmatory of substantial agreement in the cardinal facts. Leaving no important fact to remain concealed, or even obscured; nor allowing subtlety or refinement to supply the plainer office of common sense and common experience.

We remember well an occasion on which the duties of a prosecutor were discharged with a power we cannot forget, by one whose name is amongst our biographical records—we mean Robert Holmes. It was at the Armagh assizes, and the prisoner was accused of the murder of the late Mr. Powell.

The counsel for the prisoner, Mr. Whiteside, in a most animated and effective speech, had pressed on the jury the possibility of a mistake in reference to the *identity* of the prisoner. The murderer had not been previously known to the witnesses, who were present when it was committed; but their testimony was fortified by circumstantial evidence. When the long parade of witnesses for the defence was over, the elaborate alibi, and the multiplied confirmation of good character exhausted, at the hour of midnight, with a few murky lights glimmering in the gloom of the court—a deathlike stillness in the suppressed silence around—Mr. Holmes rose to reply. His grave and venerable aspect, the thin silvery hair, the stern solemnity of his brow, were worth the study of a Rubens to perpetuate. His very look announced at once—"The accused is the murderer":—

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "you did not, with your own eyes, see the prisoner commit this barbarous murder. You have been cautioned by the able and eloquent counsel for the prisoner against a conviction, founded on evidence which may possibly be mistaken. It may be so, I admit, but we are obliged to act in life—nay, in the highest matters which can occupy the mind of man, connected with his eternal interests and his immortal hopes—we must act upon evidence which satisfies the heart and convinces the conscience, whilst it makes no appeal to the passions or the senses. It is, gentlemen, a part of the arrangement of a wise Providence, and you are to exercise the faculties with which He has blessed you for the ascertainment of truth."

It was a beautiful application of the passsage in Butler on probability, in its degrees, as the rule of life. The effect was electric: it brought back the jury

to their true position, to collect their conclusion by a careful consideration of the entire evidence, and record, by their verdict, the exact result produced by the whole testimony, in manner as in matter, upon their conscience and their judgment.

There is certainly no form of eloquence more deserving of admiration than that which deals with the realities of the human feelings and affections, and obtains a response as an echo in sound. When Mr. Bennett, on one occasion, on the second day of a trial, had to reply to a most able speech of the late Mr. O'Connell, he carried his whole audience by a stroke of natural eloquence of this description, impossible to be adequately transferred to paper. It was in a case of adultery: the plaintiff had married the lady, who was a ward of Chancery, and inveigled into marriage when she was but a giddy child. She had a large fortune, and became the prey of design, and afterwards the victim of intrigue. But when Mr. Bennett came to describe the demerits of the plaintiff, he showed the rare judgment and ability with which he could, without the ornament of oratory, touch the affections of his audience. He told the jury, in the most frank and familiar tone and manner, how he had gone home on the previous day, after the plaintiff's case had closed; that he was sitting in his parlour after dinner, and looking over his brief, and thinking on the case. He then described that, while so engaged, his children were playing before him in the room, and one of them, an interesting little daughter, especially attracted his attention. He thought, if he should be taken by death from his family, and some heartless, designing villain should avail himself of opportunity, ensnare his innocent child, and sacrifice her prospects and her happiness. And so he went on, with such natural feeling and graphic effect, such touching and tender allusion, and then suddenly stopped, under the pressure of suppressed emotion, having snapped the topic quick and short. There was not in the jury-box a parent who was not up in arms against the plaintiff, and the success of the advocate was complete.

How often has he carried a jury by his homely comment, *protesting* the delight he felt in having an honest case to lay before them, his hand fumbling now and again in his right pocket, and with an occasional pluck of his nose, and a lurch at the tails of his wig, with the head thrown back, and the lips compressed; his sentences neither strictly grammatical, nor his words elaborately selected, and yet every gush of thought true to life and full of reality; intelligible, manly, and persuasive, nothing but dishonesty or trickery could provoke his thorough good nature.

When Lord Wellesley was in Ireland, Mr. Bennett was appointed to preside, under the Insurrection Act, in the counties of Kildare and the King's County; and had not that eminent man been recalled, Mr. Bennett would have been placed in a position in which the public would have still more amply reaped the benefit of his experienced and judicial mind. It is well known that Lord Haddington pressed him to go into parliament; the state of his health at the time, and his long standing, naturally disinclining him to political life, must have dissuaded him. His clear good sense, and plainness of mind, would have secured for him a ready acceptance with an English audience. He had no ambition for oratorical display, but he possessed those personal qualities which we are confident are as proper for official or judicial life, as professional learning is necessary. It is one of the curses of our country that the avenues to public elevation are either political or polemical. The few promotions which have been made on grounds of merit have been casual, but remarkable; two occur to us at this moment—Baron Pennefather and Judge Burton were raised to the bench because the bar could not furnish better men. What is the title now for episcopal or judicial elevation? *Episcopari volo:* then praise and patronise the National Board, announce your belief that the time has come for free-trade principles in religion; and that the benevolent plans of government for compelling all creeds to love each other, are entitled to your cordial co operation. This proves you are godly; and you can write a pamphlet, with a Greek quotation, which will satisfy the premier that you are learned; with a recommendation from the Romish priest of your locality, that you are just the pride of his heart, you are sure to be the delight of the Castle. Thus let the Church be officered by the enemy, and then you may expect that it will not

fail of its mission, in accomplishing the exact object contemplated by its nursing fathers of the cabinet. Would you like to be a judge? Well, it is a reasonable wish; and can we blame any young friend, entering upon professional life, for aspiring to the bench? "But how am I to get the prize," he may naturally propose for consideration. The late Sergeant Warren was a man of the purest personal character, the largest practice, esteemed by every man, of all classes and creeds, who knew him and transacted business with him; he had personal integrity, and professional excellence, and yet was never promoted. Mr. Henn is a man, perhaps unequalled at the bar for the rarest combination of accurate learning, forcible eloquence, of acknowledged fairness of mind and independent feeling—he was never promoted. We might swell the list from the leaders of the North-East Circuit, but we forbear; enough to say that Mr. Bennett has lived to see Roman Catholic after Roman Catholic taken from his own circuit, and placed, again and again, over his head, in office and on the bench. We do not call in question the ordinary respectability of these favoured religionists, but this we boldly affirm, that *had they been independent Protestants, not a man of them would have been noticed.* Protestants, it is true, are sometimes noticed—a few who have carefully renounced their almost stereotyped opinions, leaving it an open question whether the present or the past was the genuine article; but the Bennetts and the Henns, the Warrens and the Gilmores, Protestants, and men of wisdom, learning, judgment, and *independence,* who would not stoop to any official meanness, nor suffer Anglican dictation; who could not be used in aid of any policy that respected persons and despised principles—these are the men, whose acknowledged but unrequited merit plainly testifies, "an enemy hath done this." If ever patronage shall be administered in Ireland on the ground of merit, what a blessing, what a change it would soon work in the country. Who can read the comments in Mr. Stephens's edition of the Book of Common Prayer, detailing the prostitution of episcopal patronage in Ireland to low state purposes, or rather party convenience, and not burn with indignation at the flagrant violation of trust and duty? May we not thank God that the Church and its ministry have survived the desecration of its offices, and that it presents still a full and favourable opportunity for an altered policy.

Who can reflect on the general course of promotion at the Irish bar, and not feel the many insults, the deep injustice inflicted on the profession and the public? Well might Master Brooke say, in his evidence before the Committee on Receivers, that he always admired the independence of the judicial character in England, and the manner in which the appointments were made, without reference to any other qualities than character and competence.

When Lord Wellesley filled the viceregal office, Mr. Bennett was habitually consulted by that distinguished statesman; and it is notorious, that when Sir Michael O'Loghlen was attorney-general, he had such entire confidence in the sound judgment of Mr. Bennett, that he never gave a direction as to a prosecution on the Munster Circuit, well knowing the calibre of the man in whose hands he placed the responsibility. It was not a little remarkable, that when the meeting of the Bar was held, for the purpose of arranging some tribute of respect to the memory of Sir Michael, the late Sergeant Warren and Mr. Bennett, in the most honourable and truly affectionate manner, took the prominent part in supporting the resolution, in which the sentiments of the profession were embodied. Yet the men who always acted with the generosity and candour of Christian charity in every movement of professional life, were not qualified for preferment! Had they not been Protestants, how different would have been their lot in professional life! Might it not be worthy of the exertions of some restless legislator to bring in a bill for Protestant emancipation?

We have not adverted to many of the speeches of Mr. Bennett in the course of his nisi prius practice. His ambition was, not to be eloquent, but to be persuasive and intelligible. In the case of the Limerick Tolls, and also in the case of the Port Duties of the Corporation of Dublin, his able and powerful addresses were remarkable for every quality which could be desired in a wise and judicious advocate. The late Chief Justice Pennefather, when himself a client, and bound to defend a devise made to him by one unconnected with his family, committed his important interests to the faithful friend, whose ability he could estimate truly,

and whose affectionate interest he could command. In this case, as in that arising on the will of the late Lord Guillamore, the forensic powers of Mr. Bennett were admirably exhibited.

Perhaps, however, the most triumphant exhibition of his talents, as a lawyer, was his justly celebrated argument on behalf of the clerks of the peace, in the case of the late Mr. Harding of the Queen's County. For profound and extensive research in black-letter learning, accurate logical reasoning, copious illustration, and energy of argument, there could scarcely be found a more elaborate or successful effort than this most masterly production. It only convinced two of the twelve judges then composing the Exchequer Chamber in Ireland—these two were the late Baron Sir W. Smith, and Baron Pennefather; but in England, the counsel having been furnished with an accurate and revised report of the argument here, and having faithfully submitted it to the House of Lords, Mr. Bennett's reasoning prevailed, and, with the assent of all the English judges but one, or, at most, two, the judgment pronounced in Ireland was reversed.

This was demonstration plain as to the solid information and available resources he possessed. His strong, sensible disposition disliked the petty pedantry of parading cases on every ordinary occasion in court; and his sound judgment induced him to rely on some plain view of the facts, and some acknowledged principles of law applied to the facts, without complicating the argument with refined distinctions, or trying to make his reasoning more cogent than was sufficient for the minds he addressed. He knew his men, and he measured his weapons accordingly.

In private life no man is more justly respected. The claims of parochial charity always obtain from him a ready response; and you will seldom drop in upon a sermon for a school or an asylum in a less opulent parish, but you will find him in the collector's pew.

As father of the Munster bar, he enjoys the affectionate esteem of men of every class and creed amongst them; and his honourable, kindly, and truly paternal presidency, infuses good feeling into the mass of the profession. If the policy which has prevailed has deprived the public of his valuable services in office or on the bench, and denied him the just reward of straightforward industry, and independent conduct, in the discharge of professional duty, yet he is not left without a recompense which no government could confer nor ought to overlook. Good men love him, and honest men respect him; the public have approved of him, by the extensive practice which he so long enjoyed; the judges have long regarded him as an equal, and enjoyed his companionship as a bencher; jurors, grand and petty, have all confided in his wisdom, his prudence, and his sound judgment. "Love, honour, troops of friends," are in his train; and if the life and the example of such a man can furnish no model for safe imitation to the young bar of Ireland; if, in the disentangled state of party connexion, and the disengagement of principles from the meanness and vulgarity of political partisanship, no policy can be propounded, which may cheer with hope of better days the land of our affections, a lesson of patience, salutary and profound, may be usefully studied in the example of a man we honour and a friend we love.

THE COMMERAGH MOUNTAINS, THEIR LAKES AND LEGENDS.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

Once more to the mountains! Will you, kind reader, again borrow from our fairy godmother, Imagination, a chariot like Cinderella's, or, at least, a pair of seven-league boots, and accompany me to the western side of the Commeraghs?

Leaving the banks of the Nier River, we will strike off from the Clonmel road, up this narrow, rugged, steep boreen, in the direction of the Lyre Mountain. At every turn, as we ascend, what fine views open of the amphitheatre of mountains, all in a glow with the blossomed heath, reminding us of the lines in Marmion, descriptive of the sunbeams on the Ochil Mountains.—

"As each heathy top they kiss'd,
It gleamed a purple amethyst"—

and diversified with scattered cottages, patches of tillage, the woody ravine and shining stream of Knockalisheen; the hamlets of Knockanbraundau, and Knockonaffrin (*i. e.*, the Mass Hill) with its chapel; glimpses of the Nier rushing down to the plain, and the little sparkling brooklets that hasten with their contributions to the river, like feudal vassals paying tribute to their chief. When we look back, we have a wide-spread view below us in the county Tipperary; and before and around us rise the mountains in their different clusters, and their various distances, and most of them crowned with huge heaps of grim, grey stones. The Lyre Mountain, to which we are directing our steps, is curved like a crescent; and you see four shadowy Coums that lie along its arc; in those circular hollows are the lakes we mean to visit, and the nearest to us is Coumfea.

As we ascend the grassy, and often boggy slope, where now and then an exhumed tree speaks of a primeval forest on these now bare heights, we see only the dusky hollow, till we suddenly descend a little, and there lies the lake, in the bottom of the mountain bowl. It is a small tarn, containing but a few acres, yet it is extremely pretty; and the mild character of its scenery forms a contrast with that of Coumshingaun, and Crotty's Lake. It is a quiet piece of water, nearly circular, with a rather rocky fore-ground, and lies snugly nursed in the lap of high guarding eminences, that are so green and smooth, they look even velvety, save where at the back some rocky ledges vary their general aspect. What a complete "Sabbath stillness" is here! Not a breath of air is sighing over the lake, nor a murmur of a distant stream to be heard, nor a living thing in sight but ourselves; and *we* seem almost like intruders.

Strange to say, this mild and lovely lake is believed by the peasantry to be haunted by a huge serpent, whose physiognomy (as seen by a favoured few) declares him to be own brother of the serpent at Coumshingaun; and to him this spot owes its name *Coumfea*, the Hollow of the Wild Creature. In ancient times he dwelt on *terra firma*, and was a public pest to the country, devouring flocks and herds, and sometimes their keepers and owners; till St. Patrick, taking compassion on the poor survivors, enchanted him, and cast him into the lake, there to abide till Doomsday; with, however, the occasional indulgence of coming up from the bottom (of course on parole of honour) to disport himself awhile on the surface: and, doubtless, the permission is granted to him in order that, by his appearance, he may prove the truth of the history, and convince the incredulous, "as seeing is believing."

Local tradition affirms, that a near relative of this serpent, a cousin-german at least, is similarly enchanted in a lake on the Galtee Mountains, county Tipperary, and by the same powerful hand. Once upon a time (saith deponent) while St. Patrick was on his mission in Munster, he was preaching on a Sunday in the vicinity of that Galtee Lough: some idle boys, instead of joining the congre-

gation, went to play on the margin of the lake, and amused themselves cutting down a holly tree, and making it into a boat, scattering the chips about as they worked away, all unheeding of the Sabbath. One of the chips fell into the lake, and immediately became a monstrous and hideous serpent, which, after rolling and dashing about in a fearful manner, stretched its horrid, open jaws towards the trembling urchins, as if anxious to devour them. These unfortunate artisans, dismayed at the result of their handiwork, which, though of holly, was so far from holy, ran off in alarm to acquaint St. Patrick with the prodigy. He repaired with them at once to the spot, and found the serpent just about to land, in order to commence devastating the country; but the beneficent saint summarily stayed his proceedings, denounced him as a chip of a bad block, and confined him, by enchantment, to the bottom of the lake, without even the temporary indulgence conceded to his kinsman at Coumfea; and this rigorous imprisonment chafes his temper so much, that he often violently endeavours to rise to the surface; and his furious exertions occasion a noise which is heard in the Commeraghs like claps of distant thunder; and the peasants say these sounds are always forerunners of bad weather.

The thousand-and-one tales of St. Patrick banishing, or subduing serpents in Ireland, where none ever existed, are thought, by some, to be allegorical, and to symbolise his victory, by the preaching of Christianity, over the Druids, as serpent-worshippers, a strange idolatry brought from the East, where the serpent was early regarded with a mixture of fear, from its noxious qualities, and veneration, from its wisdom, as "more subtle than all the beasts of the field."

Let us descend to that wild and grassy valley that lies between the two ranges of the mountains, where those herds of peculiarly handsome and graceful goats are browsing so busily. Our way is eastward to the next coum, wherein the two lakes called the Coumaloughs* are situated.

This hollow does not please you so much as Coumfea? No; for though the basin is of wider scope, it is of ruder character, and the closing eminences are neither so high nor so verdant as those of Coumfea; and they are deeply scarred by the now dry channels, that show where the wintry torrents gush down the rude declivities, and overfill the lakes. The hinder Lough is the more picturesque of the two, being thus surrounded by knolls and hillocks, that jut into it like small promontories; but the nearer, and more elongated Lough, with its few scattered rocks and swelling foreground, has the additional feature of a small stream, that issues silently from it, and steals away into the valley. The ground about these Coumaloughs is more broken than at Coumfea, and abounds in patches of heaths, and great clumps of deep moss. You start at that sharp, shrill sound! It is an eagle screaming from the point of the highest rock; and now the young eaglets are aroused in their secluded nest, and add their piercing voices to the cry, till every nook of the Coum is vocal with the wild echoes. Look at that group of cows in the background, attended by the old herdsman and his sagacious dogs. What a pretty scenic effect they give, as they wind slowly round the base of the mountain that closes in these lakes!

But we must not linger, for the Coum with the two Stillogue lakes is at some distance eastward from us yet; and the ground becomes more and more undulating, one abrupt knoll swelling after another, and often rugged with rocks, and splashy with wet places, and the day is so bright and so hot, that we are delighted when we meet with a bubbling spring, to quench our thirst in its clear cold water; and as we proceed, fine vistas are opening still between the heights, displaying expanses of cultivated land, and bounded far behind by the dim-seen Clogheen Mountains, in the county Tipperary.

Evening is advancing, and we have gained the hollow that holds the lakes of Stillogue Beg and Stillogue More;

* In summer, when the springs are low, Coumalough forms two lakes; but in wet seasons, the waters cover the dividing space of land, and there is apparently but one lake.

but you cannot see both at one view,* for the Stillogue More, or Great Stillogue, lies higher up in the Coum than the Stillogue Beg, or Lesser Stillogue, and is hidden by the rising of the ground all round it. Do you not think the Stillogue Beg far more attractive than the Coumalogues? Among those wild, steep, torrent-worn cliffs that enclose it, that peak, the highest and the rudest, is known as the "Eagle's Eyrie." Its lordly dwellers are silent, but *en revanche*, these goats are exciting our admiration, by their wonderful agility in climbing up the fearful and dizzy height, and clinging to the perpendicular side, where it would seem impossible they could find a moment's footing. Far down below them, the lake is lying so still, that the large round leaves of the floating pond-weed with which it is covered are motionless, except just at the front margin, where the strong, quick stream issues briskly from it, and runs away, prattling as it goes.

The ascent from Stillogue More to the upper ledge of this coum, is as yet the most fatiguing part of this day's excursion; the ground is so rough and broken, and the swells are so high and so frequent. Yet now, as we stand upon the last knoll, are we not amply repaid by the sight of this beautiful lake just below us? It is not only larger than Stillogue Beg, and more perfectly oblong, but is also far superior in all its features. How fine are these surrounding heights, some indented with flood-tracks, some heathy, some crowned with spiky summits; and all so vividly reflected in the bright calm waters, that no mirror could be more true, as none could be more beautiful. And down the precipitous side of the wildest steep that gushing waterfall glitters, as it leaps from crag to crag, breaking, with its welcome voice, the otherwise profound silence. See where a little spring is bubbling up in the midst of this exquisitely clear lake; and where that streamlet emerging from it, glides down the mountain ledge that holds the upper lough, and falls into the Stillogue Beg beneath; forming a link between the lakes, like a silver chain connecting two gems.

But the declining sunlight warns us to quit this lovely scene,* and retrace our steps, in order to repair to our night-quarters. The walk through the upland glen is so interesting that it beguiles our fatigue—to the left is the mountain-curve, with the semi-circular range of shadowy coums; but not a glimpse can we catch of their lakes, for they lie enfolded in the arms of the mountain, that seems to hide them with a lover-like jealousy. To our right is the opposite range of heights—before us the champaign country below, with the Suir winding away in the distance; and the setting sun, pouring its rays upon the bright river, makes it gleam with the refulgence of burnished gold, and recals to our thoughts the golden water of the Arabian Tales. Behind us, above the Stillogues, the moon is rising in a deep blue and cloudless sky; while in the west the colouring of the clouds, where the sun has just sunk, exceeds in gorgeousness any thing that I, at least, have seen before —such brilliant crimson, glowing orange, and truly regal purple, in all their different shades!

And now thin mists begin to veil the landscape, like a subtle tissue, first of transparent gold gauze, then of purple, last of rich warm grey: and the knolls that rise, one behind another, like billows at sea, are looking dim and indistinct; and the stern outlines of the mountains are gradually softening down, and blending, as it were, with the darkening skies. It is indeed the true "Zauberland"—the region of enchantment.

With an unclouded moon for our guide, shining down so benignantly upon us, we reach our shelter for the night; and truly it is no more than a shelter, this humble cabin. By the blaze of the turf fire on the ground you recognise the old cowherd we saw at Stillogues, and his two dogs, who are apparently representatives of the Celt and Saxon races, as one rejoices in the Irish appellation of "*Cosh*," *i. e.*, "Foot"—of course he is very fleet—

* The next coum to the last contains the two lakes called the Coumeraghs, which we were not able to visit, but they present, (as we were informed) no remarkable features.

and the other in the English name of *Brandy*: and he, it is to be hoped, is a *spirited* animal, ready to take any refractory "bull by the horns." The family here speak scarcely any English; but in their warm-hearted Irish they are making us welcome to the only part of their dwelling that can approach the ordinary idea of a room. You must not be fastidious, though under your feet is the native earth, full of hills and hollows; and over your head rough rafters and coarse thatch; and though the peep-hole that assumes, without fulfilling, the duty of window, does not admit air enough to conquer the damp smell of the earth floor, and the musty smell of the thatch; though the crazy door will scarcely either open or shut; and though a long pole, fixed diagonally across the room, sustains, dangling, all the wardrobe of the good folk—corduroy inexpressibles, blue flannel petticoats, grey yarn stockings—flapping about your head as you grope for a three-legged stool. We *have* got some creature-comforts still: our blankets are unpacked, and spread over really clean straw, on that antique bedstead; our basket of prog is opened, and our viands displayed on the deal table; and we have lighted up a pair of candles—one in an iron candlestick that would charm an antiquarian; the other stuck in a bottle. True, we have scarce any of the common appliances for a meal, and must use our fingers more than accords with *bon ton*; still we may boast that we have *raised* ourselves to such an *elevated* position, that we can *look down* upon the world and its fashions, and feel ourselves greatly *above* such frivolous considerations. So now to supper; eat like a hunter, and sleep like his tired dog.

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Morning summons us for the remaining lakes—first for the most northern, Lough Mora. Our route is through the mountains at the other side of the upland valley. The ranges that we traversed yesterday stand opposite to us, yellow with the slanting early sunlight; they are seen to great advantage with their semicircle of dusky coums, and the many little streams, shining like silver threads upon their dark sides. These on this side we may well call "The Thirsty Mountains." Less hospitable than their opposite neighbours, they do not offer to the wayfarer a draught from brook or springlet; and they look as proud as churlish; for each summit is crowned with a vast heap of huge stones—a Titanic diadem.

Here, in this grassy and very lonely gorge, we start to see two tall grey Dallan stones standing side by side. Erected in a far remote age, as memorials of some long-forgotten history, they have been faithless to their office; they tell us nothing of what they were charged to convey to posterity; they look like spectres of the past in this utter solitude; but less communicative than ghosts, they will not answer, though conjured. "Do ye mark a battle-field, the grave of a hero, or of a bard? Will ye not speak to us even in the obsolete Ogham?" No! there is no trace of inscription, or of any kind of device; yet the tool of some ancient workman has passed over them, for they are squared and shaped, tapering a little from the base to the rounded top. The mountaineers call these dallans "Finn's Quoits," and say they were used as casting-stones in trials of strength by the ancient Fenian heroes, whom rustic tradition represents as a gigantic race, thus evidently confounding *great men* with *big men*—indeed in the vernacular, as now spoken, the same word "*Gaisch-kee*" expresses both champion and giant. In divers places among the Commeraghs are legendary vestiges of Finn's royal footsteps. Here were fine hunting-grounds for him and his Fenians, who (say the bards) loved, in time of peace, the chase, as a "mimicry of war," as Scott terms it.

Beyond this gorge rises *Knock-an-Finn*, or Finn's Mountain; and north of it is *Knock-na-ree*, or the King's Mountain, crowned with stones. You may remember I formerly pointed out to you the *locale* of *See Fin*, Finn's Seat; and not far from the hamlet of Knockanbraundon are *Augh-na-ree*, the King's Ford, and the wood of *Knock-na-ree*, or the Wood of the King's Mount.

In our progress, the guide is purposely leading us, with many turnings and windings, through deep mountain-passes, not only for the sake of an easier ascent, but also for the sake of

a surprise; and at last here he has placed us, unexpectedly, on a rock jutting out of the height, just over Lough Mora. What a glorious view is suddenly revealed to us!—it seems as though a whole kingdom lay spread below—yellow corn-fields, green meadows, dark ruins, fair white churches and chapels, waving woods, fine domains, scattered houses, and clustering hamlets, winding rivers, thread-like streams, and line-like roads; hills and mountains in various distances, the noble height of Slievenamon near at hand, the far blue sea edging the horizon, and a most gorgeous noon-day sun pouring a golden flood over all.

When first I saw this magnificent spectacle, some three years since, my companions and myself felt it almost overpowering; one shaded his eyes with his hands, stealing only short glimpses, as if to accustom his sight by degrees to the splendour before him; another exclaimed it was a dream, it was too *beautiful* for reality; a third raised his hat with a reverential air, and I could not help recalling from Milton the hymn of Adam and Eve in Paradise:—

> "These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
> Almighty! thine this universal frame,
> Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then,
> Unspeakable! that sitt'st above these heavens,
> To us invisible, or dimly seen
> In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
> Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine."

Let us at length turn our gaze from the grand landscape beyond us, and look down from this overhanging rock upon Lough Mora. It is merely a large, irregularly-shaped pool, on a kind of level upon the stone-strewed side of the mountain. Yet this bare, ugly, unromantic-looking Lough has its legend, according to which it is haunted by a female supernatural being called "Mora," an old Irish name, which it is to be regretted is now obsolete; it is not identical with *Morya* (Mary), and is much more harmonious. Whenever this "Lady of the Lake" deigns to be visible, she appears as a tall graceful woman, with very fair hair, and clad in white. She possesses a herd of enchanted cattle, milk-white, but with red ears, which she sometimes brings up from the depths of the lake to feed, during the witching hours of night, amid the patches of pasture in these mountains, doubtless for change of diet.

Once upon a time a farmer in these regions perceived that his grass was eaten down much faster than his own few cattle could consume it, and he resolved to lie in wait for the trespassers. Between midnight and sunrise he descried from his ambush a fair white-robed female, driving a herd of beautiful cattle before her, and quietly installing them in his pasture. As soon as they had begun to graze he discovered himself, sprang forward, turned some of the cows into an enclosure, shut the gate on them, and then rushed upon the intrusive herdswoman to take her prisoner; but immediately he perceived that she was not of this world. He started back, terrified and trembling, while Mora, collecting together by a sign the rest of her herd, led them towards the lake, the farmer following at a respectful distance. When she reached the water she stood beside it, and waving her white arms over it, uttered audibly a spell to the effect, that in revenge for the insult she had received from a mortal, henceforth no angler should ever take more than three trout in one day from her Lough, though he should ply his craft from dawn to midnight; and thus having said, she and her kine moved forward on the Lough, and soon disappeared beneath its surface. The farmer returned to his grazing ground, determined, at all events, to keep the fairy cattle he had captured, for the improvement of his original stock; for a belief in these supernatural ruminants is very general in the south of Ireland; and the peasantry affirm that the mixed breed between them and mortal kine is very beautiful, and exactly resembling the magic animals, pure white, with red ears. The farmer watched his captives closely during the rest of the dark hours; but as the sun rose, the fairy cows began to grow indistinct to sight, and ever as it became lighter, they waxed more and more dim, and when the sun was above the horizon, they seemed to have vanished away into nothingness. A murrain soon afterwards broke out among the farmer's cattle, and swept them all away; nothing prospered with him, and he eventually died in the utmost poverty; and, according to the rustic deponents, Mo-

ra's "statute of limitations," with respect to the three trout, is still in full force against mortal anglers.

It is easy to trace our supernatural kine to the east, where the cow is still a sacred animal. In the early ages it was considered symbolical of the moon, from its crescent-shaped horns; and the moon itself was believed to be of an aqueous nature, and to preside over navigation. The supernatural cow is found in every ancient mythology: *e. g.*, it was the hieroglyphic of the Egyptian Isis (the moon)—it was the form under which the classic Io eluded the wrath of Juno; the Scandinavian cow, Audumbla (representing nature, and the primary element, water) was made from melted ice, and fed on the foam of the sea. In the more modern northern fables, the mermaids have herds of snow-white cattle like Mora's; thus, what was in ancient times a myth, dwindles down, in later days, into a fairy legend; and our Mora, with her kine, seems to be a far descendant of an old Indo-Celtic myth of Nature the great mother, and her symbol, the horned moon.

There is an historical anecdote that is curiously connected with the Irish fairy cattle, or, at least, with their description, from which we may infer that the value set by the Irish on the supposed mixed breed (called in Irish *Earc cuicne*) had made an impression on the minds of the Anglo-Norman settlers. We read, that when William de Braose fell under the displeasure of King John, on account of his expressing some sympathy for the fate of young Arthur of Brittany, Matilda de Braose, his wife, took great pains to collect, in the county of Limerick (where the De Braoses had large estates) a herd of marvellous beauty, 400 cows, and a bull, all milk-white, with red ears (the characteristics of the fairy breed), and presented them to Queen Isabella, hoping by this rare gift to engage her intercession for De Braose with John; but the tyrant was not to be won, and the unfortunate family of De Braose were starved to death in prison, in Windsor Castle.

And now look at the majestic mountain of Slievenaman, which, though in the county Tipperary, seems quite near. It is still redolent of the memory of the great Finn; it was one of his favourite sporting haunts, and was the scene of the most extraordinary foot-race on record. Finn wished to marry, but at the same time, to avoid the chance of a consumptive or asthmatic bride, and with an incredible want of gallantry in an Irishman, he proposed the honour of his hand as the prize of a race, to be run by the fair maidens of Erin, from the foot of the mountain to the top, where he would be seated on a stone to greet the winner. Strange to say, the Irish ladies, less spirited *then* than now, accepted the terms; and she who outstripped her panting rivals was Graine, a royal daughter of Tara's Halls; the Fenian chief espoused her accordingly; but, as the court scandal of the third century affirms, she subsequently proved that *strength of lungs* is not always a pleasant quality in a wife: Graine was well able to hold out for the *last word* in all matrimonial debates; but, luckily for poor Finn's peace, she was as nimble to run *from* him, as she had been to run *for* him, and she ultimately eloped with his aide-de-camp Dermod. A cromlech on the top of this mountain is pointed out as "Finn's Chair," where he sat during the race, which is commemorated in the name given to the locality, Slieve-na-*man*, which, oddly enough means "The Mountain of the *Women*," in the vernacular; but this is an abbreviation, for the name in full is, *Slieve-na-man fionn na Heirin*, "The Mountain of the Fair Women of Ireland."

Here, too, was the scene of Finn's mighty chase, at which, if we believe the marvellous tales of the bards, 15,000 Fenians, in glittering array, and armed with helm and spear, assembled with 30,000 dogs, of which 10,000 being favourite hounds, wore golden chains round their necks; a hundred boars were chased and killed on the plain, and each dog killed a deer upon the mountain: a tremendous battue, indeed: it was well all the game in Munster was not annihilated.

But we must loiter no longer here; we have a toilsome space to travel southwards, ere we reach the lake of Coum Duala—steep descents, arid mountains, coarse grass, heaps of stones, clumps of deep moss, in which the deceived foot sinks; hidden holes, tough heath, but still varying views at every angle and opening.

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From the brow of a mountain we *look down* upon Coum Duala in every sense of the word: it is an insignificant, irregular tarn, on the side of a height that slopes down to the open country; it has no rock, no grassy margin, no one interesting feature—yet, if not an enchanting, it is an enchanted lake, haunted by a water spirit like Mora, white, tall, and graceful, and with a vast profusion of long flaxen hair, that falls below her fair shoulders in waving tresses: and hence the etymology of the place, Coum Duala (properly *ghuala*), "The Hollow of Her with the Long Hair." Our "Duala" is an Irish Naiad, and descends from the same ancestry as the Naiads of classic mythology, the water-goddesses of the East—to this day the Ganges is worshipped in India as a female divinity: but as myths travel, a goddess degenerates into a nymph, and the nymph into a spirit, or fairy.

There is nothing to detain us at Coum Duala. A weary descent—the refreshment of a bit of level ground while crossing the pass, called the Gap, between two ranges—a laborious ascent—and now down on hands and knees to crawl along the face of the mountain; beware of a false step, the steep is all but perpendicular, and there is a frightful precipice below, and inaccessible summits above. Be not dismayed; when I first essayed this fearful passage I lost heart for a while, and lay down, with my face to the earth, grasping a root of heath, and protesting I must lie there and die quietly, for if I moved an inch I should be dashed to pieces—it *was* nervous work; our guide had mistaken his route: evening was far advanced, and thick, fleecy clouds were descending low, and threatening to envelope us completely; yet I was persuaded into courage at last, and scrambled safely on to Coum Gorra, and so may you.

And now that we *have* reached Coum Gorra, do you not agree with me that it is better worth a visit, after all, than any of the other coums, except Coumshingaun; the scenery is peculiarly savage, but *grandly* savage. Though this Coum contains three lakes, yet we can only see one at a time from our position, for they lie, each above the other, in retiring shelves of the cliff. What a stern Coum is this!—a chaos of rocks, closed in by the mountains, among whose summits the sharp spike of "Crotty's Pinnacle" rises conspicuous—the precipice, and wild glen below, with a vista of open country—the still, dark waters of the lower lake, with its barren, stony margin, and its issuing stream, that flows over the edge of the rude shelf, and runs gurgling down the glen. This Coum is so enclosed, that it yields particularly fine echoes, whence it is designated Coum Gorra, "The Hollow of the Sharp Cry," or Echo. Listen how that whistle is repeated again—again, and again: it seems to run round, round, and to fill every nook and crevice.

Knoll after knoll we must surmount, to reach the middle lake on the ledge above. It is even wilder than the lower one—the ground so rugged—the over-topping crags so grand—the rocks so enormous, often like natural cromlechs, and many are scattered in the lough, giving a fine bold relief to its still, dark waters. These, too, have their nursling stream; but after leaving the lake, it sinks into a pool, and, by a subterranean descent, falls into the lower lake, whence it emerges again, as you have already seen below.

Would you visit the highest lake? You must climb stoutly, for the ascent is steeper and rougher still. Like the two others, its bed is in a crag-encircled hollow; but it enjoys the distinction of an islet at one end; and here again you see a stream welling from the brink down the wall of rock.

What a singular kind of regularity is observable in this chain of wild lakes!—the three just one above another, each on its craggy shelf. The streamlet that springs from the uppermost runs down the face of the mountain to the next lake, emerges thence again, and, after disappearing for a while under ground, issues at last from the lowest Lough, and speeds in freedom its downward course through the wild precipitous glen.

The shadows are deepening around us: a herdsman, stooping from a peak far above, is hailing us, to know if we intend to pass the night in the Coum. Our guide is impatient for our return to our billet. Adieu to the lonely lakes of Coumgorra.

Return through the pass called The Gap—moonlight sleeping on the

mountains—at intervals the voices of cowherds in the distance calling to their dogs—a deep, rough road, like the bed of a wintry torrent—stumbling over big stones—sticking fast in boggy spots—one shoe lost, the other filled with black liquid mud—slipping off the stepping-stones in a rivulet—wet through—descrying the light in the cottage—limp on a little quicker—glad to get in—tired to death, after being at least twelve hours on foot, climbing, scrambling, everything but fair, regular walking.

Future explorers will, in all probability, be enabled to visit the lakes of the Commeraghs more easily than we have done, for there is a rumour of roads to be made through the Gap, and in various directions, and then the silence and solitude of these Coums will be broken by the bustle and flutter of pic-nic parties, and they will lose much of their charms. Gay groups would be wholly incongruous here: the only figures meet for the painter to introduce amid landscapes like these, are the native herdsman, the eager sportsman, or two or three earnest pilgrims of nature—*absit* the fierce robber of old times. But other wanderers have been here—others too perfectly, too sadly in keeping with these solitary scenes. In future years the mountain guide, to enhance the local interest of the Commeraghs, will point out the lurking-places of the outlawed insurgent chiefs of 1848, and will add their names and history to his store of traditions; but the events of that agitating year are as yet too recent for us to go beyond an allusion to the principal actors in them.

And now the summary of what we have seen is, that of all the lakes and hollows, Coumshingaun is the grandest, Coumfea the mildest, Stillogue More the loveliest, Coumgorra the most savage. The mountains are seen to most advantage when the heath is in full bloom, and after a continuance of dry weather: late in the year they look bare, sombre, and dreary; and after rain the deep moss is so soaked, that you feel as if treading on supersaturated sponges; besides, the frequent mists, the treacherous bogs, and suddenly-swelling torrents, render the excursion dangerous after the commencement of autumn. But if advantage be taken of bright, warm days, late in August, or early in September, no real lover of nature will return disappointed from a ramble in the Commeragh Mountains.

M. E. M.

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BY D. F. W. C.

ROMANCE OF ABENAMAR.

FROM THE SPANISH.

THE JEALOUSY OF ADALIFA.

"Asi no marchite el tiempo
El abril de tu esperanza."

So may Time preserve the April
Of thy Hope—my faithful Maida—
If thou tellest to me truly
Where I may behold this Zaida.

She I mean, the beauteous stranger,
With her braided golden tresses—
She whose beauty all are speaking,
But whose grace no word expresses.

She for whom the truant lover
Breaks his vows, and perjured gazes;
She whom all the Moorish nobles
Celebrate with glorious praises:

To the Mosque I go to seek her—
Seek her in the festal Zambra*—
Through the shady Alameda—
Through the golden-roofed Alhambra.

Something ever dims my eyesight—
Some enchantment doth enfold her;
So that day or night I never
Have been able to behold her.

Ah! my Maida, with full reason
Does the heart within me wither;
Since I came unto Granada—
Would that I had ne'er come hither!

Since I came unto Granada—
Woe is me! unhappy lady!—
Soon as dusky night descendeth,
From me goeth my Alcaide.

And although he comes not homeward,
Till the sun the blue zone blesses,
Well I know that he is weary
Of my greetings and caresses.

That he's weary to be with me
Every silent look attesteth;
'Tis no wonder that he's weary,
When elsewhere so long he resteth.

* A Moorish festival, attended with music and dancing.

When he's with me in the garden,
Or when he reposes nigh me,
Not alone are deeds then wanting
But even words he doth deny me!

If I say—My Life! he answers
Not as when he first did woo me;
But he says—My dear! so coldly,
That like ice it freezes through me!

All my fondness he repelleth,
Either with impatient gesture,
Or he heeds it not, from being
Wrapped in thought as in a vesture.

When I clasp his neck in fondness,
He his head and eyes inclineth,
And withdraws him from the circle
Of the arms which he untwineth.

All the time such sighs upheaving
From the deep hell of his anguish,
That both kindle my suspicions,
And the flame with which I languish.

If the cause of this I ask him,
Thou art it, he answers merely—
Falsely answers, as Heaven knoweth
That I still do love him dearly.

I offend him! *I* who ever
Feel Love's season fresh and vernal.
May he, for this false assertion,
Burn in flames of love eternal!

I who never at my window
Have been seen, my beauty showing,
Never sought the thrilling bull-fight,
Nor the games where canes* were throwing.

Never where guitars were playing,
By the sighing crowd infested—
Never placed my conscious footsteps
Where suspicion's breath had rested.

Ever in my house remaining,
This Mohammed knows, that even,
Had I not to please my husband,
I had still the law of Heaven!

But why waste more time in telling
Grief like mine? Or why reveal it?
Since the cause of all this sorrow
You do know, and yet conceal it!

* The Game of Canes was a sort of bloodless tournament, where canes were used instead of lances. It was a favourite amusement with the Moors in Spain.

Do not swear!—I'll not believe you—
    Women build on slight foundation,
When they rest Joy's golden fabric
    On man's strongest protestation.

Men have ever been base traitors,
    Falsehood is Love's first-born daughter
Promises, when Love expi th,
    Vanish as if writ in water.*

From the promise to fulfilment
    Ah! how long the way and weary;
Wretched inns beside the highway,
    Darksome, desolate and dreary!

Ah! my God, when I remember
    All the burning vows he swore me!...
But, support me, gentle Maida,
    For a faintness cometh o'er me!

In her arms she lieth fainting—
    Vainly Maida seeks to calm her.
Thus spoke Adalifa, weeping,
    Jealous of her Abenámar.

"Raublustig und schreckenverbreitend und aus
Geleitet Abdalla den Araberschwarm,
Gen Afrika zu,
Vor Tripoli steh'n die Beherzten im Nu."

Plundering, and dreadful, and dark as a storm,
Abdalla conducteth the Saracen swarm
To the African land,
Till soon before Tripoli's turrets they stand.

But ere they beleaguer a bastion or post,
The Stadtholder Gregory comes with his host,
With sword and with lance,
Victorious he comes from the walls of Byzance.

And while the fanatical foe he doth dare,
Beside him there rideth with gold-flowing hair,
Her spear flashing bright,
His beautiful daughter in armour bedight.

The maiden had chosen a manly career—
She shot with the arrow, she brandished the spear;
In the battle's alarms
She was Pallas, but still Cytherea in charms.

Her father rose proudly, and looking around,
His voice 'mid the brave-hearted cohorts resound,
"No longer delay,
My men, but away! 'gainst Abdalla away!

* *Como escritas en el agua.* This will remind the reader of poor Keats' inscription for his own tomb—"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

"And he who shall bring me the Infidel's head,
This day my fair daughter Maria shall wed—
A prize for the bold!
And with her an unmeasured treasure of gold!

Then the might of the Christian was doubled that day—
Then the strength of the Mussulman vanished away—
E'en Abdalla the brave
In his tent shunned the jaws of an imminent grave.

There fought in the army a Mussulman Knight—
Zobir, like the lightning-flash, dashed thro' the fight—
Forth rode he in wrath,
As the blood from his quick-clinking spurs marked his path.

He reached his commander, and spoke—"Dost thou deem,
Abdalla, the battle is over? Dost dream?
In thy tent out of view?
And shall then the world—the great Caliph subdue?

"Let us do in return what the Christian has done—
Let us win in the way that the Christian has won—
Be artful and bold;
Promise all—e'en the measureless treasure of gold.

"To thy army this word of encouragement say—
'Whoever the hostile commander shall slay,
In return for his head,
This day the most beauteous Maria shall wed.'"

So acted Abdalla with quick-seeing thought—
With valour redoubled his Saracens fought—
Zobir at their head:
'Neath his scimitar Gregory quickly lay dead.

Then fled to the city the Christians in fear—
Then followed the Victors in headlong career—
Then the wall's castles four
The flag of the Prophet triumphantly bore.

Long struggled Maria with grief and disdain,
Till, circled by numbers, at length she was ta'en;
As the crowd round her swept,
She was borne to the valiant Zobir, and she wept.

And one of the crowd, gathered round, in surprise,
Said, "We bring thee the sweetest, the loveliest prize
Ever seen among men,
For fighting and conquering with us Saracen!"

But, answered he quickly with frowning contempt—
"Who dareth a true manly bosom to tempt?
Or this snare spreads for me?
I fought for my God and his holy Decree!

"Christian woman! I woo not, or wed not with thee—
But ere I release thee, What wouldst thou from me?"
Then she said with a tear—
"To weep for my father, and hate thee, Zobir!"

ROMANCE OF GAZUL.

FROM THE SPANISH

THE REVENGE.

> "Sale la estrella de Venus
> Al tiempo que el sol se pone,
> Y la enemiga del dia
> Su negro manto descoge."

'Twas the hour when through the Azure
  Shone the star of Venus sparkling,
And the bright Day's dusk Opponent
  Wrapped him in his mantle darkling,

When a Moor, like Rodamonte,
  Armed with lance, both sharp and weighty,
Rode across the plain of Jerez
  By the crystal Guadalete—

Rode where flows the winding river
  (Wild with rage, but not unwary),
Till the Sea of Spain it enters,
  At the fair Port of Saint Mary.

On he rode in deep distraction,
  For, although of birth and breeding,
His ungrateful lady left him,
  For the gold that he was needing!

Left him for a richer rival,
  And this night, with noise and revel,
Weds a hideous Moor—Alcaide
  Of the Alcazâr of Seville.

Tenderly his wrong he waileth—
  Tighter now his bridle reining;
While the plain around re-echoes
  To the voice of his complaining.

"Heartless Zaida!—ah! more heartless
  Than the sea that proud fleets swallows;
Colder, flintier, and harder
  Than the mountain's rocky hollows!—

"How couldst thou permit it, cruel—
  Oh! distraction! oh! perdition!—
That a stranger hand should deck him
  In my soul's best hope's fruition!

"Round a gnarled trunk thou twinest,
  Past conceiving! past believing!
Without fruitage, without flowerage,
  Thine own tree, deserted, leaving!

"Wilt thou leave Gazul the noble?
  He the fondest! He the truest!
Wilt thou wed with Albenzaide,
  Whom till now thou scarcely knewest?

"Ah! the poorer one thou takest,
And the truly rich thou losest,
Since the riches of the body
More than of the soul thou chosest.

"But may Allah! grant thou traitress,
He may hate, and you adore him;
Jealous when he may be absent,
Restless when thou art before him.

"May'st thou not to sleep at night time,
Or to rest by day, be able;
May he in the bed abhor you,
And detest you at the table.

"In the festivals and zambras
May your colours ne'er be blazing;
May you ne'er be let to see them,
Even from the windows gazing.

"May disgrace pursue the wearer
(When with canes the shields are cloven),
Of the sleeve that thou hast broidered,
And the veil that thou hast woven.

"May the cipher of a mistress
Be his badge, while thine he spurneth;
And be given to her the captives,
When from war he back returneth.

"In the battle of the Christians
Be his death for ever dreading—
Would to Allah! that it happened
E'er your hands met at this wedding.

"But if he doth thus abhor thee,
May you live long years together;
'Tis the greatest curse that mortals
From the angry Fates can gather!"

By this time he reached to Jerez,
In the night time, nigh belated,
Found the bridegroom's palace crowded,
Halls and walls illuminated.

Saw the Moorish frontier servants,
Out and in, through doors and porches,
Pass along in rich apparel
To and fro, with lighted torches!

Rising in his stirrups, quickly
He the bridegroom saw, and knew him;
Hurled his long lance through the window,
And the weapon passed right through him.

All was tumult—all cried vengeance—
In his blood their lord lay bathed;
But the Moor, his sword unsheathing,
Through them homeward passed unscathed.

THE WATER-SPRITE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JUSTINUS KERNER

> "Es war in des Maien mildem Glanz,
> Da hielten die Jungfern von Tubingen Tanz."

The May-moon shone with a mild warm glance,
As the maidens of Tubingen met to dance.

They danced, and danced each other between,
'Neath a linden tree in the valley green.

A strange Youth, most richly arrayed,
Approached and bowed to the fairest maid.

He reached her his hand with a noble air,
And placed a sea-green wreath on her hair.

"O young man! why is thine arm so cold?"
—"No heat do the waters of Neckar hold!"

"O young man! why is thine hand so pale?
—"In the water the burning sunbeams fail!"

He danced with her far from the linden-tree—
—"O young man! my mother is calling me!"

He danced with her still by the Neckar clear—
—"O young man! leave me—I faint with fear!"

He danced with her in where the waters shine—
—"O father! and thou, O mother, mine!"

He bears her to halls of crystal sheen—
—"Farewell! my mates in the valley green!"

ROMANCE OF ZAIDE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

THE CHALLENGE.

> "Si tienes el corazon,
> Zaide, como la arrogancia."

Zaide, if thy boastful bearing
    Manly worth but truly token—
If thou canst make good in action
    What thy braggart lips have spoken-

If with foemen thou canst combat,
    As with women thou dost prattle—
Not more active in the Zambras,
    Than on horseback in the Battle—

If, as in the mimic tourney,
    Thou canst bear the crash of lances,
Wave the scimitar as deftly
    As the light scarf in the dances—

If thou art as skilléd in warfare
    As in smiles when dames pass by thee,
And apply thyself to combats
    As to feasts thou dost apply thee—

If, like silken summer raiment,
    Thou the shining armour wearest,
And the shrill sound of the trumpet
    Like the lute's sweet sound thou hearest—

If, as in the sunny pastime,
    Where so well the canes thou throwest,
Thou upon thy foe canst trample,
    When unto the field thou goest—

If the daring that thou vaunted
    In my absence, thou not lackest—
Come! as readily defend thee,
    As in the Alhambra thou attackest!

If alone thou wilt not venture,
    As is he who waits to meet thee,
Bring whatever friends thou pleasest,
    If such aid be not beneath thee:

For true caballeros never
    Trust the tongue, nor weakly mutter,
In a palace, or 'mid women,
    Where the hands *must* nothing utter.

But the hands can here speak boldly—
    Come and see how he had spoken,
If the presence of his monarch
    Let the silence then be broken!

With such anger, with such fury,
    Thus the Moor Al-Tarfe writeth,
That the pen cuts through the paper
    In whatever place it lighteth.

Calling then his page, he speaketh—
    "When the Alhambra you arrive at,
To the Moor called Zaide, wending,
    This from me present in private.

Tell him that I wait his coming
    In the citron-shaded alley,
Where Genil's translucent water
    Wanders through the pleasant valley.

THE PLEIADES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EDWARD JAHNENS.

"Siehst Du in klaren Abendblau
Die Siebensterne leuchten?
Die mit dem hellsten Silberthau
Die Erdenflur befeuchten?"

Seest thou on high, in heaven's clear evening blue,
The Pleiades outshining—
They who, with threads of brightest silver dew,
The flowers of earth are twining?
They wander slowly on their ordered way,
With mild, fond looks, like maidens' eyes when thinking,
Until they meet the Herald of the Day,
Then smiling fade away, adown the empyrean sinking!

The bold King Hako, pride-consumed,
Sat once on Northland's throne of old,
For him seven fairest daughters bloomed,
The brightest gems his crown did hold.
Such faces, fresh as morning skies,
Such forms, without a fault or stain,
Such gentle soul-illumined eyes
Were never seen on earth again.

Returning from the Danish fight,
The King's victorious host passed on,
But first of all in fame and might
Seven noble warriors proudly shone.
Their souls were bound in death and dearth
By Nature's sacred, holiest bands—
They were the bravest knights on earth,
The fairest chiefs of all the lands!

The King, before his palace hall,
Looked proudly from his golden chair:
Around him stood his daughters all,
With beauteous looks and modest air;
Their linen robes, so snowy white,
Were girt with golden girdles rare,
Their arms were clasped with diamonds bright,
And pearls entwined their curling hair.

Best trophies of their valiant deeds,
Each soldier bloody arms displays;
The seven brave Ritters on their steeds
Must all admire, and wondering praise.
The royal maidens upward gaze,
While down the knights their glances turn;
A blush each gentle heart betrays—
The brothers' cheeks responsive burn!

Despite the warrior's glorious doom,
Despite the brass that gleams above,
Within the manliest heart will bloom,
The sweetest, tenderest flowers of love!
The beauteous maidens felt likewise
Soft cares that were till then unborn,
And gently heaved unnumbered sighs
From that fair evening till the morn!

Amid the silent garden gleams
The light of sleeping trees and flowers—
There, lost in love's delicious dreams
They wander through the midnight hours.
No sleep through all that happy night
Seals up the brothers watchful eyes—
Love is for them a guiding light
Which, once enkindled, never dies

When comes the dawn on rosy wing
The brothers don their shining steel—
They tread before the mighty King,
And at his feet respectful kneel.
With manly speech and earnest eyes
They own the bliss for which they sigh,
And swear, for that beloved prize,
To live, to combat, and to die.

With serious tone the King replies—
"You seek a boon with dangers rife;
But Beauty is the Hero's prize,
His dearest wish and aim in life.
Go, like our sires, on danger's track,
And fight with pride, and conquer power,
And let each suitor bring me back
A kingdom for a bridal dower."

O'er each brave face the rapture glides—
"'Tis this, O King! our valour seeks—
Now guard for us our faithful brides
For one short year and thirty weeks.
Till then our knightful word we plight—
Till then our promise shall remain—
Here we shall be, if in the fight
We lie not bloody, stark, and slain."

X.

The seven went forth with rapid pace;
The squires their pawing coursers bring;
The knights, in leaving that sweet place,
Pass by the gardens of the King:
There softly opes the garden gate—
The garden walks and bowers are seen—
Within the royal maidens wait,
With sorrowing looks and mournful mien.

When many a mild and tearful glance,
When many a faithful sigh, is paid—
When many a kiss the fond lip grants,
And many a heartfelt vow is made—
When many a throb escapes the heart,
And many a clasp doth press the hand—
The sorrowing knights at length depart,
And wander forth th ugh many a land.

A year of bitt r grief goes by—
Retired and sad the maidens stay;
In gazing far with tearful eye
They pass each tardy-wingéd day.
They see the starry silver light
From bud to blossom trembling creep,
But pass the silent, holy night
In boding thoughts that make them weep.

XIII.

The changeful moon doth wax and wane,
The appointed time is drawing near;
The near approach of bliss doth pain,
And thrill their hearts with hope and fear.
Down from their little chamber range
Their eyes o'er all the valley's track—
The moon and sunshine interchange,
But still the brothers come not back!

At length the latest morning glowed,
The birds sang sweet on branch and brake—
So silent lies each path and road,
Their throbbing hearts will surely break.
The morning fades, the daylight dies,
No bark is on the still sea-foam;
With many a sigh they strain their eyes,
But ah! the Knights return not home.

Within their little room they pine,
And one another's forms embrace;
In, glancing, gleams the white moonshine,
And falls upon each whiter face:
Their eyes, with weeping almost blind,
Stare through the silent dark serene;
Soon comes the early morning wind,
But still no messenger is seen.

XVI.

Meantime came many a princely youth,
To ask the maidens from their sire;
The Monarch pledged his royal truth
To serve them in their fond desire—
If on the last appointed day
Returns not back each valiant knight,
Then doth he promise, yea or nay,
With them his daughters to unite.

XVII.

Scarcely the dawn, with rosy flame,
Had kissed the mountain's topmost stone,
When at the King's command they came
Before their father's lofty throne·
They mildly kneel and humbly pray,
With sighs and tears that terror smothers,
At least until the close of day
That they await the Brothers.

The King replies, with looks severe,
"Well, then, my word is plighted,
They must upon this day appear.
Or be for ever slighted."
The maidens hear their settled doom,
No other word is spoken,
But back into their little room
Return again heart-broken.

And hour runs quickly after hour,
The sun still rises yonder;
And up and down, from flower to flower,
From place to place they wander.
And now the sultry noon is nigh,
The mid-day vapour burneth—
The sun is in the evening sky,
But still no Knight returneth.

XX.

When now the last faint beam of day
Upon the wave is shining—
The maidens all their heads array—
Green wreaths of rue entwining,
And with white veils that hide the shower,
Their burning eyes are weeping,
Upon the Castle's topmost tower
Their silent watch are keeping.

Thus through that long and weary night
So look they for the Ritters;
And weep to see the crimson light
That in the Orient glitters.
Then drink they all the poison-cup—
Love smiling round them hovers—
And makes each dying eye look up
Still fondly for their Lovers.

XXII.

The fairest stars that deck the night
Are now that faithful seven!
They rule with mild and gentle light
All o'er the Northern Heaven.
They bathe the flowers and leaves with dew,
But find their Lovers never:
They look for them from Heaven's high blue,
For ever and for ever!

THE LAUGHING DEATH'S-HEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ERNEST WILKOMM.*

Bei Limmerick auf den Wiesenplan
  Die Fiedel geht, der Tänzer schwebt
Ein kleines Männchen tritt heran,
  Und wildes Gelächter sich erhebt

Near Limerick, in a meadow green,
  The fiddle goes—the dancer flies—
A little dwarfish man is seen,
  And wildest screams of laughter rise.
"Oh! merry Toby, come and stay,
And play for us this festal day."

Poor Toby takes the fiddler's place,
  Then brogues are stamped and pipes are lit,
And round and round in rapid race
  The merry-footed dancers flit
"Oh! Toby, show thy face, good man,
Let those resist to laugh who can."

The little fiddler lifts his head—
  For laughter then the dance is stayed—
The rich and poor, the wived and wed,
  And old and young, and man and maid,
And fair and foul, and best and worst,
All laugh as if their hearts would burst.

Still Toby—little Toby—gazed
  Around the group, and, to and fro,
Then, loud above the laugh, he raised
  His screaming voice, that all might know-
"When soon I fill the narrow den,
God wills my scull will laugh even then!"

Then silent all the dancers grew,
  Still Toby played his merry tune,
But none will now the dance renew,
  All leave the place deserted soon!
But Toby, who doth still remain,
The lord of the abandoned plain.

Away the timid young men ran,
  Or nodded side-ways as they past,
Still Toby laughed—poor, little man—
  As laugh he must, while life doth last.
But soon the laugh—the music's o'er,
And Toby sleeps to wake no more!

* This curious ballad may be added to those others upon Irish subjects written Goethe, Freiligrath, Anastasius Grün (Count Auersporg) and other eminent Germ poets, of which translations have already appeared in this country.

Well, twenty years have passed away—
The sexton digs a grave hard by;
His shovel, to the light of day,
Throws up a scull now smooth and dry;
He placed it on the earth and stones
Beside the grave, between two bones.

The bell and psalm resound afar,
The censer fumes, the black plumes wave,
And, borne upon the funeral car,
A corse is carried to the grave.
The bearers stand, and lower the bier,
The Priest with measured step comes near.

He turns him round, then, wild and loud,
The group a peal of laughter gave;
The mourners in their darksome shroud,
With laughing, stumble o'er the grave;
With trembling lips they shout and stare—
"See! See! the laughing scull is there!"

There stands the scull, and grins on all,
Still grinning back the laughter loud;
Then laugh the men, the children small,
Then laughs the Priest, and all the crowd—
All but the sexton, who arose,
And said—"Poor Toby, now repose!"

CEYLON AND THE CINGALESE.*

BY ONESIPHORUS,

AUTHOR OF "CHINA AND THE CHINESE."

CHAPTER XV.

THE STATE OF CEYLON ANTERIOR TO THE CHRISTIAN ERA—ANOORADHAPOORA, WHEN BUILT—CIRCUMFERENCE OF CITY WALLS—NATIVE HISTORICAL RECORD—ACCOUNT GIVEN BY FA HIAN, THE CHINESE TRAVELLER OF THE FOURTH CENTURY—BRIDGE OF DEVILS—MODE OF SHAPING AND ORNAMENTING GRANITE 2000 YEARS AGO—UNICORN KNOWN TO THE CINGALESE—MAHA-WIHARE—LOWA MAHA PAYA—RUWANWELLI SAYE—TRADITION—GLASS PINNACLE USED AS A NON CONDUCTOR, A.D. 243—ABHAAYAGIRI DAGOBAH—TOOPHAARAAMAYA DAGOBAH—TANKS AND WELLS—TOMB OF ELALA—ROCK TEMPLES OF DAMBOOL—DIMENSIONS OF THE MAHA RAJAH WIHARE—DECORATIONS, PAINTINGS, AND STATUES OF THE GODS AND KINGS—CURIOUS DESCRIPTIVE INSCRIPTION ON THE ROCK—ANECDOTE OF THE SACRED WATER—WORSHIP IN THE CAVE—ALOOT WIHARE—MAHA DEWO DEWALE—SMALLEST ROCK TEMPLE—DIMENSIONS AND DECORATIONS—EXTERIOR OF DAMBOOLA GALLA—SUMMIT OF THE ROCK—ANCIENT ROCK FORTRESS OF SIGIRI—RUINS OF A NUNNERY AT MINIGIRI—TRADITION—DEWINOOWARA, THE CITY OF THE [illegible]NI, COMMEMMORATES THE CONQUEST OF CEYLON BY RAMA—REMAINS OF ANTIQUITY SEEN AROUND DONDERA—THE PRIEST'S TALE—ANTIQUE STATUE AT BELLIGAMMA—POLLANAROOA—REMAINS OF TANK PALACE, RELIGIOUS EDIFICES, ROCK TEMPLE, AND COLOSSAL STATUES—DAGOBAH OF THE GOLDEN UMBRELLA—STONE ROOF—ANCIENT INSCRIPTIONS—MASS OF STONE REMOVED BY MEN—EXTRAORDINARY PIECE OF SCULPTURE—SANUS OR DEED OF GIFT—CONCLUSION.

It is evident that, at a period anterior to the Christian era, Ceylon had attained a high state of civilisation and refinement, whereof the gigantic ruins of Anooradhapoora and Pollanarooa (the former capitals of Lanka-diva), the stupendous tanks, religious edifices, and various other massive architectural remains, which are scattered over the cinnamon isle, bear ample witness. Bertolacci, in allusion to these evidences of high civilisation, remarks, "We must therefore say, that the further we go back towards the remotest antiquity, we find this island rising in the ideas it impresses upon our minds, respecting its civilisation and prosperity." In allusion to the tanks this author most justly remarks, "In this work we find then, incontestible signs of an immense population and an extensive agriculture. This gives us the idea of a very populous country, and of a flourishing nation." In Mr. Upham's most excellent work on the "Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon," after alluding to the beneficial influence, that the introduction of the mild tenets of Buddhism, had upon the Cingalese, he writes, "There is another point we can dwell on with pleasure, viz., the rapid and remarkable progress of the Cingalese in every branch of national refinement. They scarcely appear in these narrations to have entered on the career of civilisation, ere we find them under Panduwasa and his successors founding cities, building temples, and above all forming immense lakes for facilitating the operations of agriculture—*the true riches of a state.* These extraordinary excavations rivalled the most remarkable labors of antiquity, and were hardly surpassed by the kindred wonders of Egypt. The remains of these national monuments demonstrate an amount of population, and a state of prosperity infinitely superior to what exists at present, or has for a long period existed in Ceylon. Not less striking than these lakes are the vast mounds, temples, and mausoleums, which are generally adjacent to their borders, and the remains of which, at this present day, attest the former splendour of the state."

Believing as we do the veracity of the native historical records, relative to the former prosperity and grandeur of the isle, finding these statements are fully corroborated by the stupendous and magnificent architectural remains, which are to be seen on the bosom of Lanka-diva's verdant soil, we conceive it must be evident to all who reflect upon this interesting topic, that the forefathers of this people, whom for a lengthened period we looked upon as savages, were a civilised, and a comparatively refined nation, at a period anterior to the discovery of Great Britain, and

her then semi-barbarous denizens. Although now, the greater portion of the native population of Ceylon, are too frequently indolent, ignorant, servile, and cowardly, their ancestors would appear to have adopted as mottoes for their guidance, "Par sit fortuna laboris."—"Audentes fortuna juvat."

Tradition, supported by the native chronicles, asserts, that from the most remote periods of antiquity the plain on which the city of Anooradhapoora was built, was regarded as sacred ground, from the circumstance of the first Buddha of the present era, having visited the spot; when he found the place hallowed by the observance of the religious rites and ceremonies, which had been practised by preceding generations, in obedience to the commands of the Buddhas of former eras, who had also honored and consecrated the spot by their presence. One of Buddha's commands forbids taking life from any creature, "From the smallest and most noxious insect up to man thou shalt not kill," and we believe, that few natives have sufficient temerity to kill any animal near the spot, which their records affirm had been sanctified by the presence of their god Buddha; consequently game of all descriptions abounds in the jungles around Anooradhapoora.

Anooradhapoora, is first mentioned in Cingalese records about five hundred years before the Christian era, where it is stated to have been then a village, which was presented by the King Panduwasa to his brother-in-law for a residence. In the same century this monarch's successor determined to make this spot, the capital and seat of Government, which it continued to be, except during the reign of an usurper, until the eighth century, when the seat of Government was transferred to Pollanaroova. Anooradhapoora was known to Ptolemy, and may be found correctly placed and marked in his map, under the name of Anuragrammum. In succeeding centuries various relics of Goutama Buddha were brought here, and magnificent Dagobahs were erected for their reception, and a branch of the Bo, or sacred tree under which tradition asserts he had reposed, was planted. After Anooradhapoora had ceased to be a capital, the monarchs deemed it a paramount duty to keep the various religious edifices in repair, and this custom was observed until the commencement of the thirteenth century, when the invader Maagha governed Ceylon, during which period he demolished many of the religious and public buildings, and attempted the destruction of the native historical records. Superstition appears to have instigated the king Panduwasa in the selection of Anooradhapoora for the capital, and when the seat of Government was removed in after ages, it is to be presumed that all the chiefs and most wealthy inhabitants followed in the monarch's train. From historical records we learn, that the final desertion of the city, its attendant decay, and present desolation, arose in a great measure from the unhealthiness of the neighbourhood, which was principally attributable to the artificial lakes and tanks being allowed to remain unrepaired. The number of the inhabitants having been greatly diminished, the remainder were either unable, or unwilling, to maintain in due order, the stupendous embankments of those artificial sources of wealth and plenty in one case, or of want and sickness in the other; the latter being caused by the waters overflowing and breaking their boundaries, forming stagnant and noxious swamps, instead of irrigating the surrounding fields with their refreshing waters.

The decline of Ceylon may be dated from the eighth century, the sun of her prosperity appears to have been then upon the wane, and her annals exhibit in after ages a fearful array of domestic feuds, foreign invasions, wars, pestilences, and famines; nevertheless, in the twelfth century, we find many noble public works completed; and the native annals affirm that the number of males at that period in the island, amounted to three millions, four hundred and twenty thousand. Although the number may be exaggerated, it is self-evident from the magnitude of the public works which were then constructed, that an immense population at the same time must have existed in Ceylon. Our government have located some officials at Anooradhapoora, have caused roads to be constructed, and in some spots, the dense jungle to be cleared away; but the station is one of the most unhealthy in the colony, so much so, that

many enthusiastic antiquarians, in their endeavours to behold the remains of Lanka-diva's palmy days, have been foiled in their researches, and prostrated by severe attacks of fever and ague. We feel assured, however, that Anooradhopaora could not formerly have been insalubrious, or it would not have continued to be the seat of government for more than twelve hundred years. In the first century of our era, about the year 63 or 64, the monarch Waahapp completed he walls of the city, which enclosed a space of two hundred and fifty-six square miles. The walls were sixty-four miles in extent, built in a quadrangular form, each side being sixteen miles in length. The following interesting description of the capital is extracted from the native historical records :—

"The glorious and magnificent city of Anooradhapoora is gorgeously refulgent from the many temples and palaces, whose golden pinnacles glitter in the sky. The sides of the streets are strewn with dark-coloured sand ; whilst the centre is sprinkled with sand which is white as the interior of a young cocoanut. The streets are spanned by arches, made from the young pliant bamboo, which are covered with the choicest flowers, and ornamented with golden and silver flags, glittering amidst the many-colored blossoms ; on each side are vases filled with fragrant oils, and in alcoves are images holding gold and silver lamps. In the thoroughfares are to be seen throngs of men, who are armed with bows and arrows. Among these people are men of lofty stature, who carry large swords ; the strength of these godlike beings is so great, that with one blow of their mighty weapon, they can sever the body of an elephant. Myriads of people, elephants, horses, bullocks, palanqueens, and haccories, are constantly passing and repassing. Among this busy multitude devoted to occupation, may be found many who make the pleasure of others their employment, as there are necromancers, dancers, and musicians of far off nations, whose chanque shells and tom-toms are ornamented with cloth of gold. The gates of the city are far asunder ; the distance of the principal gate to the southern entrance is four gaws ;* and from the northern to the southern gate, is it not also four gaws ? The principal streets† are three ; their names are, Great King-street, Great River-street, and Moon-street—in the latter are more than twice five thousand dwellings, the greater number being goodly sized houses. The lesser streets in this vast city are countless. The King's palace is a stupendous edifice, and has immense ranges of buildings, some of two and three stories in height. The subterranean apartments are of great extent. What man can tell the space of ground they cover ?"

Although the style of this account is essentially oriental, the remains of this magnificent city fully corroborate the above statement ; as the ruins of the walls, public buildings, stupendous tanks, and religious edifices, bear evidence, of the enormous population which must have been required, to undertake, and complete, these gigantic structures.

The learned Chinaman Fa-Hian visited Ceylon in the fourth century, and he gives a most graphic description of the condition of the island, and the glories of Anooradhapoora. He comments upon the flourishing condition of the country, and informs us that the capital was inhabited by the monarch, his courtiers and nobles, numerous magistrates, who administered the laws with justice, and merchants who were largely engaged, in commerce with distant and foreign states. Fa-Hian also expatiates on the magnitude of the public buildings ; the size and style in which the abodes of the nobles and wealthy were ornamented ; the length of the streets and roads, which he says, "were wide and straight;" and concludes his account by expressing the joy it gave him, as a devout follower of Buddha, to see the numberless halls which were solely used by the priests to preach in, and expound the laws of Buddha; and that the eighth, fourteenth, and fifteenth days of each moon were devoted to the "great preachings," when crowds of people of all grades, from the highest to the lowest, filled these buildings.

Near Anooradhapoora are the re-

* A gaw is four English miles.

† We refrain from giving the Cingalese names of the streets, out of compassion to our beloved selves, as all the typographers who we come across will persist in adopting their own spelling, instead of ours, in Asiatic proper names.

mains of a stone bridge, called, by the natives, the Bridge of Devils, as they declare that none but demons could have hewn and placed such immensely massive stones in the form of a bridge. But it appears evident, from their ancient structures, that the Cingalese, more than two thousand years ago, made use of the wedge to wrench blocks from the parent rock, afterwards forming the huge masses into the required shape by means of the chisel, and adopted various methods, not only in the formation, but also in the embellishment, of massive granite pillars, which have been introduced into this country as improvements during the present century. Robert Knox, in 1679, whilst making his escape from the Kandians, after one-and-twenty years' captivity, saw these ruins, and thus alludes to them.—Here and there, by the side of this river (the Malwatte Oya, or flower-garden river), is a world of hewn stones, which, I suppose, formerly were buildings; and in three or four places are the ruins of bridges built of stone; some remains of them yet standing upon pillars."

It is singular, that among the ancient sculptures of the Cingalese, which portray the monarchs of the forest, an animal resembling the heraldic unicorn is frequently delineated; this creature has the head, body, and limbs of a horse, and from the centre of the forehead a tusk-shaped horn protrudes. The natives affirm that the unicorn, in former days, was ofttimes found in the jungle; but as no remains of this animal have ever been discovered, many regard this assertion as a fable. Nevertheless, it must be regarded as a most extraordinary fact, that an animal should be introduced into their ancient sculpture whose form perfectly corresponds with a creature which has been considered, by the greater number of naturalists, as purely ideal. Some authors presume that the sculptor intended to portray the rhinoceros; but we cannot for one moment entertain this supposition, as the natives are, and more especially the ancient artists were, faithful copyists, and could never have confounded the slender body of the animal called by them Kangewana—by us, unicorn, with the unwieldly form of the huge rhinoceros. In all the ancient architectural remains of the Cingalese, extreme simplicity of design is the principal feature; nevertheless, some of their chiselling in granite, both for sharpness and depth of cutting, would compete with, if not rival, European workmanship of the present day. All the ancient sculptures which have been discovered in Ceylon, at Anooradhapoora, and other places, far surpass the works of native modern artists, as the figures produced by the old masters are frequently correct in their proportions, and invariably full of animation, whilst considerable artistic skill is evinced in the arrangement of the subjects.

The Maha-Wihare, or great temple of Anooradhapoora, was built in the third century antecedent to our era, and although it is now in ruins, many of the steps, leading to the principal entrance, are in complete preservation, and are most exquisitely chiselled; the elephant, lion, and buffalo being represented, respectively, with extreme fidelity, and great spirit. These ruins are still decorated with small stone ornaments, the carvings on which evince good taste and considerable skill, and it is most remarkable that notwithstanding their exposure to the elements for centuries, the greater number of these carvings are as well defined, and the lines as sharp and clear, as if they had been newly chiselled. Some idea may be formed of the ground originally covered by this enormous building, from the dimensions of the enclosure, surrounding the court of the Bo tree, which occupies a space measuring three hundred and forty feet in length, and two hundred and fourteen in breadth. In the middle of the court stands the Bo or sacred tree, which tradition asserts is a branch of the tree under which Goutama reposed, when he became Buddha; and devout Buddhists of the present day travel immense distances to pay homage to the tree under which their god had slumbered. In fact, this is the chief object of veneration and worship to the countless pilgrims, who visit Anooradhopoora annually.

In front of the Maha-Wihare stands the Great Square, one side of which is covered with the ruins of the Lowa-Maha-Paya, or brazen palace, so called from the material with which the roof of the building was covered. This noble structure was erected by Dootoogaimoonoo, who reigned one hundred and forty-one years before the

present era, as an abode for priests; it was of a square form, each of its sides being two hundred and thirty-four feet; its height was two hundred and seventy feet. This building contained nine stories, on each of which were one hundred apartments, the uppermost story being occupied by those priests who were most celebrated for their piety and learning; whilst the lower ones were appropriated to the pupils and subordinates. The ruins now consist of sixteen hundred granite pillars, in a greater or less state of preservation, which, being placed in forty parallel lines, form a square. These pillars vary in height, some being eleven feet above the ground, whilst others are eleven and a-half; those standing in the centre are delicately, but not elaborately chiselled, whilst the exterior ones are plain, and only half the thickness of those in the centre, which are nearly two feet wide, and one and a-half thick, on these pillars the stupendous fabric rested. From native records we learn that the interior of this spacious edifice was gorgeously decorated, the hall in the centre of the building being profusely ornamented with gilt statues of elephants, lions, and buffaloes: at one end of the hall, upon a platform, was a carved ivory throne, on either side of which were ranged golden suns, silvery moons, and stars, these being the attributes of royalty.

Although some sceptics profess to disbelieve the historical records of Ceylon, surely the relics of past generations, which are to be seen at the present day, bear ample testimony to the verity of the native accounts, concerning the former glories of Lanka-diva.

Within a mile and a-half of these ruins, are the gigantic remains of several dagobahs, which rear their towering crests above the lofty trees in the surrounding jungle: these monuments are solid structures of brick, and were originally covered with chunam,* but this incrustation has now fallen off the greater number of these edifices. The Ruwanwelli-saye is a Dagobah of peculiar sanctity, and was commenced by Dootoogaimoonoo: tradition states that this Mausoleum owes its erection to the following circumstance. During the time the brazen palace was being built, a stone pillar was found near the spot where the Dagobah now stands. On this pillar a prediction was inscribed, which stated, that where the stone was found, a superb Dagobah of one hundred and twenty cubits† in height would be built by a good monarch: who would be rewarded by Buddha for his piety both in this life and in the next. Whether piety, or a desire to be rewarded in accordance with the prediction, induced the monarch to undertake the construction of this monument, we cannot determine, as upon this point history is silent, but the Dagobah was commenced, and nearly completed, the spire alone being wanting, when the monarch died, and his successor finished the building. History further records that when Dootoogaimoonoo found that his life was drawing to a close, he entreated his brother to have a model made of the spire; the dying monarch had his wish complied with, and a wooden spire covered with white cloth was placed upon the Dagobah. The expiring king caused himself to be conveyed to the sacred edifice that he might see the structure *completed* (apparently) before he quitted this world; and a granite slab, surrounded with pillars marks the spot where the monarch's palanqueen rested. Near to this slab is a stone trough, of the size and shape of a man's body, which according to tradition was used by the king as a bath, when he was suffering from the sting of a black scorpion. The Dagobah stands in the middle of a square platform, whose sides are each five hundred feet in length, the whole being surrounded by a moat seventy feet wide. The platform is paved with large slabs of granite, and the slopes towards the fosse are ornamented with massive pieces of sculpture, representing the heads of elephants, which pro-

* This is a preparation from lime, cocoa-nut milk, and the glutinous juice of a fruit-tree indigenous to Ceylon. The mixture is of a milk-white hue, and adheres readily to any substance on which it may be laid. Chunam will bear a high polish, and strongly resembles marble in color and durability.

† A cubit is two feet and three inches, English measure.

ject, as though the sculptor intended the beholder to imagine, that the bodies of these huge creatures supported the superstructure. On the embankment stands a deep-sunk pillar, which is fifteen feet high, and four in diameter, and although the surface of the stone is now smooth, the priests declare that it formerly bore the prophetic inscription, which caused the erection of the Dagobah. The Ruwanwelli-saye is now a conical mound of brickwork, overgrown with brushwood;° still this stupendous ruin, which is one hundred and eighty feet high, is regarded with peculiar interest both by the antiquarian and man of science, as it was to the spire of this Dagobah, that Sanghatissa the First, who reigned A.D. 243, placed a *pinnacle of glass, to serve as a protection against lightning.*

This account will be found in the Maha-Wansa, which was written in the middle of the fifth century, between 460 and 480, thus clearly proving the advanced state of science among the ancient Cingalese, and the knowledged they possessed of the non-conducting property of glass.

The ruin of the largest mausoleum which was ever built in Ceylon, is to be seen at Anooradhapoora; it is called Abhaayagiri-dagobah, and was built by Wallagam Bahu, in the century preceding our era. The original height of this gigantic structure was four hundred feet, the platform and moat being in proportion; the ruin is now two hundred and twenty feet high, and the outer wall exceeds one mile and a-half in length. Trees of lofty stature cover this ruin, the only portion of brickwork perceptible being towards the summit; and few sights can be conceived more sublimely grand, than the spectacle presented, by this huge conical mass of luxuriant vegetation. The finest specimen of a mausoleum in Ceylon, although of smaller proportion than the preceding, is the Dagobah which is built over the collar-bone of Goutama Buddha. This edifice is called Zoophaaraamaya, and was built by Dewenepatissa, who reigned three hundred years before the Christian era. Native annals declare that Zoophaaraamaya was beauteous to behold, the slender pillars and ornaments being like the precious gems around the throat of a youthful matron, and the ruins fully justify the eulogium. The Dagobah is low, broader at the summit than at the base, and is surrounded by four lines of slender stone pillars, six and twenty being placed in each line. The pillars are twenty-three feet high, have circular capitals, octagonal shafts, and square bases—the latter being narrower than the capitals. These graceful columns are ornamented with the most delicate and elaborate chiselling conceivable, and are so arranged on the platform of granite as to form the radii of a circle, of which the Dagobah is the centre; and all antiquarians agree in admitting, that this Dagobah is the most elegant specimen of architecture in the island.

At Anooradhapoora there are eight large tanks, and many smaller ones, which are entirely cased with hewn stone. In some of the smaller tanks there are cells on one side, about five feet high, ten long, and seven broad, which the priests state were formerly used by their order as places of prayer and contemplation. These chambers are also cased with slabs of granite, and are so constructed that the floors of each cell would have been level with the water when the tank was full. There are many wells also, which are cased with granite; the largest and deepest is near the Ruwanwelli saye, and the stone casing is so built as to form a flight of steps, which gradually diminish in size towards the bottom. What motive could have actuated the builder in thus arranging each course of masonry, has formed a matter of conjecture to many. Europeans say the casing was thus constructed to facilitate the operation of cleansing the well, in which opinion we cannot coincide, leaning towards the native tradition, which states, that at the bottom of the well there is a secret entrance to the Ruwanwelli-saye. This tradition is supported by their historical records, which refer to a secret entrance to this Dagobah, stated to have been known solely to the reigning monarch, and the chief priest for the time being, by which the king used to enter when he desired to worship the relics of Buddha, which were therein entombed.

Near Anooradhapoora there is a spot which is looked upon with extreme veneration by the pilgrims, being the to mbof the Malabar king Elala, who

was slain on the spot by Dootoogaimoonoo.* The Malabar had obtained possession of certain parts of the island, and had erected various fortresses, which were successively taken by the Cingalese monarch. At length Dootoogaimoonoo challenged Elala to single combat, which he accepted, and they conjointly agreed that the conqueror, should take possession of the territories of the vanquished. On the appointed day the respective monarchs met at this place, both being mounted on a war elephant. After a severe combat, victory declared in favor of Dootoogaimoonoo, who slew Elala with a lance; and on the spot where the latter fell he was buried, and a monument was erected to his memory by the Cingalese monarch. Near the tomb was placed a pillar, on which was inscribed a prohibition, forbidding any one of high or low degree, under a penalty of incurring Buddha's displeasure, from passing the tomb in a vehicle of any description, and tom-toms, and other musical instruments were likewise forbidden to be played upon in the vicinity. Although more than twenty centuries have elapsed since the Malabar king Elala was slain, the natives declare their monarch's injunction has never been disregarded by a Cingalese. We believe this to be correct; for it is a well-known fact, that in 1818, after the rebellion in Kandy, when Pilimi Talewa, who was a descendant of the royal family, and the king of Kandy's Adigar, was attempting to escape from our government, he alighted from his palanqueen as he approached this spot, and not knowing the exact place where the tomb stood, walked a considerable distance, although almost exhausted with mental anxiety, and bodily exertion.

The celebrated Buddhist rock temples are excavations in the Dambooloo Galla, or Rock of Dambool, which is of vast extent, and nearly insulated.† Some scanty patches of stunted vege-

* In the Maha-Wanso will be found the whole account of this combat, and we subjoin that portion. After a lengthy statement regarding the causes which led to the fight, the native historian says—"The king Dootoogaimoonoo then made this proclamation by beat of tom-toms—No other person, save myself, shall spoil the valiant Elala. The king then accoutred himself for mortal combat, and mounted on his well-bedecked and courageous war-elephant Kandooloo, he pursued Elala, and found him near the southern gate." The monarchs then agreed to the terms of the battle, and the history proceeds:—"The two kings entered into personal combat near the southern gate of the city, within sight of their men-of-war, chiefs, and nobles; and the arms and raiment of the mighty throng beamed like the sun at noonday. Then began the battle. The king Elala hurled his spear—the magnanimous sovereign Dootoogaimoonoo avoided it, and causing his elephant to charge with his tusks the other elephant, and hurling at the same time his lance at Elala, he and his elephant both fell together. Then the conqueror, surrounded by his martial men and nobles, entered the capital, and summoning within the walls of the city the inhabitants of the neighbourhood who dwelt within four gaws (sixteen miles), he held a solemn feast, in honor of the Malabar king Elala. Consuming the corpse in a funeral pile of sandal-wood, on the spot where he fell, he ordained that a magnificent tomb should be erected. The glorious monarch also ordered that the mausoleum should receive honors, like unto those that are conferred upon tributary kings; and this command was engraven upon a pillar. Unto this day, the monarchs who have succeeded to the kingdom of Lanka-diva, on reaching that quarter of the city, leave their palanqueens, whatever the procession may be, and silence their musicians. Would any man of lower degree presume to do that which mighty kings refrain from doing? If he dare disobey this solemn injunction, will he not merit and receive the severe displeasure of Buddha in this life, and in his succeeding one?"

Among the ruins of Maagama is to be seen an octagonal pillar, nine feet and a-half in length, and eight in circumference; to this the state elephant was chained, when the city was a royal residence. This pillar is called the Stone of Kandoola, the name of Dootoogaimoonoo's favorite war-elephant. The marks of the chain are distinctly visibly, as they have nearly obliterated the inscription—the word Sri-royal being the only one that can be deciphered. The ruins of the palace, wihares, dagobahs, and other antiquities about this spot, are extremely interesting. Historical records first mention this city, B. C. 280.

† There are numerous rock temples scattered over the island, but none either so large, or in the same state of preservation, as these at Dambool.

tation are dispersed over its surface, but the general aspect of this huge mass is desolation and barrenness. Although the exterior is thus forbidding, the sight of the extraordinary and wonderful excavations in the interior, and works of art, have caused numerous enlightened individuals to gaze in speechless amazement around them; for these sacred fanes of Dambool may be regarded as specimens of man's patience, ingenuity, and skill in past ages, and are to be classed with the caves of Elephanta in India, and the pyramids in the sandy plains of Egypt. These rock temples are vast in magnitude, their decorations, in a high state of preservation, are characteristic, and are maintained in thorough order by the attendant priests. The rock of Dambool is elevated five hundred and twenty feet above the surrounding forests; the northern side of the rock is especially barren, the four temples being situate in a vast cavern, partly natural on the southern side, which rises about three hundred and fifty feet above the plain: by immense labor and skill the stony mass has been excavated, and formed into these wondrous works of art. The approach to the temples is on the eastern side, the precipitous path passing over a narrow shelving rock, which leads to a modern stone archway, that forms the entrance to the platform in front of the temples. The interior of the fanes of Dambool is concealed by a wall, four hundred feet in length, which is pierced for the reception of windows and doors; this wall is sheltered by the overhanging rock, as well as by a thatched verandah which is supported by wooden pillars of modern date, and rough workmanship.

Wallagam Bahu was the king who founded the rock temples, and the largest of these excavated religious edifices was commenced by him eighty-six years before the Christian era, and is called the Maha Rajah Wihare, or the Great King's Temple, in honor of the monarch. We learn from historical records, that the king personally superintended, and occasionally assisted the workmen in the formation of this sacred fane. This magnificent cave is entered by an arched portal, on either side of which stand stone statues, which appear to scowl on the inquisitive intruder; the length of this excavation is one hundred and seventy-eight feet, the width eighty, and the roof is twenty-five feet high at the loftiest part, which is at the front wall; the height of the cave gradually decreasing to the opposite wall, thus forming a complete arc of a circle. The whole surface, walls and roof, are painted in the richest and most brilliant colors imaginable, which appear perfectly fresh, although they have not been renovated for more than half a century. The paintings represent incidents in the life of Buddha, and historical subjects. Some of these are peculiarly interesting, as they illustrate the early history of Lanka-diva. The first represents the voyage of Wijeya and his seven hundred followers, the conquerors of Ceylon: the monarch and his train are represented in vessels totally devoid of sails, and having only lower masts, the ships are encompassed with fishes and sea monsters, rather out of proportion we confess, being nearly of equal size with the craft, but to compensate for this inaccuracy, green lotus leaves of the natural size, float on the tranquil bosom of the ocean. In another painting is pourtrayed the dedication of the island to Buddha; the peace and good feeling inculcated by his doctrines are exemplified under the allegorical symbol of a king patronizing agriculture: the monarch is seen guiding a plough, which is drawn by elephants, priests following, who throw the grain into the furrow. This series of historical painting is continued down to the period of the arrival of the Bo-tree, the Dalada, and other relics of Buddha; the building of Anooradhapoora, and its religious edifices being likewise duly set forth. The best painting, both as regards proportion and animation, is the one which describes the combat between the Cingalese monarch Dooloogaimoonoo, previously alluded to, and the Malabar king Elala; the moment of defeat is the one selected by the artist, Elala being depicted falling from his elephant, in his death agony, after he has been pierced by the lance of his adversary. The expression of triumphant joy, in the Cingalese king's face, forms an admirable contrast to the pain and dejection that are pourtrayed, in the countenance of the wounded man.

As the temple is well lighted by nu-

merous windows, every detail in the paintings and decorations can be brought under immediate inspection, and the whole are well finished, evincing both taste and skill. This sacred temple is dedicated to Buddha, and contains forty-eight statues of the god in different attitudes, which are of various dimensions, the greater number of them being larger, but none less than the natural stature of man. There is also an exquisitely proportioned Dagobah, reaching to the roof, whose circular pedestal is embellished with four figures of Buddha, seated upon coiled cobra capellos. There are statues likewise of the gods Vishnu and Samen, the goddess Patine, and the kings Wallagam Bahu, and Kirti Nissaanga. The first statue is peculiarly interesting to the antiquarian, as it is stated in the records that the costume* is the same which was worn by the first kings of Ceylon, the attire consists of the comboy or petticoat, girded about the loins with a scarf, and neither embroidery, nor ornament are depicted upon either; the ears of the figure are considerably enlarged, and have a square hole in the lobe, in the Malabar style. Around the neck is a double-headed serpent, whose body is coiled midway about the throat, and a head of the reptile is passed through the hole in either ear, thus forming unique ornaments. Although the carving of this figure is not highly finished, the expression of the statue is a combination of majesty, kindness, and dignity. Kirti Nissaanga was the monarch, who in 1193 repaired the dilapidations of the rock temples, which had experienced much damage from the Malabars, during their invasions, regilded the various statues of Buddha, and gorgeously ornamented the excavations, whereby, according to the native annals, he expended in decorations alone, six hundred thousand pieces of gold.

An inscription in the characters of the twelfth century, records the name of the monarch, and the date of the repairs, and orders that from thenceforward Damboo͏loo Galla shall be styled Swarna Giriguhaaya, or the cave of the Golden Mountain.† The greater number of statues are placed in rows, at a trivial distance from the inner walls and sides of the cave, but at the western extremity, the figures are arranged in double files, whilst the images of the two monarchs stand near the outer wall. At the eastern end of the temple is a square space, railed in, and sunk below the level of the floor. In this is placed a chatty or vase to receive the water which continually drips from a fissure in the rock; although this water is extremely pure, no native will venture to taste it, as they believe that they would inevitably incur the immediate and severe displeasure of Buddha, should they presume to use the fluid which was exclusively to be appropriated to religious purposes. One of our countrymen, who ought to have been a disciple of Father Mathew from his affection for the pure element, after

* The comboy was of fine muslin or cotton, the necklace of gold.

† Part of the inscription on the rock.—"The sovereign lord, and munificent monarch, of the dynasty of Kaalinga, surnamed the Heroic and invincible Royal Warrior, gloriously endued with might, majesty, and wisdom, like the beauteous and placid moon, radiant with cheering and benignant qualities." The inscription goes on to state how the island had suffered from the invasions of foreigners and the mismanagement of her native rulers, and that the monarch after conquering his enemies, and accepting ransom for the chief prisoners, which ransom consisted of "Young and royal maidens, elephants and horses, then caused obelisks of victory to be set up as lasting monuments, and ordered alms-houses, wihares and dewales to be built. Having also a perfect knowledge of the doctrines and tenets of Buddhism, he promoted the cause of religion, and the interests of science, by restoring the ruined fanes, and the highways, which had been destroyed in consequence of the calamities which had befallen the land during former reigns, and rebuilt the wihares in the city of Anooradhapoora, and many other places, and expended vast riches thereon Within this Wihare, he caused to be made seventy-two statues of Buddha in the erect, the sitting, and the recumbent postures, and having caused them to be gilded, he celebrated a great rejoicing at the expense of seven lacs of golden money. As it is thus recorded on this stone the mighty monarch gave to this cave the name of Swarna Giriguhaaya. He also caused gardens and fields to be cultivated, and dwellings for the priests to be formed in this mountain, which was known to our fathers by the name of Damboola Galla."

indulging in a hearty draught from the chatty, turned to the attendant priest, and telling him the water was deliciously cool, jested with him on his superstitious belief, saying that no misfortune would befall the drinker, he felt quite assured, be his creed what it might."

"All that may be very true," said the Buddhist; "you and your countrymen may, for aught I know, drink the whole chattyful daily with impunity, but of this I am quite certain, that if one of us were to touch a drop of that water, in the next life he should be either a ravenous dog, or a hungry cow."

What man would run these risks for the sake of a drink of cold water?

Few people have ever heard the Buddhist service gone through in these primeval temples, but those who have, describe the scene as being sublime and impressive in the extreme, and we cannot do better than give the account of an eye-witness, who attended a former governor of the island in an official capacity:—

"Before we quitted this temple, in which it was pleasant to remain on account of its cool atmosphere, we had an opportunity afforded to us, to witness the manner in which Buddha was here worshipped. The service was performed at his Excellency's request, under the direction of the chief priest, who evinced not the slightest hesitation, but instantly intimated the wish to the people, and supplied them with flowers. Each person on receiving his flowers laid them before an image of Buddha, accompanying the offering with a pious ejaculation. When the offerings were all made, and the people arranged in a line, before the images, and kneeling, the priest stood in the middle, and with a clear voice, *sentence* after *sentence*, recited the common obligations of their religion, the congregation repeating each sentence after him. The united voices of at least one hundred men in the highest key of recitative, or rather of the loudest exclamation, made the cavern resound, and had a fine awful effect, producing a thrill through the system, and a feeling and sentiment not to be described."

The cave temple, which although the most modern, stands next in size and beauty of decoration to the preceding, is the Aloot Wihare, or new temple. It was constructed by the last royal patron of Dambool, namely, the Monarch Kirtisree Rajah Singha, whose reign terminated in the year 1780. This Buddhaical cave is eighty-eight feet long, seventy-six wide, and the sloping roof at the highest part is thirty-two feet from the ground, the walls and roof being entirely covered with brilliantly coloured devices. In this excavation there are fifty figures of Buddha, none less than life, most of them are colored bright yellow, and some few have violet colored robes; the god is portrayed in three attitudes, standing, sitting, and reclining. Some of the erect figures are ten feet high; but the principal statue is a gigantic recumbent figure of Buddha, which is thirty feet long: the proportions of this statue are admirable, the drapery gracefully arranged, the features handsome, and the expression of the face benevolent and calm. At the western extremity there is a statue of the King Kirtisree, which is well executed, and represents the monarch in his robes of state—and the costume closely approximates to the court dress worn by the last king of Kandy.

The cave temple called the Maha Dewo-dewale, or the great god's shrine, is dedicated to Vishnu, and the image of the god is regarded with great veneration, as tradition states that Vishnu personally assisted at the construction of his own resemblance. This cave is seventy-three feet in length, twenty in width, and twenty-two in height, and contains a finely proportioned recumbent figure of Buddha, forty-six feet long. The couch and pillow on which the statue reclines are carved in the solid rock, and both the figure and accessaries are admirably executed. At the feet of the statue stands a favored disciple; in a corner opposite to the face, the statue of Vishnu is placed, and the priests assert that the last moments of Goutama are thus depicted, and that as he drew his last breath, Vishnu appeared to him. This cave is dark in the extreme, and the lamps, which are carried by the priests scarcely illuminate the surrounding obscurity, therefore it requires but slight imaginative powers in the beholders to fancy, that a being whose spirit has just departed is lying before them.

The dimensions and adornments of the smallest rock temple are inferior to the preceding, although in

this, as in the others, the roof and sides are painted in rich colors, and pleasing devices. This cave is fifty-two feet long, twenty-five wide, and at the loftiest part of the shelving roof about twenty-three feet high, and contains a Dagobah eleven feet high, and several coloured statues of Buddha as large as life.

These temples are under the charge of a certain number of priests, whose abodes, of a superior description, are below the caves on the south side of the rock, and are attached to the Asgiree Wihare at Kandy; the priests say, that the whole of the flat country which may be seen from the summit of the rock are temple lands, and they can produce a sanus, or royal deed of gift to prove their assertion. In defiance of this statement, we have been informed, that not more than twenty villages belong to them, and that they can only command the services of fifty men.

Above the entrances to these temples, there are inscribed on the rock several short sentences, in the Nagara, or square characters which were used by the ancient Cingalese; and on the platform, which extends the whole front length of the temples, a Bo-tree, and several cocoa-nut palms have been planted, and notwithstanding their unfavourable position, being exposed alike to the burning sun, parching droughts, and tempests, combined with the arid nature of the soil, they have reached maturity, bearing flowers and fruit most abundantly; and the air around is frequently replete with the perfume of the graceful blossoms of the sacred tree. On the western side of Dambooloo Galla, are the remains of the Samo Dagobah, the building of which was completed by Wallagam Bahu, the founder of the largest rock temple. In past centuries, on the summit of the rock of Dambooloo, there stood three large mausoleums, but exposure to the elements and the hand of time have caused them gradually to crumble away, and it is with some difficulty their sites can now be traced. Fifty feet below the summit of the rock is a pool of delicious water, and the natives declare that it was never known to be dry, although in seasons of long-continued drought, the streams for miles round have been devoid of a vestige of water. The summit of the rock commands a magnificent and extensive view of the surrounding districts, and with a cloudless atmosphere the greater part of the mountains and valleys of Matele, the Seven Korles, the wooded plains and rugged rocks of Newara Kalawia are distinctly visible to the naked eye, whilst the mountain of Rittigalla, rising above the surrounding plains two thousand feet, appears, when the day is slightly misty, to blend with the heavens.

Two of the most interesting and conspicuous spots to be seen from the summit of Dambool, are Dahiyakande and the circular rock of Sigiri. The first is near the fort of Vigittapoora, celebrated in Cingalese history for the long siege which it sustained more than two thousand years ago; the second was once the capital of the island, and was renowned for its vast fortress.

In the year 478 this spot was made the seat of government by Sigiri Kasoomboo, who murdered his father to obtain possession of the throne; and this monarch is styled by some authors Kaasyapa, the Parricide. Few Europeans have visited these ruins, which were discovered by Forbes, who gives the following graphic description of the place:—

"To form the lower part of the fortress of Sigiri, many detached rocks have been joined by massive walls of stone, supporting platforms of various sizes and unequal heights. We perceived, at a considerable distance overhead, a gallery clinging to the rock, and connecting two elevated terraces at opposite ends, and about half the height of the main column of rock. . . . . . The ascent to the gallery is by a double line of small steps; four square holes visible above, have probably contained supports for a platform to project over this hazardous pathway, from which missiles would descend with such force and certainty, as effectually to prevent hostile intrusion. . . . The gallery had been formed by cutting grooves in the rock, where it was not quite perpendicular, and these served for the foundation of the parapet wall and floor; and one hundred yards of this gallery remains entire. In several of the huge masses of rock, included in the ramparts, tanks have been excavated; they are neatly ornamented, and in size vary from twelve to twenty feet in length. On the plain towards the north-east, and connected with the elevated terrace at the east end of the rock, stood the royal buildings, that

part which was on the level ground being surrounded with a wet ditch faced with stone. The town lay around the palace, to the north of the rock. Many small steps leading to the summit of the rock may still be perceived, but they are in too dilapidated a state for any one to attempt the ascent. We found the gallery, which wound along the rock, had been formed of brick, originally coated with cement, so durable, that large portions of it still remain. From the rock above, and overhanging this passage, much stone has been removed by fire and wedges. The projecting rock above the gallery within reach, had been painted in bright colors, fragments of which may still be perceived in places sheltered from the heavy rains."

The natives say that formerly a tank was formed, and is still to be seen, on the almost inaccessible summit of the fortress; and although this spot has been abandoned for centuries, there is a vast tank in the neighbourhood, which might be put in repair at a very trivial outlay. Near the rock of Sigiri is a cave-temple, which the priests say contains two statues of Buddha, carved in the solid rock; but as the temple is filled with rubbish it is impossible to ascertain the truth of the statement. Close to the temple are the remains of a large dagobah, and thirty-four stone pillars in good preservation, which formerly supported the assembly-hall of the priests. Near Sigiri there are the ruins of a large Buddhaical establishment, called Minigiri, which the priests state was formerly a nunnery, or residence for the priestesses, which appears extremely probable, as it is a well-established fact that there formerly were priestesses of Buddha in Ceylon. Few native laymen will approach this spot, owing to a tradition that is still extant, which declares that none save women and priests, can visit Minigiri without incurring the vengeance of Buddha and the gods. We presume this must have originated with the priests of former days, who were naturally anxious to prevent the inmates of the hallowed spot being intruded upon by males. Although the building has long since fallen into decay, and the inhabitants have departed from the earth, still the superstitious belief prevails, notwithstanding the cause which gave rise to it, is but an "echo of the past."

Dondera, or Dewinoowara, the City of the God, is five miles from Matura, and is the most southerly part of the Ceylon coast. The temples and remains which are here to be seen are peculiarly interesting both to the antiquarian and oriental scholar, as the ruins of an ancient edifice, situated on a rocky point, commemorate the conquest of Ceylon by Rama, by some supposed to be a fabulous being. A solitary stone pillar, is all that remains perfect of this magnificent edifice. The shape of this sole memento of the past is remarkably singular, as the stone is formed alternately into squares and octagons. Sir William Jones, the eminent Oriental scholar, fixes the date of Rama's existence about eighteen hundred and ten years before the Christian era, and writes, "Rama, who conquered Silan [or Ceylon] a few centuries after the flood." The Cingalese annals assign the date of 2387, B.C., as the period of Rama's reign in Lanka-diva.

In the Ramayana, the oldest epic poem extant, is contained the earliest notice, to be met with in Oriental literature, of the Cinnamon Isle. This poem celebrates the deeds of Rawana, the King of Ceylon and Southern India, and Rama, the Prince of Yodhya, or Oude. Seeta, the lovely wife of Rama, was carried off by Rawana, in revenge for the insults which had been inflicted upon his relatives by the latter. Rawana bore Seeta to the interior of the island, and concealed her in the jungle. Rama, enraged at the loss of his beauteous spouse, resolved upon regaining her, and inflicting condign punishment upon her ravisher; and, accordingly, proceeded to Ceylon, where he landed, accompanied by a host of martial followers. After a series of battles, which endured for a period of twelve years, Rama conquered Rawana,* regained his wife Seeta, and obtained possession of the

* The Hindoos believe, that the Queen of Rawana, to beguile her time, during this tedious siege, invented the game of chess. The game is well known to the Cingalese, who use the same number of pieces as Europeans. Native scholars say, that *chaturanga*, chess, is nearly as old as their island.

island. Tradition affirms, that the edifice alluded to at Dondera, was built to commemorate the event. The Ramayana states that Rama bore his wife in triumph to his native land, "to live a king, and die a god," leaving one of his faithful adherents to rule the conquered island. The hero Rama is worshipped in Ceylon under the name of Samen, and his statues are invariably painted blue. Although the Ramayana is diffuse, and the events detailed frequently bear the impress of improbability, our admiration is irresistibly commanded by the multitude of exquisite passages contained in the work; and it is deeply to be regretted that the whole of this beautiful poem has not been translated into English.* We subjoin an extract, which, for beauty of composition and sublimity of thought, we believe to be unsurpassed by the poets of either Greece or Rome. The brother of Rama is bewailing the recent death of their aged father; and the hero, after condoling with him upon their mutual loss, rebukes him for indulging in useless lamentation, saying—

* * * * * * *

All compounded substances hasten to decay—all that are elevated must fall—all things compacted will be dissolved, and all who live must finally die. As there is no other fear respecting ripe fruits, besides their falling, so death is the grand thing feared by all who are born of woman. A large and firm edifice, when it becomes aged, decays, and eventually falls into ruins; so the old, subjugated by death, sink into dissolution. The night once past never returns—the waters of the still Yamoona run into the sea, who can arrest their progress? Days and nights are passing away—the period of life appointed for all living is continually evaporating, as the rays of the summer's sun draw towards them the earth's moisture. Grieve for thyself—why shouldst thou mourn for others? What has that man to do with what continues, or with what passes away, whose own life is every instant departing? Death always accompanies us—death stays with us, having travelled to the greatest distance—death ends our course. When the visage is full of the wrinkles of time and care, when grey hairs cover the head, when decrepitude seizes on man, why should man be anxious to live? Enjoyments must then be past. Men rejoice when the sun is risen, they rejoice also when it goes down, whilst they are unconscious of the decay of their own lives. Men rejoice on seeing the face of a new season, as at the arrival of one greatly desired. Nevertheless the revolutions of seasons is the decay of human life. Fragments of drift-wood meeting in the wide ocean, continue together a little space: thus parents, wives, children, relatives, friends and riches, remaining with us for a short time—then separate, and the separation is inevitable. No mortal can escape the common lot, he who mourns for his departed relatives has no power to cause them to return. One standing on the road, would readily say to a number of persons passing by, I will follow ye. Why then should a person grieve when journeying the same road, which has been assuredly trodden by all his forefathers? Life resembles a cataract rushing down with irresistible impetuosity. Knowing the end of life is death, every right minded man ought to pursue that, which is connected with happiness, and ultimate bliss; even the practice of self denial and virtue.

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At one period there was a magnificent temple at Dondera, dedicated to Vishnu, its remains consist of a large square gateway, which is composed of three stones, most elaborately and deeply chiselled, and four granite window-frames of similar design. The present Temple, in which the stone frames are sunk, is a mud edifice, to which thousands of devotees flock in

* This poem contains 610 sections, to the best of our belief, but 143 have been translated. By some the Ramayana is compared to the Iliad of Homer, as each poem details the same events—the abduction of another's wife, the attempt of the enraged husband to rejoin his spouse, the long and bloody wars that ensued, and the ultimate recovery of the fair dame. The similitude of the respective images in the Hindoo and Greek poems must be apparent to every reader conversant with both.

the month of July, to worship Vishnu, as this spot is looked upon with peculiar sanctity by his votaries, many believing that the God was incarnate in the person of the hero Rama. The scenery in the neighbourhood of this mud Temple is peculiarly interesting, for mingled with the native huts, majestic drooping palms, and gracefully waving bananas, are to be seen several hundred upright stone pillars in excellent preservation. These have been hewn into divers forms, and different subjects are sculptured upon them, amongst which the Hero God Rama, with his bow and arrow, is constantly recurring. The priests state, that these pillars were formerly a part of the Vishnu Dewale. From the mud edifice, where the god is now worshipped, a wide path or avenue, overshadowed by lofty trees, leads to the sea shore, where stands a group of plain stone pillars. Close to the Dewale of Vishnu is a Wihare and Dagobah, the walls of the former being covered with brightly-tinted paintings of the gods, among whom is to be seen a creature having the attribute of man in all save the head, which is that of a bird, with a long and pointed bill. This divinity resembling the bird-headed deity of the Egyptians, called Toth, is to be met with in many Buddhist temples in Ceylon. Around the exterior of the Wihare there are some beautiful miniature specimens of masonic art, in the form of animals, amongst which are a male elephant and rat, their relative proportions being most exquisitely maintained. Within a short distance of these temples, inland, stands a stone building, called Galgana, which consists of two apartments, the roof and walls being of granite. On the top there formerly stood a Dagobah, but the ruin is now completely covered with small trees, and flowering creepers, which wave gracefully to and fro, as the wind plays amongst them. The native annals state, that in the year 686 of the present era, Daapuloa the Second restored these Buddhaical remains.

As we lingered amidst the lovely and sublime scenery of Dondera, we wandered towards the sea shore to gaze upon the setting sun, whose brilliant hues were reflected upon the bosom of the blue ocean. We pointed to a rock standing out a short distance from land, against whose barren sides the sea was dashing in foaming waves, their creamy spray flying about in all directions, and asked the chief priest who had accompanied our party, if they had a name for the rock. The man replied that all the natives called it the Englishman's Rock, as near that spot an English ship was wrecked at the commencement of this century. Our curiosity becoming excited, we begged the priest to furnish us with this melancholy history, and the priest of Buddha, leaning against an areka palm, threw his yellow robe gracefully over his shoulder with the dignity of a Roman senator, and commenced the following narrative:—

"I am not certain about the dates of the Christians, but I think it was in the year called by your people 18—, that at sunset a goodly ship, owing to adverse winds, dropped anchor off this coast. When the morrow dawned, some of our hardy fishermen pushed off in their canoes, to see if those on board this mighty vessel required fish or vegetables; but no traffic could be carried on with the strangers, as they neither spoke nor understood our tongue, and not one of Buddha's followers could utter a syllable of your language; the laden canoes therefore returned full. When the sun was midway in his career of light, a small vessel, guided by many men, who used a long sort of paddle, approached our landing place. Six men came on shore, who shouted long and loudly. Attracted by these boisterous noises I, attended by my subordinate brethren and pupils, approached them. Their laughter grew more loud, as they pointed deridingly to our flowing robes, and shorn heads, symbols of the meek and radiant Buddha. I addressed them in a soft tone, and pointed to the trees bearing the green cocoa-nuts, and refreshing citrons, to inquire if they wished for them. They laughed at me, then I bethought the strangers understood not our tongue. So I ordered fruit to be gathered, and laid on young banana leaves; these I presented to them with a lowly salaam, and a kindly smile, for I thought that all men understood kindness. They seized the fruit quickly. I thought they were hungered, and expected to see them eagerly devour the refreshing viands, but to my amazement they laughed and shouted,

and then hurled the fruit at the heads of myself and followers.

I turned away in sorrow, as I had learned a sad lesson, for I found that all men did not understand kindness.

I walked towards my temple, your countrymen followed me, they entered the sacred place, and their unseemly mirth polluted the shrine of our god. They examined the walls, statues, and doors, on which were depicted Buddha and the gods. With wonder in their visages they looked at these paintings, talked loudly, then walked towards our dwellings. I trembled lest they should discover the place, where the sacred writings were concealed from profane eyes. The strangers entered all our abodes, roughly turning over every article they found. They raised their shoulders high, and with vehement mirth appeared to deride the poverty of Buddha's disciples. Poverty was the chosen lot of our god—dare his devout followers amass wealth or possess this world riches? The strangers returned to their little vessel, and to our great joy I saw them paddle towards the goodly ship. Before the shrines of Buddha and the gods, did I make thanks-offerings of fruit and flowers for safe deliverance from these turbulent men.

The sun was setting in serene glory, and I was preparing for evening worship when my followers rushed into the Wihare, calling aloud on me. I rebuked them, but before my sentence was concluded, I heard many voices, speaking in a strange tongue. Your countrymen had returned, accompanied by several men, one of whom carried a small chest in his hand. The chief men spoke together outside the temple, when one, who appeared the head man, examined the doors, looking at them where they were attached to the frame-work. He then addressed the man, who had charge of the chest—the lid was raised, and implements whose names I know not were taken therefrom. These he applied to the frame-work of the door. In the time of a passing thought, the beauteous entrance of our god's temple was wrenched from its supporters—another thought, the glorious gates were on the shoulders of twice five men; and the strangers turned towards their landing place. Aghast I saw this, I scarcely believed my senses, I could not breathe. Our god's temple had been pillaged, whilst I, the chief priest, stood by. I ordered my followers to seize the doors—they attempted to do so, but the white strangers were many and strong, they beat back Buddha's children. I threatened the marauders with the gods' vengeance, they laughed scoffingly, appearing to jeer at my impotent wrath. In my anger I cursed them, and with uplifted palms called upon Buddha for vengeance. They neared their landing place, the gates were laid in the small vessel, in my anguish I tried to rush after them, but your countrymen rudely thrust me back. The strangers shouted, laughed, and pointed the finger of scorn at me, as they paddled towards their goodly ship.

In mute despair I stood on the shore, and saw the beauteous gates of our Wihare borne up the side of the goodly ship. I watched that ship until the shades of night made all black around. In anguish I returned to my dwelling, resolving with the morrow's dawn to appeal to the authorities. I well knew the English Government would not sanction the pillage of a sacred building. I only feared the winds might change, and bear the goodly ship to distant lands. In despair I called upon our god to avenge the desecration of his temple.

At midnight, the heavens were black, no moon illumined the skies—a mighty tempest arose—the sea roared—the winds howled—strong trees were snapt asunder, like weak saplings—the gods appeared to have set at liberty the hurricanes of ages. I thought of the strange mariners in the goodly ship, and although they had desecrated our god's temple, I pitied them. When the dawn appeared, the storm abated. I went down to the landing place—the goodly ship was not to be seen. I strained my eyes with gazing around the horizon, hoping to see the goodly ship—but I looked in vain. The murky waters were still troubled, and as I stood they dashed over me. I drew back as a mighty wave slowly rolled towards the shore—it retreated, and left behind it a piece of wood.

When the sun was high in the heavens our shore was strewn with fragments of the goodly ship, which proudly rode at anchor, when last the sun went down. Buddha had avenged his cause;

but I, his servant, was very sorrowful, as I thought upon those in distant lands, who would watch in vain from sunrise to sunset for the return of the strong men, who had gone forth full of health and hope, in that goodly ship—and I grieved, that I had cursed the strangers in my wrath, when they plundered our gods' Temple, and scoffed at me, his lowly slave. I have no more to tell."

Making a low salaam the old priest walked slowly away, and our party returned to Matura, somewhat saddened by the history, but bearing with us vivid and pleasant recollections of the sublime scenery around Dondera, and the kindly sentiments, which had been expressed by the aggrieved heathen, towards his Christian aggressors.

Near Belligamma, fourteen miles from Matura, is a curious statue of a monarch, called the Kustia Rajha, or leprous King. This figure is twelve feet high, and is sculptured in bold relief on a rock, the head dress and attire being those which were worn by the Cingalese monarchs up to, and during the twelfth century; the coiffure consists of a conical tiara, on which figures of Buddha are chiselled. It is impossible to ascertain with certainty, when or by whose order this figure was executed, as no inscription is to be found upon the rock. Some priests say, this statue represents the Indian prince, who introduced the cocoa-nut palm into the island, and instructed the Cingalese in the manifold purposes to which it might be applied. Others state, that a king, who was suffering from the most loathsome species of leprosy, made costly offerings to the Agra Bodi Wihare in the neighbourhood, imploring Buddha to relieve him, and that as his prayer was heard, in gratitude he caused his statue to be carved near the spot, where his cure had been effected. From the comparatively fresh appearance of the statue, and the costume, we cannot believe that it is a work of a remoter date than the twelfth, or early part of the thirteenth century, especially as the statue of the monarch Kirti Nissaangha, in the largest cave Temple of Dambool, is attired in a corresponding style, and from concomitant historical circumstances it has been proved, that the latter figure was completed between 1186 and 1198, therefore we cannot entertain the idea, that the statue at Belligamma was intended to pourtray the Indian introduction of the cocoa-nut tree.

Cingalese history states, that at Pollanaroona,* in the time of Upatissa the Second, whose reign began A.D. 369, a large tank, called Tapaweeva, was constructed by this monarch. In A.D. 651, Sirisangabo the Second built a palace and resided there, during the short period he was compelled to resign his throne to a usurper. During the reign of succeeding monarchs, Pollanaroona was their occasional residence, Anooradhapoora remaining the seat of government, until the termination of the eighth century, when the latter was abandoned, and Pollanaroona was then declared the seat of government and capital of the island. Until the twelfth century the city gradually increased in size; and its days of brilliant splendour were during the reigns of Prackrama Bahu the First, surnamed the Grand, who ascended the throne A.D. 1153, and Kirti Nissaangha; as it was by those monarchs that the chief public edifices were either completed or constructed.† Pollanaroona was regarded as the capital (although many of the buildings had been despoiled by Malabar invaders) until A.D. 1318, when it was finally abandoned, and all the magnificent structures, which then remained entire, were suffered to fall into decay. The seat of government was then removed from place to place, according to the caprice of the reigning monarch, until Wimala Dhaarma ascended the throne in A.D. 1592, when Kandy was declared the capital, and the court was not again removed by the native kings.

* In some ancient records this place is called Pulastya-poora, and under this name it is mentioned in the Ramayana. Pollanaroona is now generally designated Toopare.

† Prackrama constructed a succession of tanks, artificial lakes, and canals, which extended a distance of one hundred miles. The monarch gave his name to this stupendous and useful work, and the remains of the "rivers of Prackrama" can be still seen, and traced for a considerable distance.

Although the city was less extensive, and the buildings of smaller dimensions than those of Anooradhapoora, the ruins are more interesting, as they are in a higher state of preservation. Like those at Anooradhapoora, the remnants of departed grandeur at Pollanaroоa are surrounded by forests, and for several miles around, in the thickest jungles, granite steps, hewn stones, and other pieces of chiselled masonry, recall to the traveller's mind, that here man once reigned triumphant, where now, the huge elephant seeks shelter from the noonday sun.

The king's palace is now a vast mass of ruins, overgrown with brushwood; this royal abode is erected on the embankments of the tank Tapeweeva, the waters of which were conducted underground the palace. The king's bathing place is still perceptible, which is of a circular form, and about seven feet in depth—the excavation is lined with granite, one round stone in the centre being raised above the pavement, on which the monarch sat or stood, whilst the royal bath-keepers poured water from golden chatties over the sovereign's head. This palace was built by Prackrama, who also formed an extensive garden, in which was erected the coronation hall, three stories high, and built a rampart around the city. Historical records state that it was during this king's reign Pollanaroоa rose to its meridian of glory, the principal thoroughfares then extending to six gaws, or twenty-four miles, and the lesser streets to four gaws from the city into the suburbs. The most noble ruin, and that which is in the best state of preservation, is the religious edifice, called Jaitawanarama; whose architecture approximates somewhat towards the style observable in the early ecclesiastical buildings of Europe, the edifice having two rows of gothic window-frames. The native annals affirm this temple to be a *fac simile* of the one which was erected for Goutama Buddha. Before the temple there is a low mound, over which groups of pillars are scattered; this leads to the grand entrance, and on either side of the gateway stands a polygon pillar, nearly fifty feet high. These pillars gradually taper to the summit, which is terminated by a square, the proportions, and chasteness of the chiselling being most exquisite. The building contains two apartments, and facing the gateway a gigantic, well-proportioned figure of Buddha, as high as the pillars, projects from the wall. The length of this structure is nearly one hundred and sixty feet; the height now about sixty, but what it was originally it is impossible to determine. The walls are extremely thick, and are entirely composed of bricks and mortar, but there are the remains of a stone moulding, which formerly ornamented them. It would appear that the whole building was formerly covered with white chunam, a preparation resembling marble, as portions of the cement still adhere to the walls, pillars, and statue of Buddha.

Near the Jaitawanarama is an immense rock, on the perpendicular face of which are chiselled, in the boldest relief, three enormous statues of Buddha. These figures are in the three orthodox positions, namely, erect, seated, and recumbent. The proportions of these colossal images are remarkably well preserved, particularly in the reclining figure, which is thirty-eight feet long. A cavern temple has been excavated in the solid rock, between the erect and seated figures, and in front of this Wihare, two pillars have also been cut out of the stony mass. In the interior of the temple a portion of the rock was left, which has been exquisitely chiselled, and this laborious specimen of the sculptor's art, represents a throne with Buddha seated upon it. This Wihare, by some called Isuramuni, by others, Kalougalla, was constructed by Prackrama Bahu, but authors disagree as to whether the Jaitawanarama was built, completed, or only repaired by Kirti Nissaangha.

The loftiest building at Pollanaroоa is the Rankoot Dagobah, which was built by the second Queen of Prackrama Bahu. This mausoleum is covered with brushwood, and the slender form of the spire can be distinctly seen from a considerable distance, as the height of the ruin, from the platform to the extremity of the spire, is above one hundred and fifty feet. The records state the height of this Dagobah originally to have been one hundred and twenty carpenters'

cubits,* from the platform to the top of the spire, on which was placed a golden umbrella. Eight small chambers or chapels are placed around the base of the Dagobah, and between each there is a small ledge, or projection, which is ornamented with sculpture. Kirti Nissaangha, who beautified the building, and removed the umbrella, changed the name from Rankoot to Thooparama, as the original cognomen was then no longer appropriate, Ran, signifying gold, and Koot, a fan-like termination.

The Dalada Malagawa, or palace of the tooth, was also built by Prackrama, its style of architecture is simple, the building is small, and is composed entirely of stones. Tradition states the granite roof to have been added by Nissaangha, who personally superintended the workmen, and the number of artificers employed was so great, that the roof was joined together between sunrise and sunset. The interior of this temple is nearly full of rubbish, therefore it is impossible even to conjecture what the decorations may have been. In the neighbourhood of the Jaitawanarama there are the effigies of two serpents carved in stone, namely the polonga, and the cobra or hooded snake. The native legend states, that in ages before the flood, these snakes fought a battle in this place; that the name bestowed upon the city is a corruption of their respective designations in the Cingalese language, namely *polon* and *na*, and that on the rocks in the centre of the tank, the figures of the *bellipotent* reptiles have also been carved. The Satmahal Praasada was originally seven stories high; this building is of a pyramidical form, but the remains do not convey the idea of its former altitude. The Bannagee was an edifice, appropriated to the public reading of the Buddhaical writing; and the ruins are rendered remarkable by the extraordinary enclosure surrounding them, which is constructed of upright pillars of hewn stone, into which are inserted two rows of horizontal stone bars. The remains of many other buildings are to be seen at Pollanarooa, but as these are not in fine preservation, a description would be useless; to the oriental scholar and antiquarian, however, these relics are peculiarly interesting, as the sites occupied by them, and the inscriptions engraved upon them, perfectly coincide with the native annals, which give an account of Pollanarooa, the position and the period when these buildings were erected.

Numberless inscriptions are found engraven upon pillars and tablets, some large stones being completely covered with them. These inscriptions are generally well executed, the letters and ornaments being clearly defined and sharply chiselled; the characters, although Cingalese, contain many letters which are totally obsolete, the most erudite scholars being unable to determine their signification; nevertheless the data which these inscriptions supply are most valuable, as they confirm the veracity of the native historian. One inscription records the lands and dignities which were bestowed by the monarch on a chieftain named Kooloondoottette, Albanawan, and his bosom friend, Kumbudalnawan, who was also a noble. These men "had done the State some service" in many ways, and had also been instrumental in placing the monarch on the throne of Ceylon. The most interesting inscription is extremely lengthy, being engraved upon a rock twenty-six feet in length, four feet and a-half in breadth, and two feet thick. This huge mass was brought from Mehintalai, which is distant more than eighty miles from Pollanarooa, and it is impossible even to conjecture what motive could have instigated the monarch to have this tablet brought from so remote a place, when quarries and rocks abounded around Pollanarooa; from which, masses of stone had then already been riven by wedges, which had been hewn, and formed into buildings, pillars, and statues. It has also been an enigma which never has, and in all probability never will be solved, how, and by what means this rocky mass could have been transported over mountains and across streams, until it was finally deposited at Pollanarooa. Tradition informs us, this huge piece of rock was removed by men, if so the amount of human strength required for the purpose must have been immense: and the inscription on the tablet corroborates the traditional report.

* A carpenter's cubit is two feet three inches.

The shape of this tablet is peculiarly elegant; it is most exquisitely ornamented, and the minute characters thereon are beautifully chiselled. The form is slender, resembling the leaf of a native book, and the characters are so inscribed as to leave a wide margin, which is embellished with a border of birds.

The inscription on one side commences with "Adoration to Buddha the lion, and the noblest individual of the race Saaka;" it then goes on to state the lineage of the god, and the munificent acts of the reigning sovereign, who reduced the taxes, bestowed alms upon the needy, built tanks, repaired watercourses, and endowed wihares, and concludes by stating "that his majesty, wearing the regal head-dress and ornaments, caused himself, his chief queens, his son and daughter, to be weighed in a balance, and by bestowing five times their weight of goods on the priests, the blind, the crippled, the deformed dwarfish, and other destitute and friendless beings, who thronged from ten countries, made all happy. For these deeds the gods blessed the land with refreshing showers." On the opposite side the inscription states that the monarch made a tour of the island, built wihares, made costly offerings to the Ruwanwelli Saye at Anooradhapoora, repaired and gilded the statues in the cave temples at Dambool, built numberless wihares and alms-houses, dedicated his son and daughter to the Paatra and Dalada relics, then redeemed them by offering a solid gold dagobah and other valuables. The monarch expresses his hopes that future rulers will govern with equity and mildness, and will maintain the established religion of the country, and that if they should observe these precepts, they might aspire to the felicities of both worlds, the inscription concluding with the following words, "Future sovereigns are thus affectionately exhorted by Kaalinga Nissaangha, King of Lanka-diva—*This engraved stone is the one which the chief Adighar Unawooman-danawan, caused the strong men of the mighty Nissaangha to bring from the mountain Suegiri** at Anooradhapoora, in the time of the Lord Sri Kaalinga Nissaangha Chakkrawarti." These two last inscriptions were engraved between A.D. 1187 and 1197, and notwithstanding the lapse of centuries, and exposure to the elements, the minute letters and embellishments are as sharp as if the sculptor had just completed his task. The inscription regarding the grant of land was executed during the reign of Saahasamaallawa, who ascended the throne about the year A.D. 1205.

We have elsewhere remarked upon the number of inscriptions, that are scattered over the island, which cannot be deciphered as they are composed of characters which none can translate.

There is one piece of sculpture at Pollanarooa which affords a wide scope for the inquiries of the antiquarian, and no clue has yet been obtained to elucidate the meaning of the subject, which represents a man standing in a supplicatory attitude, between a dog and crow. Some suppose that it is a patent conferring nobility or lands upon some favoured subject, whilst others imagine, that it represents a malefactor whose soul, for some heinous crimes committed in this world, was predestined in his two succeeding lives to inhabit successively the bodies of these creatures. In ancient days the monarchs of Ceylon, when they bestowed grants of land upon their favourites used to threaten any person, who unlawfully attempted to obtain possession of these gifts with Buddha's vengeance, and a sanas is still extant on which is inscribed, "So long as the sun, moon, and stars, so long as the Aetagalla† and Andagalla rocks shall endure, for that time this grant is made. Should any one presume to violate this edict, he will inevitably arouse Buddha's vengeance, and the audacious mortal's spirit, when he is next born, will inhabit the body of a crow or dog."

The limits of a periodical will only allow us to glance at a small portion of the remains of civilisation, refinement, and grandeur, which are dispersed over the bosom of the "Pearl of the East." Comparatively little is known of Ceylon, its ancient remains, internal resources, and vast capabilities of its fertile soil; and it has excited our

* This is the ancient name for Mehintalai.

† This rock is six hundred feet high, and bears a strong similitude to a tusk elephant.

wonder, that while the cry of "Emigration" has resounded throughout Great Britain, no attempt has been made to send out some of our starving countrymen to this favoured spot, where tracks of virgin land lie uncultivated, which if tilled, would well repay the labourer's toil. The capabilities of Newera Ellia, a most salubrious spot, we noticed in the MAGAZINE of the past month, and proud and thankful shall we be, if our efforts may incite those, who have the power to send to a less populous part of the globe, where *labour is required*, the labourer who here asks for work in vain; and who ofttimes driven to despair by the spectacle of a starving wife and children, commits crime, that he may be sent from a land where he cannot obtain work; and frequently scarcely food sufficient, to keep life in his emaciated body. Into the depths of futurity none can dive, but we do hope at no distant date, to find a number of our countrymen and their families settled at Newera Ellia, and although Erin's green isle is dear alike to all her sons, be they rich and high-born, or poor and lowly, yet we believe it is a truism which none will attempt to gainsay, that plenty abroad in company with those we hold dear, is better than starvation at home, and seeing those, who are nearest and dearest to us, pine away with the sickness of "hope deferred."

Enterprise and well directed energies will enable most men to improve their worldly condition, and empower them to overcome, what appear at first sight insurmountable obstacles, in the path of life; and it behoves each one who cannot find employment in his native land, to seek it in distant climes, if he has the wherewithal so to do. What are deemed impossibilities are ofttimes accomplished, when proper measures are taken to overcome them, and we cannot exemplify this better than by recurring to the Kandian tradition, which stated, "That the island of Ceylon never could be conquered and retained by a foreign power, except two impossible things were performed, namely, a road bored through the bowels of the rocky mountain, and the Mahawelli-ganga spanned by a single arch." These apparent impracticabilities were performed by the well-directed energies of Britain's sons; a tunnel *was* bored through the rock, and a bridge, whose single arch measures two hundred and five feet, *was* thrown across the Mahawelli-ganga.

Our pleasing labours are now o'er; and we shall feel ourselves amply rewarded should these papers draw attention to the present undeveloped resources of the lovely and fertile island of Ceylon; and we shall then exclaim—

"Mi satis ampla
Merces, et mihi grande decus, sin ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi."

NOVELS BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO OLD MEN'S TALES," AND OF "THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION IN FRANCE."*

"Observe your dreams," said an imaginative casuist, "if you would know the habitual state of your soul." The things in which you feel an interest, your heart's treasures, are to be found as well in those aimless trains of thought, over which will has no control, as in the more deliberate consciousnesses of your waking hours. Keep count, therefore, of your dreams, "if you desire truly to know the state of your morals."

How far these remarks as to our sleeping and waking perceptions may be justified by experience, it is not our present purpose to inquire; but there is, certainly, a sense in which we may apply them to the diagnosis of national morals, and be satisfied that they are wise. Dreams cannot bear truer testimony in the case of an individual, than popular fictions in that of a people. As the works of imagination are prized in a community, so will be the community they engage and interest. Intellectual power alone cannot achieve ascendancy and extensive influence. Wherever great and enduring popularity has been acquired, there is moral sympathy between the author and his readers. It argues well for the character of a people, when, in their popular literature, the good is ever found in association with the beautiful.

The eminent success of the works now before us—those by the author of "Two Old Men's Tales"—we regard as a very favourable attestation to the soundness of our public opinion. The author is indisputably a writer of true genius and of great power, but is also one who dedicates high endowments to the service of Him who has given them. The popularity of such a writer is creditable to a people—the productions of such a writer must necessarily exert a beneficial influence over a people prepared to prize them.

It would be a curious, and no unprofitable speculation, to compare nations one with another, as they may be seen exhibited in those works of fiction which have, from time to time, won the suffrages of a whole people in their favour, and seemed to embody the genius of the nation where they were had in honor. Thus, for example, about the same time, and with a design to illustrate the same subject, the "Optimist" of Voltaire, and the "Rasselas" of Johnson, appeared in the firmament of France and England. Prevost's "Manon L'Escaut" and Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" were nearly cotemporary; and of late days, to answer the challenge of "The Mystères de Paris" "The Wandering Jew," and "Le Péché de M. Antoine," we have had the "Christmas Tales" of Dickens, our own Lever's "St. Patrick's Eve," and the "Mount Sorel" of our author. It would be interesting to trace out and show how the national and the individual are interfused in these performances, and how they thus bear discriminating testimony to the moral, no less than the intellectual, genius, of the people they may be considered as representing.

We prosecute no such inquiry—the thought of it was presented to us, as we read one of our author's stories, "Norman's Bridge," and were reminded by it of one of Balzac's purest and most exquisitely finished tales, that of "Eugenie Grandet." We could not resist the persuasion that the genius, not of the authors only, but of their countries also, was discernible in these beautiful stories; and that our own was thoroughly English—the growth of a soil where the culture of religion and truth had been experienced—where the atmosphere of public opinion was such that nothing ignoble or unworthy could flourish in it.

This national character, discernible in "Norman's Bridge," accredits, it

* "Two Old Men's Tales." Series 1 and 2. "Triumphs of Time." "Father Darcy." "Emilia Wyndham." "Norman's Bridge." Mordaunt Hall." "Angela." "Mount Sorel," &c.

may be said, all our author's performances. From the first which appeared, not less than twelve years since, to the last, "Mordaunt Hall," this year's production, our author's nine stories all bear the impress of sterling English morality—all minister to generous emotions, generous scorn of what is base, generous admiration of excellence; but all inculcate respect for principle, by which emotions ought to be governed—all minister to the exaltation of justice.

Let it not be supposed that the stories, to which we offer this acknowledgment, partake in the least of that description of fable in which persons and incidents appear to have no life or aim, but that which is conducive to the moral of their story. Nothing can less deserve the name of allegory, than the works of imagination by the author of "Two Old Men's Tales." The characters have their proper identity—their individual distinctions. They are instinct with life and passion of their own—they speak their own language—they exercise their own volitions, and, in the various incidents in which they are engaged, they obey the impulses of their own passions, prosecute their own purposes, and decide, by their own judgment, in a spirit of independence, which their author's genius has imparted to them. Some of our readers will remember, no doubt, the name of that gifted prince, hero of one of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," who had the power to animate, by his own living spirit, the bodily forms of other beings, and who made no change in the qualities or character of the creatures he raised into a renewed existence. Enough for him to breathe into them a new life; the passions, affections, and propensities he reanimated, experienced no change. Eagle, or grasshopper, the rhinoceros, or the fawn—damsel, or dwarf, or giant—arose in the life which necromancy imparted, but relinquished no trace or trait of individual character. Such is the sorcery of genius: it imparts the gift of life, and respects the freedom of the agents it has called into being; presiding over their enterprises, rather than arbitrarily dispensing their fortunes. The moral of such stories is not the less valuable that the incidents are natural, and the actors free; but the narratives are livelier, and the conclusions or instruction deduced from them are far less suspicious.

The first production by which our author became known, appeared under the title of "Two Old Men's Tales." The favour with which it was instantly received, the hearty encomiums passed upon its pathos, and originality, and power, naturally led to a hope that it would be followed by many worthy successors. The public "asked for more," and was answered indulgently by a second series of the "Old Men's Tales;" but then came a pause, and, for many years of expectancy, the oracle was mute. How was the silence to be explained? We are not in the secret, but we apprehend the author, or (as is generally surmised) the authoress, who is not a writer by profession, found, within the circle of home, duties and interests to intercept and absorb those processes of thought by which the larger circle of her readers might otherwise have profited. At length the author emerged from retirement. In rapid succession, within the space of a very few years, appeared the "Triumphs of Time," the "Previsions of Lady Evelyn," "Mount Sorel," "Emilia Wyndham," "Father Darcy," "Norman's Bridge," "Angela," "Mordaunt Hall;" and, at each new appearance, the authoress found her world enlarged, new votaries added to her admiring disciples, and the attachment of old followers confirmed into still deeper devotion.

There is one peculiarity which discloses itself unconsciously to the readers of these fine fictions, and which, if the great popularity of the works demanded explanation, would abundantly account for it. You would swear that the author of the "Two Old Men's Tales," and of the various stories which have followed in their train of success, is not what can be called *a novel-reader*. Works of fiction have not been neglected in this writer's varied and extensive course of study; but they have not been permitted to claim more than their due share of attention. Neither the theatre nor the circulating library has fashioned our author's ideas or estimate of life. Both of these agencies, it is probable, have had their part in the discipline her mind has been matured in, but neither of them has attained a mastery

over her faculties—she has painted from life itself, and not contented herself with copying copies of it exhibited on the stage, or in the pages of romance or novel.

Hence, wer it not for that inexplicable property by which truth bears testimony to itself, a determined novel-reader would often feel disconcerted by incidents in our author's stories. Their antitypes are to be found in the realities of existence, rather than in the creations of fancy. Life, not romance, furnishes the precedents for them. But, it has been well remarked, that life has more wonders to show than fiction would dare to imagine—our author's narratives are in proof. Without the intervention of fabulous machinery—through the power of no other agents than those over which the will of man exerts a legitimate control—through the operation of human passions and affections, they show wonders, marvellous as those which have had Ariosto or Tasso for their historian, and yet so admirably consistent in themselves, and with the properties of real life, that they might be given in evidence in a court of justice, and that twelve wise men upon their oaths would pronounce the testimony true.

The fearless fidelity of our author is not altogether free from attendant inconveniences. In the licence to speak their own language, her *dramatis personæ* make use of expressions which occasionally jar upon our conventional tastes. Words and phrases which we hear as matter of course in real life, appear somewhat out of place in the pages of a graceful story. The household words of a cotter's fireside are not always in harmony with the refinements or sentimentalisms of the boudoir. Even we, of ruder tastes and habits, have now and then found the dialogue of our author a little too express and literal; and although we find in Wordsworth fidelities no less startling—and although we well remember the homelinesses out of which Lord Plunket's noblest eloquence frequently broke forth—and although the fine taste and severe judgment of that transcendent orator may well plead in justification of a practice which so great a master of his art has at times deliberately adopted—yet we plead guilty to a weakness on subjects of this description; neither the great poet nor the great orator can reconcile us to certain forms of expression which our author has occasionally too literally transcribed. We do not deny the correctness and fidelity of the transcript, but would willingly have seen a dominant word or phrase sacrificed now and then even to the graces of convention.

But these are trivial objections to urge against a great work. If our author has deliberately retained such rustic terms as, in the sustained elegance of her stories, sometimes jar upon us, we have no doubt there are good reasons to be offered in their defence. If, on the other hand, they are inadvertencies in her habitually felicitous diction, we have the assurance which good sense and good taste afford, that they will be "reformed altogether." The reader, we anticipate, who remembers the pure and racy English of our author's style, will agree with us in opinion. And if there be any of our readers to whom the "Two Old Men's Tales" and their successors are yet unknown, we anticipate his agreement also, when he has perused the extracts which we proceed to lay before him.

We shall commence our selections with passages from the "Previsions of Lady Evelyn," the story in which the author, after a period of cessation from literary enterprises, "like a re-appearing star" first greeted her readers. It is a story in which the effects of domestic tyranny on temperaments of enthusiasm and genius, are faithfully and vividly described. The persons of the story are brought together from different ranks and conditions, through the agency of natural and well-selected incidents, and are drawn into intercourse with each other by sympathies of which the reader feels the force. "Like finds like" in diversity of estate. The anticipations and previsions of a lady, high-spirited and much indulged, and of that gentle imperiousness which deference and prosperity engender, and which the finest affections of our nature render amiable, shape out the situation on which the story turns. The principal actors are two sisters of exalted rank, and a young person whose nobility consists altogether in qualities moral and intellectual, set off by the recommendation of personal graces. The following extract describes the

first interview of this young person with his noble patron:—

"Gerald found himself in a vast lofty apartment, surrounded from the floor to the ceiling with glazed cases, in which were assembled every possible variety of objects; down the centre was a large table covered with books, vases, bones of strange animals, antique statues, Chinese gardens, Indian idols, &c., &c.—a vast confusion of objects of curiosity or vertu—all heaped together in a strange but rich confusion.

"An old grey-haired little man was busily employed at one end of the room examining a butterfly's egg with a large microscope. He raised his head as the servant clattered forth the announcement, and seeing a young man dressed in black, he arose, and with a very kind expression of face and gesture, came up to him.

"'Young gentleman, you have an appointment with Lord Glenmore, you say?'

"'Yes,' said Gerald, 'I have a letter from his late sister, the Lady Evelyn, to deliver—and he appointed one o'clock on this day for the purpose of receiving it.'

"'My lord must, I think, have forgotten the appointment, young gentleman,' said the old man; 'but I will tell his lordship you are here.—Wait one moment, I will be back with you directly.—Please to wait just one little moment, while I go to my lord and tell him your name, sir—may I ask the favour of your name?'

"'James, sir—Gerald James.'

"'And with a letter from the late Lady Evelyn?—Oh, sir, everybody has not forgotten that young lady—and your name Gerald, sir?—Your ancestor, was it, sir?—old Gerald of Nantwich, famous for his botanical researches?

"'It was at your father's house my Lady Evelyn lay after her accident, sir.—I have but a poor memory now—but I remember all about it—but my lord! certainly my lord must have forgotten the appointment—for he is, to tell the truth, sir, just at this moment very particularly engaged—would another time do?'

"'As my Lord Glenmore, himself, made the appointment, I should not take the liberty to change the hour without at least hearing his wishes upon the subject,' said Gerald.

"'No—well I suppose it would not be right—good—well—yes, I think so—shall I go and say so?'—said the old man, in a hesitating way.

"'Indeed I should be very much obliged to you, sir—though I am very sorry to give you the trouble—but really Lord Glenmore seems as difficult to get at as the Grand Lama himself.'

"'The Grand Lama!—ha!—very difficult subject that!—the Boodhist idols—very little known of them—one specimen we have—all unintelligible traces of a very ancient, possibly antediluvian religion; much question too, as to that—reasons for believing it may have been a modern heresy—a modern heresy two or three thousand years old!—ha, ha, *modern!*—but terms are merely relative.'

"'Indeed, sir,' said Gerald, gravely, 'what you say is most perfectly true—but if you would do me the great favour ——'

"'To do what, sir?—what were we talking of—the Grand Lama?'

"'No, sir, begging your pardon—of Lord Glenmore, for whom I have a letter.'

"'Oh, dear me!—dear me, what a poor head I have—in a moment!—in a moment!'

"And he hobbled to a small door at the other end of the apartment—he entered and spoke a few words in a low voice, inaudible to Gerald—not so the answer.

"'Bless my soul, and so I did!' burst forth in a loud cheering tone;—'only think of my forgetting, all, how, and about it!—Come in, by all means—let the young gentleman come in—here, Fenton, reach me the towel, I've made a confounded mess here—oh! by all means; come in, young gentleman.'

"The old man now appeared, holding the door open, and signed to Gerald to approach—he did so, and entered the room.

"It was hardly to be called a room, after the large apartment he had quitted—it seemed more like a roomy closet; it was almost quite destitute of furniture, but there was a long white deal table down the middle, covered with baskets and packages;—at the top sat my lord on one chair, and what seemed a respectable man-servant on another, with two large earthenware basins before them, busily employed in washing shells.

"My lord was in a flowered chintz dressing-gown, and had a black velvet nightcap sticking on one side of his head; over his fair round body a coarse linen apron was tied, which covered his knees. He leaned back in his chair at the entrance of the stranger—a Buccinum in one hand, and his brush in the other.

"'Sir, your servant—'

"The tall, graceful young man in his

black riding-dress, whom nothing, it seemed, could that day discompose, advanced to the top of the room—followed, as if by a squire, by the little, grey-headed, old gentleman, who might have figured in a Dutch picture as an alchymist.—Gerald bowed to the Earl with as much respect as if he had found him covered with velvet, stars and garters, and said, 'I did myself the honour to attend upon your lordship, according to the appointment you were pleased to make with my mother.'

"'Your mother, bless my soul—yes!—I recollected all about it now—your mother, Mrs. James, was it not?'

"'The same, my lord.—She desired me to deliver a letter to you.'

"'Oh! ay, ay; but stop a little—not just now. There, Fenton, take off my apron; give me the towel! let me wipe my hands: there, give me my coat.—I beg your pardon, sir, we will step into my study; keep your letter a moment longer. There—what a plague! Fenton, will you never have done?—that will do—Ods bud, man, do you see where you have put the paper nautilus, just upon the edge of the table?—'Slife, man, if you had broken that, I should have broken three of your teeth—and, Fenton, you may go on with those shells—there—a little *aqua regia* will do them no harm—but don't touch that basket from Madagascar till I come back—I shan't be long—don't look into it, you dog, do you hear?—let me have the first peep, and be hanged to you!—Now, sir, please to follow me.'

"And with his coat of dark pompadour velvet, with glittering star on his breast, his velvet cap exchanged for his perruque, the Earl seemed to feel himself something of an earl—and waving, with a certain dignity, to the young man to follow, he traversed the library, where a lofty door of mahogany, moulded with gold being opened by a footman, he entered what he was pleased to call his *study*.

This young man, protegè of Lord Glenmore's lamented sister, is appointed to a post which includes some offices of preceptor to two of his noble patron's hapless and most ill-educated children. The young tutor had been a short time installed in his office, when the following scene displayed something of past influences, and of a light beginning to dawn upon them.

"While this little scene had been going on in the chamber of the countess, what had been going on in the quiet and simple apartment Gerald had quitted?

"Softly as he had closed the door the boy opened his eyes—and Clarinda, whose eyes had been fixed upon his face, bent forward to look at him; and then with her slender thin hand gently patted his shoulder, as one would do to a young child to soothe him to sleep.

"But he shook the hand off, sighed and moved, as much as to say, 'No—it is not that I want.'

"Then he fixed his eyes uneasily upon her face, and speaking with slowness and difficulty, he said—

"'Clarinda, do you think we shall live again after we are dead?'

"'I don't know,' was the answer, in a low, mournful tone.

"'It seems,' continued he, 'as if I had been alive a very, very short time, I have *lived*—and done nothing else; and now I feel sorry to go into darkness and nothingness again. Do you think I shall?'

"'Then you think you shall die?' said she, with her usual abruptness, but with a bitterness inexpressible in her accent. • •

"'I think I must,' was the answer.

"And for all this reply, she retired to her station at the foot of the bed, shrank into the heap of garments, crouched down her head, and buried her face again between her arms, and under her hair. But this time she did not look through between those arms. This time, she hid the very light of day from her forlorn, yet dry eyes.

"There was a silence; and the boy breathed painfully. At last he said—

"'Our Father who art in Heaven! What does that mean, Clarinda? Our Father!—a father—who art in heaven. Have we a father there, Clarinda? Is there some one in this wide, wide universe—this vast vault—this large vessel in which we are floating? Is there a Father in it, do you think, Clarinda?'

"She lifted up her face, shook her head sorrowfully, and said—

"'I don't know.'

"'Oh! if there were a Father,' said the boy, 'how glad I should be to go to him!'

"'Go to him!' said she, mournfully.

"'Ah, Clarinda, how glad *we* should be to go to him!'

"She nodded assent, and sank down into her former position.

"'I think,' said the boy, after another long pause, 'if I were but *sure* I should find him, I should be very glad to die.'

And I would be almost glad to let you,' she replied, in a low voice, and her head sank down again: and, hidden by the clothes, tears, still and silent as soft summer rain, literally poured from her eyes.

"Another pause.

"'Clarinda, what are you thinking about all the time you are at church?'

"'I don't know,' said she, again raising her head—'anything—nothing. I used to look about when I was a child, and amuse myself as well as I could—and now I *think* about—that is all the difference.'

"'Well, that is just what I do. It is very strange that we have neither of us thought more about it. Do you ever say your prayers?' whispered he, mysteriously. 'Some people do every night and morning.'

"'I never was taught any prayers, except old nurse—when I was a little thing—used to say: Pray, God bless papa and mamma, and make me a good girl. I left it off when I left the nursery, and had no one to bid me kneel down. Brother, if there *be* a God ——!'"

In the sequel of this pathetic story, the sufferings of the poor misguided and patient girl are most affectingly described. She has been persecuted cruelly by her sister, driven from her father's house, and has become wife of her tutor. Then follow the wasting plagues, in all their variety, of an unprovided life. Stage after stage of misery is reached, and all is endured in the uncomplaining, unrepining heroism of patience. The proud sister, in whom hatred and jealousy mutually embitter each other, hardens in outward prosperity, and is capable of enjoying the dissipations of a luxurious life with the greater zest, because of her sister's afflictions. The following description is highly characteristic:—

"The long range of upper windows at the Castle of Lodore was sparkling with lights. The house was full of company; for though, as I have told you, the Countess rarely visited London, and disliked to mingle with the great world, as exhibited there, she was very far from delighting in solitude, and had, more especially of late, been in the habit of assembling, at different periods in the year, large and splendid parties at this her favourite seat of Lodore. Representation was to her the most real of her sources of enjoyment, and to exhibit her splendour to a large and admiring circle of guests, upon any of the occasions which great county meetings afforded, her greatest pleasures—county meetings being, in her day, matters of much more importance than in the general fusion of society occasioned by everybody coming yearly to London, they have since become.

"So the long range of upper windows in the Castle of Lodore was sparkling with lights; for there was a numerous company occupying these rooms, and they were dressing for the assize ball. . . . . . .

"The room, at that time called a dressing-room, was too large to answer to our ideas of a modern boudoir, nor was it fitted up with all the appliances to luxurious ease, which belong to the perhaps too enervating habits of our present generation. The walls were hung with tapestry, and the large green branches of the immense trees therein represented, the deep blue of the sky, and the rich crimsons worked into the dresses of the figures, gave a sombre though not unpleasing character to the walls. The furniture, of rich satin, harmonised in its colours with these hangings, as did the curtains and cornices. It was not an apartment, according to our modern ideas, exactly suited to the bright-eyed, blooming young creature, who, attired in a rich dress of gauze, embroidered all over with flowers of gold, a necklace and ornaments of pearls, which might have adorned an empress, was addressing the elder lady with a vehemence which had heightened the colour upon her cheeks, and had already filled her eyes with tears.

"The mother, who, with an air, dark and gloomy, of impenetrable, inexorable determination, listened to the energetic pleadings of this fair daughter, was dressed in a rich robe of purple velvet, with a petticoat of white satin, also embroidered with gold; her fine hair drawn up from her face, surmounted by a splendid diadem of diamonds, and a plume of feathers; her throat, stomacher, arms, and fingers, sparkling with invaluable jewels;—in short, decked out in all the pomp and splendour belonging to the full dress of her day. There she sat, erect, cold, and immoveable, whilst thus her daughter, in a voice of impassioned emotion, went on.—

"'I call it barbarous—it seems to me—I can call it nothing but barbarous!' she cried.

"'You are pleased to use very hasty and ill-considered terms,' said the mother, haughtily, displeased.

"'Barbarous!' she repeated. 'What? my own mother's sister!'

"'I have no sister. She has been dead to me years ago.'

"'Yes! she has; I knew she has—poor creature! poor creature! But the dead may reappear, and the long lost return—and there she actually is—with her husband, the man for whom she lost all, and she is dying before our eyes.'

"A strange expression passed over

the face—a strange shudder seemed to creep over the frame of the Countess, and her countenance became more dark and troubled.

"'They are nothing to us,' was all she said.

"'Nothing!—your own sister, and the man for whose sake she forgot all!—nothing, and they are starving! Good heavens!—nothing!'

"'I tell you I have forgotten their existence.'

"'And this is what I call horrid!—what I call barbarous!' rising in much vehemence, and bursting into tears. 'I call it horrid to renounce and cast away one's own flesh and blood.'"

One passage more from this instructive story, for the purpose of showing the truth of our author's reflections:—

"And thus does Providence raise up friends in need. These apparently accidental supports and assistances arising unexpectedly when all the ordinary ones are failing us, must have offered themselves to the experience of most of us. Few, in reviewing the course of their lives—especially if those lives have been chequered ones, but must acknowledge that there seems a vein—a thread—what metaphor shall I use?—of mercy running through it. Fictions that represent people as utterly forsaken, as driven to the horrible extremes of unmitigated misery, do not, I believe, represent the real *fact* of the way in which actual human life goes on. Such representations awaken the most painful and despairing feelings; and if they are exaggerated, are injurious, I think, as well as painful—they tend to weaken our faith in a merciful and superintending Providence. Such cases in real life, if they ever occur, would, I believe, be found to be very rare, unless where there has been guilt or misconduct to a great degree—cases of vice, drunkenness, or hardened wickedness; and, even in these cases, were every man sincerely to tell his own tale, my persuasion is, that the soul would have cause to look back with almost agonising regret and gratitude to the long history of patience—if I may venture to use the familiar expression—which he has found upon the part of the Disposer of all things. How many opportunities of help offered!—how many deliverances from temptation and from suffering!—how many unexpected assistances—unhoped-for consolations!—how many evil consequences averted!—how much time allowed!—what meltings of the heart!—what awakings of the spirit before the man is finally forsaken—if ever utterly forsaken!

"And in the case of the innocent sufferer!—I believe this wakeful, tender paternal Providence might, in most cases, actually be traced. In almost every case of suffering there is something or other, some unsuspected source of consolation or compensation arising—something occurring to abate the heaviness of the blow.

"I think this is also a juster view of life, more cheering and encouraging than that which represents misery as heaped upon misery, and sorrow upon sorrow; as if no pitying father's care actually *did*—as I firmly believe it actually *does*—square the trial to the strength, and temper affliction's wind.

"Grief and misery, sorrow, and disappointment, are in their turn the portion of all, but seldom or never do they come absolutely unmitigated to any."

"Emilia Wyndham," we believe, succeeded the "Previsions of Lady Evelyn," and had a still higher success than its predecessor. It is a story of the triumph achieved, by a sense of duty, over the deepest and strongest affection—a story of unostentatious heroism. Its incidents, scenery, situation, are not those to be found in the highways of romance; but they are distinguished by a character of reality and truth which cannot be denied or disputed.

"Emilia Wyndham" has been too long, too deservedly, and too generally, a favourite, to admit of our making any citations. It is one of those stories, which, notwithstanding the completeness of the whole, and the nice inter-dependency of the various parts upon each other, is rich in passages of power and beauty, which may be placed before a reader, as *excerpta* which have, in their own attractions, apart from the domestic epic in which they are found, a prevailing interest. But the charm of the story is the character of its heroine—her trials—her patience—her fidelity. The union of the most delicate sensibility, and the utmost steadfastness of purpose—affections the most tender and absorbing, and a sense of duty, and love of moral rectitude, so unfailing and practical, that maiden and matron, daughter and wife, all the faculties and feelings, move at the command of virtue—is admirably described and sustained. There is an interest in "Emilia Wyndham," to which writers

of less purity and elevation would have imparted some touch of frailty, as if, without such alloy, the reader could not feel affected by it. The authoress has shown that she can dispense with such accessories. The struggles of a virtuous will—the sufferings of a gentle and loving spirit—circumstances of trial, and a heart brave to resist temptation—earnest and ingenuous appeals from feelings at variance with duty, and a rightmindedness which no seductions can lead astray—all these elements are so governed and combined in her story, that our interest in the heroine never flags, while, at the same time, the coldest abstractions of biographical romance will not prove more safely instructive than "Emilia Wyndham."

If the truth and interest of this admirable story are enhanced by the fidelity with which a spirit sustained and enlightened by true religion resists and governs circumstances, "Father Darcy," with no less faithfulness and consistency, describes the agencies and influences by which a false religion can prevail over a guileless and amiable nature. "A false religion," we repeat, without any consideration of evidences for or against dogmas, as controversy would cite its testimonies. We hold that that religion must be false which is felt and proved to be uncharitable. We hold that no faith is divine in its origin, but that which "worketh by love." In "Father Darcy" we have pourtrayed, with admirable truth and effect, a religion from which benevolence has been effaced, and which is shown labouring with unrelenting assiduity to convert souls into its likeness. This is a difficult task, and it has been executed with a power adequate to the difficulty. There is no attempt to disguise or undervalue the high qualities with which champions for the religion of intolerance are graced and distinguished. Absence of selfishness, devotion to a cause believed to be just, intellect, accomplishment, courage—all that can accredit human exertion—bestowed not sparingly on the vanquished party, while the supporters of the better cause are depicted with a boldness and fidelity which will not condescend to the concealment of their defects. It is an impartial story, and realities are the staple of it. "Father Darcy" is not a series of problems, in which certain conditions and principles are given, and results are worked out by calculation. It is an "owre true tale," differing from what is usually termed history only in this—that it records and describes principles in their operation upon individual character and domestic happiness, as well in their influence on parties and states. It is a tale in which reflecting readers will admire the judgment with which the intricacies of the plot are contrived and developed, and where ordinary readers will find the interest as stimulating and as varied, as if the author had no other object in view than to write an entertaining story.

In "Mount Sorel" the principles of antagonism exhibited in energetic action are of a different description. The chivalrous and the sturdy, as they impart their several characteristics to the men of England, are set forth in strongly marked opposition. The prejudices of aristocracy, dignified and governed by associations which link the passing to the past, and make the present existence debtor to the recollections of a former, are set in fine contrast with the all-absorbing ambition which claims every honour and distinction for existing merit. The pride of birth and the consciousness of worth—the patrician and the tribune confront each other with characteristic dignity—and over the picture there is an atmosphere and a light, in which all its varieties are harmonised, and a persuasion is insensibly formed in the reader's mind, that in the framework of English society, as in her constitution, aristocracy and democracy are not opposed, but that each in its degree lends an influence to adjust and aggrandise the other—that, in truth, the principle of aristocracy is deeply infused in the genius of the people, and that the sturdy burgess or yeoman, in stickling for his rights, is animated by a spirit not alien from that in which the descendant of one of our most illustrious houses asserts and maintains his dignity. In such a state, as in our author's story, men of worth are of one family. However the degrees may differ—however they may seem opposed as partisans, there is a community of interest and feeling in which they are "at one." Our author shows nice discrimination and true wisdom in describing the situa-

tions and incidents in which the prejudices of zealous and vehement, but generous adversaries, disappear, as increasing knowledge of each other discloses qualities better than the attributes of caste and convention.

And we have a story, "Norman's Bridge," dedicated to the elucidation of avarice—a natural history of covetousness: but how exquisitely the personages of the tale are grouped, compared, and contrasted, to show the passion in its own disastrous twilight, as well as in the mournful splendour which the more generous affections shed upon it. "Covetousness," observes some philosopher of high desert, "is the idolatry of Protestantism." It is that to which Protestants are most strongly tempted. Our author seems to have divined this truth. Her miser begins life as a shepherd boy in the Highland hills, and it is in a Scottish kirk we hear, as the opening of the tale, a minister's solemn warnings against the love of pelf.

"The best of men that e'er wore earth about him," said old Decker, "was a sufferer." How following in the light of this example, affords a solace in sorrow, is a truth which every reader of "Angela" has learned to feel. Angela enters into a life saddened by the heaviest calamities life is ordinarily exposed to. The sorest bereavement that lacerates young hearts has shrouded her's in the "one fatal remembrance," which would make life a monotony of sorrow. But Angela has imbibed the issues of a better life than that of mortality, and her biographer is gifted to discern and describe the agencies in that conflict of elevating interest in which the "victory that overcomes the world" is the achievement of faith.

We venture on one extract. Angela, enduring amiably her afflictions, and with Christian fortitude labouring to maintain and protect a helpless little group of children, who share in her orphanage, after bearing her part in the slights and wrongs

"Which patient merit of the unworthy takes,"

finds herself in a state of comparative prosperity, companion to a young heiress, generous as she is impatient and self-indulging. Nursling of prosperity as she is, this fair young creature has not been wholly exempt from trial. A destined bride from her earliest infancy, her affection for the husband assigned to her by family compact is troubled by doubts whether it has met the merited return. The character of Vavasour has gained an ascendancy over her imagination, and her manner has been so influenced by the mingled feelings with which it has inspired her, that in her occasional fits of haughtiness, affection, and reserve, the affianced bridegroom sees no evidence of love. When it has become inevitable, he submits to the necessity of fulfilling his engagement, and submits with the graciousness of one who will honour as well as cherish his betrothed; and in this amiable disposition he is hastening home from travels in which he has long been absent. The condition of the two young friends, Augusta and Angela, draws them closer to each other by bonds of sympathy—the one about to form an engagement for life with a person who is absolute master of her imagination, if not her affections, and whose love has a shadow of fear upon it; the other, Angela, widow, it may be said, and maiden, living to discharge the duties of a sad life, after its charm has departed. She was loved, she loved in return, and mourns over the memory of her lover as of one among the dead—of one for whose mysterious disappearance there was no explanation but that by which all earthly hope is extinguished. The confidences of the two fair girls—Angela's resigned sorrow for her lost Carteret, and the timid hopes and feelings of Augusta as she describes her idolised Vavasour to the mourner, who can feel a reflected happiness in the prosperity of her friend—are given with exquisite tact and skill in the pages of our story; and while now and then misgivings are conveyed to the reader's mind, which possess him with a half-formed and fugitive apprehension of some dread catastrophe, in which the happiness of one or all the chief personages of the story will be wrecked—in any such apprehensions neither of the heroines have, or can have, any participation. Now for our extract:—

"Miss Darby's room terminated one side of the front of the house, the two wings of which projecting, the centre in some degree retreated, these windows commanded a view of the park, such as I have described it, with its large extent

of rough unsightly grass, its stunted trees, its groups of deer, and the long funereal line of the dark avenue.

"They had now returned from the cottage; the day was so fine that the windows were open, and at one of them, hand in hand, they sat looking out towards the avenue. The road from the town, where the mail-coach stopped, was up this avenue, and though the window did not command a view up it, the sound of any carriage approaching that way could be quite distinctly heard.

"No carriage as yet approached, however; everything seemed almost preternaturally still this quiet afternoon; the little breeze of the morning was quite lulled; a twittering bird, uttering its scanty autumn song, was all that from time to time was heard.

"Augusta sat there, looking, listening, starting at the slightest sound; Angela by her, watching her.

"Many were the false alarms, many the starts, the exchange of looks, the disappointments, and the sitting down quietly again. At length a carriage was distinctly heard advancing, and Augusta pushed her chair hastily back from the window, lest she should be seen from without.

"'Just look, Angela! Sister Anne, sister Anne!' trying to rally her spirits, 'do you see any one coming?'

"'Not yet, but I hear the rattling of a chaise quite plain: it is certainly coming down the avenue.'

"'Look again! look again, dear child! Something will happen amiss still, I feel sure. This will never, never be!' said Augusta, with the superstition common to those subject to an unexpected turn of good fortune.

"'It's coming nearer. Look again, dear creature!—don't put your head out, though. What do you see?'

"'The post-chaise turns out of the avenue—it is coming up to the door: there is one gentleman, muffled up in a cloak, and his hat pulled over his eyes, getting out; that is all I can see,' said Angela, drawing back herself now into the room.

"And now the door-bell rang loud through the house.

"'He *is* come, then!' said Augusta; 'he *is* come! Angela, dear, a glass of water! Oh, how, how shall I meet him first? Not that I feel nervous, neither—I have known him all my life—but how shall, shall I behave myself? Oh if I could but see him first alone! Oh, Angela! tell me, child, what shall I do?—before this odious set of men, too!'

"'I wish we had happened to have been in the drawing-room with Mrs. Darby when he came in.'

"'But then that waiting—waiting, would have been so insupportable. Waiting, and listening, and expecting, and pretending not to wait, not to listen, not to expect. But, my goodness, girl, what o'clock is it. Is it not time to think of dressing?'

"'The stable clock has only just gone five; I counted it.'

"'And what are we to do with these two mortal hours till seven? How strange and unkind it looks, doesn't it, to have him two whole hours in the house and not to see him! One's cousin, too! One ought naturally to meet one's cousin. I wish I had not been so foolish, but had stayed quietly down stairs, where it was natural to be, till he came.—What a real baby I am become! But shut the window, dear girl, for it's cold now; and let us think what we will do.'

"But that was soon settled.

"There was a light knock at the door, and in answer to the usual 'Come in,' Mrs. Darby's maid appeared. She brought a message from her mistress to the young lady to say that Mr. Vavasour was arrived, and was sitting in Mrs. Darby's dressing-room; and 'her mamma would be glad if Miss Darby would come and join her there.'

"She cast a hurried, troubled, but delighted glance at Angela.

"'Yes, I'll come—say I'm coming directly. Dear Angela, did you ever see anything so hot as I look? Do help me to tidy my hair a little: I can't do it,' said poor Augusta. Her hands were, indeed, shaking, and her cheek flushing.

"'There—thank you; how do I look?—very red?'

"'Very nice, dear Miss Darby;—pray be composed.'

"'I'll try—I'll try. But bless you, dear girl, do go down with me. I really can't go down alone. What a coward I am!'

"'What a coward you are, indeed, dear Augusta!' said Angela, almost laughing at her distress: 'but go down alone you certainly must—for nothing on earth should tempt me to go down with you. And now, pray don't lose time, for I almost *see* your courage oozing out of your fingers' ends; I really almost do.'

"Gently forcing her to the door, gently pushing her out, and shutting it after her.

"There was no retreat. She made an effort; along the passage she went, and down the few steps which led to Mrs. Darby's dressing-room, opened the door, and there he stood. . . . . .

"Dear Augusta! how happy, how thrice happy she was as, sitting before her glass, while Angela—who would not let

any one but herself do any thing for her at this moment—wove the dark bands of her shining hair in braids and plaits, and then hung in it some of the crimson leaves of the Virginian creeper, which she had so carefully arranged.

"She could not help feeling pleased at the result of her labours; while Augusta, conscious how handsome she looked, and grateful to the attending friend so busy on her behalf, turned up her face to kiss the white and but too transparent hand of that fair but happiest Cinderella, certainly at this moment thinking of nothing but Augusta, and of making her look as beautiful as she possibly could; in which she doubtless succeeded, as I have told you, to an extraordinary degree.

"Not that all the additional charms which at that moment adorned Miss Darby must be attributed to the skill of her friend.

"Her dress was, however, extremely becoming; it was rich, but not too rich; elegant, rather than strikingly fashionable; but such as set off her fine commanding figure to the greatest advantage. In short, Miss Darby was looking as handsome as possible. And there was a softness in the expression of her countenance, and a something of bashfulness and hesitation in her manner, that rendered her appearance unusually interesting.

"Angela's own toilette was soon finished.

"She was in white muslin, with long sleeves, made pretty high in the throat; she had a white long sash; and a tea rose, which Augusta had brought her from the green-house, in her bosom; her hair was just simply drawn round her face and knotted behind.

"Thus dressed, she looked as pretty a confidante for the splendid-looking *premiere rôle* in the drama about to be enacted as any one could desire to see.

"And thus they descended to the dining-room, the confidante being, in contradiction to the usual proprieties of the drama, arm-in-arm with the heroine of the piece.

"Augusta felt a little nervous at the idea of again meeting her lover in the presence of all these disagreeable men. Angela kept encouraging her as well as she could; but, while she talked and endeavoured to rally and laugh, came the pale, cool shade of her lover, as it so often did, seeming to rise before her, and sadly to ask how she could be gay and happy and he in his cold bed under the dark waters.

"The girls were late in coming down.

"They had kept dawdling, as people will in such cases, and had made matters worse; for all the company of gentlemen (there were no ladies of the dinner-party that day) had already assembled, and Mrs. Darby, from her place on the sofa, which now had made its annual migration from the window to the fire, had introduced Mr. O'Hara to Mr. Vavasour, with whom he was soon engaged in conversation, and whom he had found a very agreeable man, and quite different from what he had expected.

'Mr. Vavasour had made much the same discovery with respect to the young Irishman, who, in spite of the potato in his head, he thought, showed much sense and intelligence, and had manners of a very different style and cast from those usually to be observed in the frequenters of Mr. and Mrs. Darby's circle.

"The room was to day very brilliantly lighted, it always looked more comfortable in winter than it did in summer, for, with a huge blazing fire, the sofas rolled round to it, the shutters closed, the curtains drawn, and a profusion of wax lights blazing around, the usual disagreeable bareness of furniture, books, and objects of amusement, was not so apparent.

"They were all talking away; there was quite a hum of voices.

"Mr. Vavasour had now retired a little from the rest, and, leaning upon the back of Mrs. Darby's sofa, was silently watching the door and wondering when Augusta would come down.

"The door opened suddenly, and wide. He started from his position, and turning a little round, stood upright and fully displayed before it.

"Two figures appear: the one is in dark velvet, with the crimson leaves of the Virginian creeper in her hair; the other in white, robed like some angel, as it appeared to him,—for his eyes were dazzled as with a sudden radiance—it was as if bright rays of light were shining all around her.

"His poor head is swimming—he knows not what he sees.

"But she!

"A faint shriek!

"A faint cry!

"An impassioned rush forwards!

"'Carteret! Carteret!'

"And a heavy fall upon the drawing-room floor!

"He was no longer master of himself; he forgot where he was—who he was—what he was.

"He sprang forward, fell down on one knee beside her, and caught the lifeless body in his arms!

"The extravagance of his passion, the wild vehemence of his looks and gestures, the frantic violence with

which he pressed his treasure to his heart, was that of one quite beside himself—and so he was.

"He felt, if we may dare to use the image, as it will be when the dead, awakened, shall rush forward in heaven to meet the long-lost restored once more.

"'Angela! Angela! Angela!'

"'My love!—my life! Angela!—awake! awake!

"'Dead! no, she's not dead! She can't be dead! Open the windows!—the door! My love! my life! She can't—she can't be dead!'

"'No,' said Augusta, falling down upon both knees, with a face black as death, 'she's not dead!'

"And then, quivering and shaking in every limb, in a hasty, passionate manner, she strove with both hands to disengage the insensible form of her friend from his vehement embrace.

"'Angela, listen to me! Open your eyes! I know you are not—you cannot be dead! Open your eyes, I say!'

"The company had all gathered round this time.

"'What is all this about? Lay her flat upon the floor, Mr. Vavasour; that's the best thing in these dead faints, I have heard. What's it all about? I don't understand—I didn't see.'

"Mrs. Darby kept saying.

"She had neither distinctly seen nor understood the wild and hurried scene of passion that had passed before her, the outburst from his lips, nor the terrible agitation of Augusta.

"And he was saying nothing now; but, her head still thrown over his arm, was bending over her, his eyes fixed upon hers, watching with intense anxiety for some sign that she would revive.

"It seemed as if Augusta could bear this no longer.

"'Lay her head down, Mr. Vavasour, I tell you, flat upon the floor! What's the use of holding her up in that way? Would you kill her outright? For Heaven's sake, some of you fetch water!'

"He had yielded to her remonstrances, and, laying the fainting, insensible form upon the floor, he rose up from his knees and stood immovable, his face ghastly pale, his eyes sometimes riveted upon her, or from time to time looking towards the windows with a confused, bewildered air, as if he wanted them opened, but could not articulate; while Augusta, still kneeling upon both knees, her hands clasped with an expression of agony, kept gazing upon those features as they lay in the death-trance before her.

"Water was brought, and Augusta bathed her temples. Then, suddenly looking up at Vavasour,

"'She is living! she lives! She will open her eyes!' and with an impatient gesture, 'Get away! go away! Stand out of her sight!' she cried.

"But it seemed as if he had lost the power of motion.

"He had risen from his knees as Augusta took Angela from his arms and laid her flat upon the floor; and he had stood there looking about him with a wild, confused air, glancing from time to time at the windows, as if he wanted them opened, and yet as if he could not speak, while Augusta, kneeling by the body, was sprinkling the face with water, her hands trembling, and her limbs shaking, like one in an ague, all the time.

"While he, more like a dead than a living man, with face ghastly pale, stood opposite, watching her.

"But neither of them had exchanged a glance.

"At last, some one had opened the window; the cold night air blew upon her face, and she was beginning to revive.

"'She is breathing! she breathes! she will open her eyes, I tell you!' glancing impatiently at him. 'Go away, I say!'

"But he seemed motionless.

"At last Angela's eyes slowly and languidly opened—slowly and languidly they turned round.

"But no sooner had they caught a glimpse of his figure than she uttered an appalling shriek, and fell at once into the most horrible convulsions.

"The scene is too awful for description.

"That beautiful and but too delicate frame—so slight—so young—so frail, tortured and twisted by horrible spasms, and rolling in agonies upon the floor.

"The distracted lover, his hair on end, his eyes glaring, endeavouring in vain to hold her. Augusta, her face as pale as death, and cheeks now blistered over with tears, striving as vainly to assist him.

"She sees O'Hara.

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. O'Hara, run down to the cottage and fetch up old Nurse!'

"Old Nurse, rushing with angry impatience into the room, soon appeared, and hastening up to the group, and kneeling down by the agonised body,—

"'What's the matter now?' she cried; 'what have you been all doing to my darling? Why, what's the matter now? My dove! my darling! what have they been doing to thee, I say? Is thy poor heart broke at last?' Then

suddenly perceiving him,—'Mr. Carteret! good heavens and earth! Mr. Carteret!—you here? What business have you here? what are you about, sir? Let her be this moment! How dare *you* touch her? Let her be. Miss Darby, you mustn't hold her that way in her convulsions; the more you try to keep her down, the worse. Miss Angela, love! Get me some sal volatile, will some of you, for the love of Heaven! Be quiet—have patience. It's going off; it will be over soon; only get out of her sight, will you, or will you not, Mr. Carteret?'

"His heart, beating as if it would burst; his brain on fire; his eyes starting out of their sockets; his hands clenched and thrown over his head—

"Thus the unhappy man was seen to dart out of the window.

"'Stop him! follow him!' said Augusta, piteously looking up at O'Hara, 'he is beside himself. By all you ever loved on earth, stop him—follow him—Mr. O'Hara!'

"The young man obeyed without a word."

We have left ourselves without space for the honour due to the latest of our author's stories—"Mordaunt Hall." We will not deny ourselves, however, the indulgence of giving two extracts from it —

"There is many a newspaper story unheedingly read of—to use the words of a fine modern poet —

"'A wintry river, broad and black,
That through dark archways glides along,
Ranged where the gaslights on it play,
With coiling eddies swirling strong,
That far below the dizzy height
Of the dark bridge swim through the night,—
A crouching form, that through the gloom
Paces its stones a hundred times,
That pausing, glancing keenly round
The dark high balustrade upclimbs—
A plunge—a shriek!'" BENNETT.

"The dark bosom of the Thames has received many and many a victim of man's perfidy and woman's frailty.

"Oh, that this melancholy tale might awaken remorse and repentance in those who have thus greatly offended; and serve as a warning to those still in all the dangerous heedlessness of youth, who are as yet innocent of the great transgression.

"'When all was wrapped in dark midnight,
And all was fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet;
Her face was like the April moon,
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay-cold was the lily hand
Which held the sable shroud.'"

"He never loved to have the shutters of his large, lofty bedchamber closed—he was a feverish and restless sleeper. Often he scarcely slept at all, but rested in a drowsy, half-sleeping, half-waking state, when he seemed to himself to be quite awake, and could have asserted that he had never had once closed his eyes, though, when startled from it by some sudden noise, he perceived that he had not been awake.

"He often lay thus now.

"The rich crimson velvet curtains of the almost royal bed in which he lay were open, and so were those of the large distant window at the foot—that is, they were partly unclosed, so as to admit a stream of light into the room, for the pale moon shone against the window.

"The rain had beaten, and the wind had whistled loud. The night had been noisy and dreary; but now the wind had lulled, heavy, funereal clouds drove lazily over the sky, and the moon gleamed with her wizard light between.

"His bride slumbered by his side; but he was become almost a stranger to sleep.—he had murdered sleep.

"Do what he would, the recollection of that mild, gentle old man, lashed to a wild fury in the cause of his daughter,—the image of Miriam, as he had last seen her, when he turned back, and beheld her fallen to the earth, suffocating with the suppressed sobbings of her despair, such images would come.

"The pillow is a fearful reckoner with man. In the half delirium of his wakeful nights these images were often frightfully vivid.

"So he lay that night in this visionary state; his eyes fixed upon that gleam of moonlight which fell into the chamber, his thoughts filled with a dreamy succession of painful pictures of the past, slowly following each other in melancholy procession. More brightly than ever did a too faithful memory represent her, now in the bloom of her energy and beauty, now in the agony of her tenderness, and now in the last parting scene of her despair. He saw her so distinctly there before him at the moment that he might almost have thought the image a reality, had it not been followed by one more vivid still.

"As he lay gazing in this strange, doubtful mood into the moonlight, he thought it began slowly to condense, as it were, into a brighter and more substantial light and shadow,—to assume, by lingering degrees, the similitude of a form.

"Was it a form or a fancy? Could it be surely a real form?

"Clothed in long white garments, her dark hair in long braided tresses hanging around her face and shoulders, dripping with water, which streamed from

hair and vesture; her face pale as the water-lily; her long black eyelashes and eyebrows shading her faded cheek, with head bowed down, and hands crossed over her breast, supporting a small tender infant; there she stood, visible as reality.

"He tried to rouse himself—to start up—to gaze—to cry out her name—but, as if spell-bound, there he lay, bound as it were by some iron power to his pillow—his eyes staring—his hair on end—the cold sweat bathing his limbs and brows.

"There she stood immovable in the moonbeam, her eyes bent down upon her baby, with that air so infinitely sad, that tears would have streamed from all who had beheld—and yet he shed no tear.

"Does the shadowy form move?—Gently, as if with a floating, swimming motion, it approaches the foot of the bed—the dark eylashes are raised—the pale waxen lids lifted—the large dark eyes—eyes that were like the purple violets in their beauty—fixed in one long, intense, solemn gaze upon him.

"Her folded arms unclose—the infant, clothed in shining white, is once, twice, thrice, pressed to the beautiful bosom—the head drooping, as of a flower dying upon its stem, bends over it—one kiss upon its lips—one solemn, earnest look from these starry, deathless eyes. She gently lays the child at the father's feet; and the beams of the moon between the heavy velvet curtains shine down in their lucid clearness again.

"He felt the pressure of the cold deathly hands—ice, as it were, to his very heart of hearts, as the baby was deposited at his feet. He was certain, as of any fact he ever had experienced, that he felt the actual weight and pressure of those clay-cold hands.

"A few seconds, and he seemed involved in a strange confusion and darkness.

"Then he awoke his slumbering bride by the violence of an ague-fit, which shook the bed."

The infant of this vision has found a protectress, and passes his childhood in the equivocal estate to which such foundlings, when especially favoured, are too often condemned. His distracted mother, when despair had prevailed against her, and she perished by her own act, left the abandoned child at the door of a stately mansion, and rang a loud peal on the bell. The appearance of the infant, and the memorials of a superior condition with which he was adorned, had their effect on the gentle protectress to whom he was resigned, and he was brought up in a state of partial isolation, above the estate of a servant, and apart from intercourse with the family or its visitors.

A marriage has taken place, and there is a great family reunion. The scene and the company are graphically described; but we can afford space only for one incident:—

"Several children busy at cards—all children of the present company—come next; then there is a break, and we come to the head of the circle.

"But I forgot Calantha. She is lying upon a *chaise longue*, covered with an eider-down quilt, just behind where Mrs. Archer sits. Her soft blue eyes are engaged in watching the following little scene.

"Mr. Chandos is seated with a child upon his lap, and Mrs. Ernest Mordaunt, the second son's wife, a remarkably sweet young woman, and the bride upon this occasion is leaning forward, while her husband sits on a low stool at her feet.

"They are all engaged with the child, a little girl.

"Mr. Chandos is pale, very pale; and his beautiful countenance, though calm and composed, bears the impression of suffering, and a gentle shade of melancholy. Nothing can be conceived more refined, more *elegant* than his appearance. (An unknown, but good-natured critic has quarrelled with me for using the term '*elegant* man.' I know no better to express a grace the result of modern cultivation, yet far beyond that conventional grace called gentlemanlike merely.) It is so difficult to find words to *paint* with—I want form and colours to place Mr. Chandos before you as I would fain have you see him.

"He has a fair complexion, and a light, not dark, blue eye; his hair is slightly powdered, that fashion had not yet gone out; his dress was more simple than that of the others, but there was an air of distinction about it which theirs rather wanted. He holds the little girl upon his lap, his own and his only child.

"The young lady—Ernest's wife—is pressing the little thing to sing, and she, with the prettiest little unaffected shyness, crossing her lovely tiny legs, as displayed, in her miniature socks and small blue shoes, by her short snow-white, simple frock, and holding her father's hand with her pretty, dimpled fingers, is saying, 'No, I can't,' then turns up the face, full of infant innocence and beauty, towards her father, and shakes her little head—'No, no—I can't.'

"'Now do, Kitty!—there's a dear, Kitty!—there's a darling!'

"'I would if I could—'deed I would, but I can't.'

"'Nay, Kitty dear—don't say can't; Kitty can sing very prettily if she will.'

"'Sing, Kitty, when you are asked,' says Mr. Chandos; but the command is issued in such a tender, loving voice.

"She puts her pretty head on one side, her finger on her lip, and seems to muse for a moment.

"And then begins, without further prelude, like a little bird,—

"'When I was little tiny boy,
With, heigh ho! the wind and the rain;
The rain it did rain, and the wind it did blow,
With heigh ho!—heigh ho!' . . .

"Got thus far, she stops short, and says,—

"'Papa, there's a boy in the hall.'

"'Can Kitty sing another verse?' says Edith.

"'Oh! Kitty can't sing about man's estate, and rogues, and knaves; her mouth's too small to let such things come out of it,—isn't it, Kitty? But sing the first verse over again, you darling little warbler!' cries Ernest, taking up the tiny foot, and kissing it.

"Kitty smoothed her frock down gravely with her hands, resettled herself, and looked up at her father rather wistfully.

"'Papa, there's a *poor* boy in the hall.'

"'Yes, my darling, sing it again.'

"'When I was a little tiny boy,
With, heigh ho! the wind and the rain.'" . . .

"'Papa, a little boy *is* in the hall.'

"'What does the child mean?' asked Ernest.

"'You haven't finished, Kitty,' says his wife.

"For answer Kitty turned away, scrambled up, by the assistance of the breast of her father's coat, till she stood upon his lap, in which position she just reached to his face, and putting her little mouth close to his ear, whispered—

"'If you'll go with me to fetch the boy, I'll—give—you—a KISS.'

"'Two?' said Mr. Chandos.

"She looked, as she thought, very clever, and she said,—

"'One boy—one kiss.'

"'What does she mean about a boy?'

"She had by this time contrived to scramble down upon the floor, and there she stood pulling at her father's hand with all her might.

"'Come, papa!—come, papa!'

"He was never accustomed to resist her long; the tiny child was soon dragging the tall man towards the door.

"It was a large and rather low hall, with old oak beams in the ceilings, and the floor covered with slabs of black and white stone, the only furniture being some mahogany tables, so ancient as to be almost the colour of ebony, and several quaintly-formed mahogany chairs of the same hue, and apparently the same date.

"As in many old-fashioned houses, the stairs came down straight into the hall, occupying the centre of the side opposite the entrance-door, the richly-ornamented rails and banisters descending upon each side, and turning off at the lowest stair into a sort of a scroll.

"Upon the lowest step of the stair, his feet upon the hall-floor, the little boy was sitting, dressed very simply in a little coatee of white jean, striped with blue; but his dress, though plain, was particularly neat and nice, and such as a gentleman's child might be expected to wear.

"He was sitting quite alone, in rather a disconsolate attitude, his face turned towards the banisters, and trying to amuse himself by drawing his small fingers through the scrolls of the iron-work.

"He did not look up with childish curiosity when the door opened, but seemed to turn his head rather more away.

"Kitty, who was about three years younger, and about half his size, whispered to her father,—

"'There's the boy, papa!—why does poor boy sit here all by himself?" and she kept pulling Mr. Chandos gently on.

"Then suddenly loosing his hand, she scudded across the floor, and sitting herself down by him, the lovely child, with the most artless cordiality, addressed him, with,—

"'Little boy! why don't you come in?"

"He turned round at her as she spoke, and then turned his head away, and resumed his occupation.

"'Why don't you come in, little boy? I'm come to fetch you.'

"And she took hold of his sturdy, brown hand with her little, delicate fingers.

"'Come—come!'

"But he gently drew his hand away, and turning his face still further from her, put it close to the rails."

It is a nice question to solve whether, and how far, works of fiction exert a beneficial influence upon the people amongst whom they are popular. We are not speaking here of the swarms which have issued from the Minerva press; or of those locust

publications, whose ravages have had a yet more deleterious effect on the morals of society. We have in our thoughts a class of popular fiction against which no charge of immorality can, rationally, be preferred; and the question we think by no means easy of solution is, what may be the character of that influence which fictions, at once popular and moral, exercise on their readers. They impart knowledge—is knowledge conveyed in such channels useful? The amusement they afford often proves an agreeable diversion from labour or vexation—is it safe? They furnish a pleasurable excitement of feelings and faculties—is it salutary?

Stories such as form the subject of our reflections are, as it were, the "demonstrations" in a course of mental and moral philosophy. The incidents in a well-constructed fiction have their laws as precise (although more diversified in their indulgences and restraints) as are the laws of matter and motion. And they serve another purpose. They are a species of metaphysical chemistry, by which processes of emotion and thought are called forth in the mind, and powers and capacities developed within it in such a manner as greatly to change the natural character. Are these processes wholesome? We know, to use the language of a Christian philosopher, that "from our very faculty of habits, passive impressions, by being repeated, grow weaker." Is it good for us to have them weakened by stories of fictitious prosperity or distress? We are willing to risk the consequences, and to welcome among our intellectual luxuries every new appearance of such a writer as the author of "Two Old Men's Tales." We believe it to be beneficial to our country that such pictures shall be offered to it, and creditable to the country that they should have become so popular. If they abate the keen freshness of passive impressions, they more than make amends by forming habits of thought. If they, i. conformity with inevitable laws of our being, lessen the sensitiveness of pity, they give compensation by exercising into greater quickness and force the acumen and power of the judgment. They compel the reader to be an actor in the incidents with which they make him acquainted. They exert an influence over him, by which he is compelled to think, compare, combine; reason, adopt, reject. All this is of the nature of activity, the power of the mind is increased by such exercise of thought, and it becomes juster and more prompt in its decisions.

We take leave of our author with the respect and esteem to which she has earned for herself so just a title. Such stories as her's, while they afford a most agreeable refreshment and relaxation, tend, at the same time, to invigorate the faculties—they tend to form a "man within the man," awakening and educating principles of moral life, which would otherwise remain dormant, or perhaps be rendered mischievous by ill-direction We are not insensible to the truth, that there are better, nobler, purer exercises for the faculties of man than the best works of human imagination can contrive; but we take man and man's world as they are, and feel that the enjoyment afforded by such stories as those of our author is a legitimate enjoyment, and that the mental exercise to which they stimulate is invigorating and wholesome. The human mind will not always be engaged in the pursuit of unadorned truth—cannot always sustain the elevation of spiritual thought, or occupy itself in the business of the world; and it demands recreation as well as rest. The human mind, in times of perplexity and sorrow, will not always seek that best consolation alone which true religion imparts—it will apply itself to humbler sources of forgetfulness and comfort. Long may it be the privilege of our favoured country to have such solace and recreation provided for the toil-worn and the troubled—such variety of intelligence created for the general mass of readers—and so safe and improving discipline combined, for the imaginative, the reasoning, and the moral faculties of all, as the country owes to the author, or authoress, of "Two Old Men's Tales."

FAIRY SERENADE.

Awake, my sweet Sylphette, from thy lengthened noon-day dreaming!
Awake! it is the twilight hour—the rosy eventide—
The sun has sought his couch, and the mellow moonlight stealing
Through thy trellised bower woos thee, as a bridegroom woos his bride.
The dewy flowers are blushing, and the night-bird's song is gushing
Upon the ravished ear in a stream of melody,
While from her lonely ruin, 'gainst the horizon's warm flushing,
The owlet chants her vesper hymn in solemn symphony.
Then wake thee to the moonlight,
The moonlight, the moonlight—
Then wake thee to the moonlight,
My airy fairy dove!
Hark! the grasshopper is singing,
And Puck a peal is ringing
On heather and on harebell,
To summon thee, my love!

To-night, in mossy glade, down by the babbling fountain,
'Neath the incense-breathing thorn, Titania holds her court—
All Fayland now is thronging from islet, glen, and mountain,
From cascade and from coppice, where Elf and Sylphide sport.
Around her sapphire throne, like stars that burn rarest
When Cynthia veils her charms, sparkle countless beauties bright—
Oh, thou! amidst the host of fairy nymphs the fairest,
Arise, and in thy lustre dim the brilliance of their light
Then wake thee to the moonlight,
The moonlight, the moonlight—
Then wake thee to the moonlight,
My airy fairy dove!
Hark! the grasshopper is singing,
And Puck a peal is ringing
On heather and on harebell,
To summon thee, my love!

Thy nymphs, a goodly train, attend on thy awaking—
Fair, silly Bell doth bear thy bath of honey-dew,
While Butterfly bright tints from her downy wing is shaking,
And Rosebud bears thy blushes—Brooklet, thy mirror true!
A wreath of braided pearls from ocean's depths I've brought thee,
And a coronet of jewels, culled by the treasure-sprite;
And, in its earthward course, a falling star I've caught thee,
To blaze upon thy radiant brow, my own Sylphette, to-night!
Then wake thee to the moonlight,
The moonlight, the moonlight—
Then wake thee to the moonlight,
My airy fairy dove!
Hark! the grasshopper is singing,
And Puck a peal is ringing
On heather and on harebell,
To summon thee, my love!

J. O'B.

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS ON INDIAN AFFAIRS.

CHAPTER I.

PAST INDIFFERENCE TO INDIA—ENGLAND'S SUPREMACY IN INDIA—LATE WARS WITH THE AFFGHANS AND WITH THE SIKHS—POLITICAL SYSTEM—ANNEXATION OF SATTARA—EVILS OF EXTENDING OUR INDIAN DOMINION—ANNEXATION OF TERRITORY FORCED UPON US—ANNEXATION OF THE PUNJAB.

There are often periods when the most familiar objects acquire new interest in our eyes, when, by a ray of light, a stormy cloud, a tint of foliage we have not observed before, a landscape with which we are perfectly familiar, acquires beauty, dignity, or importance in our eyes; or again, the most familiar or indifferent subject may receive some new illustration, which at once leads us to further investigation. This faculty is, perhaps, the more remarkable, when any new combinations or occurrences take place in regard to the political history of a country or possession in which we may be, or may not ever have been previously particularly interested. We may, indeed, have been perfectly indifferent before, and so long as we saw it in its accustomed relations without any material change; but no sooner is our attention prominently attracted by anything unusual, than we straightway set ourselves to speculate upon the occurrence, to trace the causes of it, and to admire and applaud, or criticise and condemn. Such has been the case with India since the first Affghan war. Before that event, every one knew that there was such a place as India, because many had relatives there, or sought to send others. An article or a history now or then appeared, and there were Indian sugars, indigo, cotton, and other staple products, abolition of Suttee for those who cared about it, and a few other subjects, that served to keep it, if not very prominently, at least pretty regularly, before the public. Political events there were none to care about, so no one troubled himself about them; or, whether the Rajah of this place, or the Nawab of the other, lived, died, or were succeeded by others. There were no wars of magnitude; there were no acquisitions or probabilities of any. India was tranquil; dividends in East Ihdia stock rejoiced the possessors, and the cause of India and its people, in despite of Mr. Thompson and the Aborigines' Protection Society, was as dull a subject as any one could well venture upon, either in the pages of a magazine or in general society. There was a complacent conviction in the minds of all that everything was in its right place — that the Government was abundantly merciful, protective, and progressive, considering that Hindoos and Mahomedans were governed; and as we in England or Ireland had no very active sympathy with them, so all that was occasionally written or said in praise of them, or objurgation of the Government, fell on ears which cared, to say the truth, very little about the question. We doubt even whether, at the period we allude to, in the collective wisdom of the British Parliament, there could have been found ten men who could answer correctly any ordinary geographical question regarding India, or who had even a cursory acquaintance with the great political system in progress there, or could state in intelligible language his opinion on any leading point of the administration of that vast empire.

Matters are altered now. From the earlier portions of the Affghan war, interest arose which deepened to agonising suspense, until the close of the catastrophe of the abandonment of Cabool. We saw triumph in every man's eye, as he read how the army of our country had again been gloriously carried over the scenes of our disaster, to the place where our national humiliation was for a brief period accomplished; and since then, and after the first Punjab war, watching the politically-feverish condition of the north-west of India, dreading further wars, and as sincerely dreading further acquisitions of territory. Every mail was looked for with an anxiety to

which former times and occurrences afforded no parallel whatever. This was augmented in a rare degree last year by the news of the murder of our officers at Moultan; of the gallant exertions of Edwardes and his rude bands against Moolraj; of the second rising of the Sikhs, and the fluctuations of the last Punjab war, from the bloody engagement at Chillianwalla to the glorious victory at Goojrat; the pursuit by Gilbert, and the final surrender of the rebel chiefs and their troops.

The might of England has proved irresistible in the late war, and the only enemy we had in India who could presume to measure swords with us has been, for a second time, humbled, and his power and materiel altogether broken. As we were formerly in possession of the supreme power in India, except the Punjab, so have we now apparently secured the whole for good or for evil for ever. There is no one left to dispute it with us, no one who, in the wildest, insanest dream of ambition, albeit hurried into aggression by his own folly, could expect to do so with any chance of success. From the snowy mountains of Himmala to the bridge of Rama, from the borders of China and Burma to the classic stream of the Indus and the dread defiles of the Khyber, England, though many states remain who have a nominal or real independence in the small spheres of their own dominions, is virtually and actually supreme. If states exist, they are more as feudal dependants than independent powers: they have no political existence, or ties, or connections beyond their own frontiers; and they are too far divided, and too helpless in themselves, to render combination possible for aggression upon us. The British Government of India dictates to them what policy it would have them pursue, and there are few of them (we could not mention one) that, however unpalatable it might be, would dare now to refuse it if insisted upon. Having reached this pinnacle of greatness, it is necessary to look back and see the effect of our advance upon the people through whom we have striven, and what hope exists that the future may be prosperous to us and to them.

It is the fashion to say that England, in respect to late events in India, has passed a crisis. We do not think so; it would be more correct to say she had arrived at one. The last Sikh war was no crisis for British India, the first may have been, though we are disposed to deny it. We never thought that the discipline of the Sikhs, great as it was, and their powerful army, even led by Runjeet Singh himself, could have made an impression more than temporary on the might of the British Indian Government. No one knew this better than Runjeet Singh himself, or he would have been tempted to try conclusions in arms with us more than once on the questions with which we had been at issue with him. Nor when the forces of the Sikhs, in a wanton and frenzied irruption, were hurled against us by those who would fain have seen their destruction ensured, or their conquest complete, was there room for that apprehension which was displayed. With a comparatively very small portion of the British army of India they were met, and utterly defeated; and that the actions were bloody and hotly contested, was more owing to the paucity and unprepared condition of our army, which inspired the Sikhs with confidence to fight, than their own inherent spirit, spirited and brave as they were. If they had advanced, they had left little of worth behind to fall back upon; while, on the contrary, if we had retired, and drawn them further into our own country, it would only have been to fall back upon our own resources, everywhere ready to join, and so to have ensured their more complete destruction.

But we have not now to do with the immediate past—that is, for evil or for good, an act already closed of the great political drama of India; as Scinde, so now the Punjab is annexed, and we rule where the Greeks and Hindoos fought for India, and down the stream they passed to the sea; where fair western men of yore came eastward and fought those from the East, so we Saxons, in the revolutions of ages, coming from the East, met and turned back, with a rough and stern hand, the invasion from the West. Not less remarkable in history are the modern battles on the Indus than the ancient, but we have

not to do with them; we would attempt briefly to shew that we are at a crisis in India, and that not of physical danger, but of moral obligation; not of further conquests and their risks, but of the danger of not knowing how to manage what we have already, so that we gain adequately ourselves, and confer benefit on others.

We must be very brief. Each subject of Indian administration, political relations, revenue, police, native education, and the like, requires separate articles for illustration to make them intelligible; yet they may be sketched, if only serving to lead our readers to look into the details themselves, and in so doing, to gain information on points of material interest we would fain see every one conversant with.

It is difficult now to say what the political system of India is. We are in reality the paramount power; we exact obedience from most, and require it from all states within our boundaries. Being as we are, and having risen to the highest position we can, short of the entire possession of India, which we do not desire—no longer suitors at courts for peculiar privileges—driven by our own necessities and weakness to ally ourselves offensively and defensively with native powers to gain particular ends, or to enter into confederacy with one or two, to subdue a second or third who was generally obnoxious—we need not now lend our troops in subsidiary alliances to native powers and intrigue, as we used to do, to support this minister or that, on condition of his supporting our interests. We are past that now. Where we command, if we choose, we have no occasion to entreat; and it is in the moderation with which our power is to be exercised, that will be the foundation of our political system, and our truest greatness. For with all the old states of India—Hyderabad, Oude, Jeypoor, Joudpoor, Nagpoor, and the like—we have treaties done at several periods; some older, some newer than others, but generally dating from the time of Lord Hastings to the Marquis Wellesley, both of whom, and in particular the latter, had systems which were specifically and pertinaciously carried out. We need hardly detail them: they were emphatically to secure our own interests, no matter at what rate of future embarrassment to the state treated with; at least to secure them—and we have been consistent in our policy. We gave aid to them, as we required it ourselves; but while the necessity of giving aid against foreign invasion has passed, we as rigorously require the executions of all the stipulations in our favour which were then made. This we cannot help—as the bargains were made, so they stand. That the subsidiary system has proved the bane and ruin of many states, there can be no doubt from their present position; nor has the system of irresponsible ministers aided a little to accomplish this. Though the subsidiary forces are no longer required, we hold the districts which were given for their support, and will continue to do so. Though there are no external enemies to any state—not a power which dares to exert the slightest oppression upon its neighbour—the subsidiary forces, or money subsidies, remain, and will not be withdrawn—our obligations of the mutual compact therefore remain a dead letter, while, in the other, there is continual acquiescence; nor can this be altered without revisions of the whole of the treaties, and relinquishment of the advantages we obtained, because we can now render no equivalent service. But this is a stretch of utopianism which it is absurd to dwell upon; we shall not, and we cannot, relinquish what we have gained: it is the foundation of our political power, and that power must be maintained.

If, also, we consider that most of these states were once tributaries to, or feudal vassals of, the Mogul empire, and enjoyed a temporary independence, only because the empire became weak, and was eventually dismembered, we, in requiring them to adhere to their stipulations with us, are only placing them in their former conditions of relation; while, in fact, they are superior to what they were, as they have independent existence, and are not subject, except under certain conditions, to escheat or forfeiture. Viewing them, therefore, in this light, and knowing that the advantages are all on our side at present, we need to be careful against irritation on subjects, however well

meant, which we may find it necessary to discuss with them, and against a too rigorous execution of our bond. True magnanimity points out this course, and we are free to say that it is being followed. It should be an especial part of our political duty to applaud and encourage all states which we know to display energy and efficiency in local management, to incite their rulers to adopt our own civilising influences in education, improvement of transit communication, and the like. A very little praise, an autograph letter on any particular point, a notice in the public gazette on any remarkable occurrence, help to beget good-will and even attachment. No native in India, however high his rank or station may be, but now desires to be well with the paramount authority; and it should be the especial business of our government to offer spontaneously, whenever it may be practicable, those expressions of cautious good-will which are most pleasing, rather than that they should have to be sought or canvassed for—nor need they be common.

Such a course may be overdone, and come to nothing, as it may be underdone, and excite a feeling that we are grown too proud to notice inferiors. There may be a happy medium attained, without falling into either extreme.

Lately, on the subject of escheats, the annexation of Sattara is a fair and open exposition of our future political policy. We would fain see all native states supported, so long as they had legal heirs, for on this our treaties with them would be observed; but adoptions of heirs we consider a too great delegation of authority—one that need never be practised.

If a dynasty closes, we have no right in reference to our supreme power, and the obligations of our mission of civilisation, to impose a new dynasty upon the people, merely at the caprice or necessity of the late occupant, for which we cannot be answerable; and, in this point of view, and considering that we are as virtually responsible for the well-being of the whole as of a part of India, we consider the principle of the annexation of Sattara perfectly equitable. As it was a good and benevolent government, there may be apprehension that our management of it may not be as acceptable to the people; but we are assured that every proper consideration to the people will be shown there, and that many years will elapse before it is brought under the same system as obtains in our own territories. But the principle on which the state of Sattara was annexed has never been made known politically to other states, and we wish it could be. It would prepare others for a like result, in case of necessity, and would show that, while we are prepared and willing to continue every fair privilege on the part of any and all, yet that a principality must devolve upon the highest power, which could not delegate its authority to a stranger. Again, while every well-managed state was encouraged and assisted, we would have our government sternly and decisively set its face against those which are the contrary. As we can do no good, or have done none as yet, by partial interference, so, where we are forbidden by treaty to interfere in earnest, we would be chary of our advice. It has been the custom to give a great deal too much. Residents at native courts, desirous, perhaps, of supreme authority, or distressed by the witness of disorder which they supposed advice could remedy, have recommended measures of reform from time to time, and have been flattered by a seeming acquiescence in them, till the advice becoming a dead letter, offence has been taken, perhaps justly, which has proved a fertile cause of embarrassment. Once for all, and at the present juncture, it would be expedient, we think, to state our expectations from native states, and the consequences of neglect of them.

We might—for it would interfere with no treaties—require that efficient and just government should exist; that the subjects of native states were not oppressed, either directly, by a tyrannical, or indirectly, by an incompetent government; and we might give assurance that, while every practicable aid would be afforded to the former, the latter should be without aid at all. That we desired good native governments to exist, because they were our valuable allies and friends, and encouraged us, as well as being the cause of encouragement to others.

We think that the Sisyphean task of propping up bad and effete native states should be at once abandoned. We have tried it for many years without success, and it is an injustice to their subjects, that they should have an evil government perpetuated over them, under our support, to their own destruction or discomfort: we obtain the obloquy of it, not the states themselves. If a state is radically worn out, its efficient administration is only possible by other means than what exist; and as we are the only people who can supply those means, there remains no resource but its resumption. And we consider that such a condition amounts to absolute nullification of treaties; for we cannot be a party to oppression and misrule, even tacitly--better that we were separated entirely from it. The argument, however, cuts two ways—one, annulling the treaty, and so leading us to interfere actively for the repression of evil; and the other, which would be the native acceptation, that the states should be placed in the same independent position as before, and that the advantages we obtain should be foregone, and devoted to the states' benefit. We deprecate an interference when there is no positive occasion, and that system of suggestion, without the power of enforcement, to which our political officers have been too much addicted; but we would urge interference where it was absolutely necessary in reference to the condition of the people, and once undertaken, it should be as complete as possible, even to the absorption of the country, and the pensioning of its rulers. If views of this kind, differing with our several relations with states which it is impossible to detail, were made known to them—if, in fact, a political code were drawn up, to which all should be amenable, we think it might serve two purposes—it would encourage the active and willing in a course of emulation, and would serve as an incentive to the bad to improve; or would, on the other hand, leave them no excuse if they broke down. The Governor-General might, as he has the power now, summon vakeels, or agents, from every state in India, and in a public meeting with them explain these principles freely. Failures would be known in time, and might be acted upon, but ample notice would have been given, and the consequences of neglect should lie at their own doors.

It would seem by the foregoing remarks, almost as if we were advocates of annexation; but this is far from being the case. We consider annexation of any new country in India to be the last resource to which we can be driven, under a pressure of difficulties which it is impossible to surmount. There is no profit in further territorial acquisition. We have lately gained Scinde, for which we pay over and above its income some half a million sterling per annum; and from the calculations made in the Blue Book of the Punjab revenues, it would appear that there will be a similar deficiency there. It is *hoped that in a course of years* these countries may pay—may, at least, support themselves; but it is only a hope, and the prospect is so darkened by present difficulties, that realisation of the expectation remains very distant indeed. Meanwhile, India has to pay the extra costs: her people, already taxed to the utmost, and deprived of the benefit which a judicious outlay of state funds would produce, have to wait the practical issue of these expectations, and we believe, as regards Scinde at least, in vain. In most other states in India, there is a heavy state debt which, if we took possession, would have to be guaranteed by us Fortunately, we have found no debt except to ourselves in the Punjab; none in Scinde, but the contrary, and none in Sattara; but, on the other hand, if it ever become necessary to interfere peremptorily with Hyderabad (and others are in similar condition), what could be done with the debt of four to five millions sterling, far greater in proportion to its resources than the public debt of India is to its revenue. No new state can be governed without extra establishments and extra military provisions. The civil service and army of India are already overworked, and cannot be divided; the troops and civil establishments of the state, we might observe, would be unfit for our purposes; therefore, as in Scinde and the Punjab, more new levies and civil establishments would be necessary, all these considerations are wholesome checks on our ambition. It is little to say that in Eng-

land no one desired the annexation of the Punjab. We should have been more at ease, and as secure—more so, possibly, than at present—if we could have counted upon the Sikhs as true and steady allies, interposing their weight, and powers, and discipline, between us and the Mahomedan power of central Asia. This was the aim of Lord Hardinge's policy; but it has been broken down by the Sikhs themselves, and as well because the existence of the Sikh power was an evil which, under its virulent animosity, could not be dealt with otherwise than by its entire destruction, as because in destroying it, we have had no other resource than to take the Punjab ourselves, with all its responsibilities. We have done so under a conviction that there was no other resource. It was no source of triumph, but a stern and unavoidable necessity, and as such it has been admitted by our government, and designated by the leading and most influential members of our "fourth estate." Never was a territorial acquisition made with more conviction of its unavoidable necessity, and with a less amount of national congratulation, and so it would be in regard to any other state in India.

In truth, the preservation of efficient native states in India is an advantage to the country and to ourselves. By them a large portion of the capital of the country is retained: their expenditure is local, and benefits localities in a greater degree than ours could, which would be limited, and any surplus revenue under us would, under one immense centralisation, be swept into the general treasury of India. Their surplus revenues are expended, for the most part, if not entirely, in their dominions, and thus a local circulating medium is maintained. By them the local rich and ornamental cloth manufactures of India are as yet encouraged, and by the expenditure at their courts, and maintenance of their dependants, a large market is also obtained for British manufactures. They employ, in a very harmless manner, a large proportion of the military classes of the country, who, unable and unwilling to turn their swords into ploughshares, or their spears into weavers' beams, must, if we absorbed their country for a generation at least, suffer great misery, or, in despair, form predatory bands, and thus court destruction. These even are under course of absorption: native states can only maintain limited numbers. For these, and many other reasons we could adduce, setting aside the obligations of treaties, it accords with our duty and interest both, to sustain these states. They would not profit us, and the government of their dominions, wherever efficient, saves us both trouble and expense.

The annexation of a native state, too, involves so much distress to individuals, that this consideration alone would operate very largely in abstaining from it. Any one conversant with the constitution of a native state, must be aware of the troops of menial servants, civil functionaries, and other general dependants and stipendiaries, which exist, independent of military classes. These, though we may continue Enams, or Jahgeers (estates formerly granted by the state), we cannot support, and distress ensues which it is impossible to remedy.

Annexation, therefore, is not, and never can be, the policy of the Indian government; and it is only the most unavoidable necessity that would ever lead it to the measure. Such necessities we have already specified, nor would we see them in any instance overlooked or relaxed.

The great principle hereafter to be followed, then, in our political system, is forbearance, as it has been that of many years past. If we cannot overlook an affront, we may feel certain that few will be daring enough to give one; and we, on our parts, should be careful not to offend. Under such a course of proceeding, we find no cause for present apprehension anywhere—no principle or combination existing which may cause us the smallest uneasiness. Our government will have ample leisure, from absence of political disquiet or suspicion, to turn its attention to what has been done, and is doing, for our own possessions, and in a true spirit of justice and philanthropy, to seek to redeem former errors, which, it is admitted, largely exist; and to consolidate, under equitable and merciful systems of administration, those vast masses of human beings, who, of different races, creeds, and feelings, constitute the population of British India.

Of those prominent points, then, in

the administration, in which reform and advance is necessary, as well as those in which they have already begun, and are advancing, we proceed to speak in order, with much diffidence, but in all sincerity: looking to the past more as the result of administrative experiment, in which failure is evident, and admitted on many points, rather than as anything certain, and worthy of the rule of the most civilised period of man's history—and to the present, in consciousness of much earnest desire existing in the councils of British India to do what may be practicable in amendment. Much may be achieved in practical usefulness in the next few years; or, on the other hand, retarded by adherence to unsuitable systems and positive defects, which are now capable of beneficial alteration. It is these points we would have considered, in reference to the present article.

CHAPTER II.

REVENUE OF INDIA—LAND-TAX—NECESSITY FOR THIS BRANCH OF REVENUE—LORD CORNWALLIS'S SETTLEMENT OF BENGAL—NATURE OF THE LAND-TAX ASSESSMENT.

The first subject, perhaps, which courts notice, is the land-tax, or revenue. As much misapprehension obtains in England upon this subject, we are desirous of placing it in as distinct a form as possible before our readers, the more so, as because it is the subject of all, perhaps, the most important to India, so it has become the object of much virulent attack and misrepresentation. To its influence and grinding character, decrease of production, and also of revenue, is attributed by some; others, at meetings in Manchester and elsewhere, have declared that cotton cannot be grown with profit, or at all, on account of the land-tax; and on a recent parliamentary inquiry, the evidence given by Mr. Mangles, formerly of the East India Civil Service, and a Mr. Browne, a planter, and landholder of some consideration, in a district of the Madras Presidency, in regard to it, were in prominent and diametrically opposite contrast to each other: the one maintaining, from his own experience as a revenue officer, that nothing could be fairer or lighter than the general land-tax of India; the other as stoutly persisting that it was the bane and ruin of the country.

Our press has taken up the subject, and discoursed upon it, according to the light and information it happened to possess, frequently very incorrectly, and under strong party bias. We believe that there are many people lying in wait, as it were, to beset this subject at the expiration of the charter, as they will beset the monopolies of salt and opium; and as many, no doubt, still believe what Mr. Thompson, M.P., as secretary for the Aborigines' Protection Society, was at much pains, if we remember aright, to propagate in his eloquent lectures some years ago, viz., that the East India Company had despoiled all landholders of their estates, and settled a permanent tax upon the land, which was ruining the people. It is as well to dissipate some popular fallacies, and to allow the question to be known as it actually exists.

On general grounds, we presume that, without any elaborate argument to support it, it will be allowed that every community is required to contribute to the expenses of the government which maintains its social and political condition. This amount must be levied by taxes, or by rent, or by duties, which are taxes upon imports and exports, or by monopolies. Money, in short, is needed, for a government in itself is not productive—it must be contributed to; and the highest object of the government, in reference to its necessities, is to raise the contributions for its maintenance, as fairly, as equally, and as economically as it can.

In countries, as in England and France, where the soil has been conferred upon feodal proprietors in early times, and with the exception of the sovereign's private estates, has, by sale, or gift, or division of inheritance, passed into the hands of the community at large, government, or the crown, is reduced to the necessity of taxation, direct and indirect, to supply those funds which, as now passing to the landholder instead of itself, might suffice in part, or entirely, for its necessities; government no longer re-

mains in its original position of owner of the soil, or landlord in reference to the levy of rent. Such is the condition of Europe for the most part, and of America, where the government lands were early sold, and continue to be sold to settlers.

In India, however, there are no private proprietors of land, if Bengal may be excepted, where, under Lord Cornwallis's permanent settlement, the zemindars, or landholders, as the Persian term literally implies, hold estates, or tracts of land, on payment of a perpetual rent to Government. Government, however, is the landholder, and sells these estates in default of payment. The zemindars are at best middlemen, or there are so few private proprietors, and these only existing under former grants, by the former monarchs of India, that the Government of India may safely be termed the general landlord—the general and undisputed proprietor of the soil. Nor does the tenure of land ever appear to have been otherwise in India. The old Hindoo laws provide for a payment by the ryut, or cultivator, as tenants at will, to the Rajah, or King, or Government, of certain portions of the produce, to be commuted for in money or paid in kind. The Mahomedan conquerors made no alteration in the existing systems; though, by classification of lands, and regulation of rentcharges, systems of revenue settlement were established by Akbar where none had existed before.

In districts where Mahomedan sovereignty has never prevailed, as in the Rajpoot states, Mysore, &c., we find the same system prevalent. In short, whether the land is left to tenants at will, or on lease by the Government, whether tracts are or have been farmed out to individuals for their own lives, or in hereditary succession, except in special cases of sale or reward for services, we see no question of the superior proprietary claim of the Government to the land itself—no question of its being the landlord. As the Mahomedans continued the system they found existing from the Hindoos, so we have continued it from the Mahomedans, nor would it have been possible to have changed it.

No land, in any state where land is valuable, can be cultivated without payment of some impost. Rent is the hire of land paid for its use; rent is high or low according to the products of the land, their value, and their consumption; in short, as "the value of a thing is just as much as it will bring," so in all countries which have a numerous and civilised population, the land is a source of profit to its proprietor, whether the Government or an individual. If, then, rent is the natural consequence of proprietary right, and being, to boot, the support of the Government, it will, we consider, be allowed, that Government has a right, as well as a necessity, of taking it, whether in relation to the first, under its independent character of proprietor, or, in the second, under its necessitous character of Government, and this is the condition of the Indian Government. It has taken no man's land, because no man had any private land to be taken; and in displacing what Governments it found existing, and substituting its own, it has in all cases, so far as our own personal experience has carried us, sought to establish rather than break down proprietary rights, even though they might be, and have originally been, temporary grants by previous Governments.

It would lead us into a digression for which we have not space, to describe tenures under which lands are held in hereditary possession, whether parts of a village or township, or villages, as part of a pergunna or county; and they differ so materially in the several portions of India which are subject to our rule, that the question, if treated in detail, would sadly puzzle the general reader, who, without a knowledge of Indian revenue terms, would find our explanations unintelligible. It will be sufficient, perhaps, to state, that hereditary district officers, and hereditary officers of villages who constitute their corporations, have most of them hereditary lands, on which a fixed rent is payable. That, besides these, many ryuts or farmers have also hereditary lands, which are held on the same tenure. Government has not disturbed these occupants, as they are, for the most part, not only valuable links in the great chain of Government, but are mediums between the people and the

Government always needful. These are the nearest approach to proprietors; yet even they cannot sell their lands without permission, and Government can resume whole or part, and sell them in case of misconduct or arrear of payment. Government then being the landlord, rents its land to the people, and applies the amount received to its own maintenance.

If this sum of rent were not paid to Government, and if landed proprietors existed, who levied rent on their own lands as their own property, they must be taxed and the people also, to furnish the necessary revenue of the state; and in this case, for India is almost entirely an agricultural country, the people would have to pay two imposts—one, rent to the proprietor of the soil, and the other in the shape of direct and indirect taxes to the Government. A double burthen would, therefore, exist, from which the people are as yet free. Rent, as a consequence of its payment, enhances the price of produce, whether in India or in Europe. If tenants had no rent to pay, and no taxes, corn or cotton might be cheaper; but if, revenue for support of Government being inevitably necessary, a sum equal to rent had to be raised by taxation of the tenant, it could not but influence the price of produce, from the sale of which the tenant must find funds for the payment of the tax, which would be levied on his plough, his oxen, his house, or otherwise, to supply the state demand.

It may be objected to, that Government should be the landlord, as it may have power to enhance the rent beyond the capability of the people to pay, and it is perhaps, to a great extent, believed that Government does impose a rent-tax which is too high for the value of the land, and has forced it up to an artificial value which distresses the people. We shall presently show that this is not the case; to our perception, it appears that land-rent is a singularly equitable charge, and one which, from its nature, prevents a government from imposing those other taxes which would be indispensable without it, and which might be arbitrarily increased to the distress of the people in case of impending necessity, and as we have seen in our own and neighbouring countries, proving fertile sources of discontent and ever revolution. It may be easy to a government to impose a higher rate of tax or duty; but impossible to raise the rent of land over what the relative value of produce afforded. The value of land, like that of any other commodity, must needs find its own level, and to press its value or its rentcharge beyond this, would be an amount of folly of which the possibility can hardly be contemplated.

To get rid of the land-rent, or tax, as the charge is often termed in this country, Government must sell its land, and so create proprietors who must be taxed in their turn. The proprietary landholder principle was tried in Bengal under Lord Cornwallis's settlement, when, though the land was not sold, yet hereditary proprietorship was recognised, on payment of a yearly charge or fine. The settlement is now regretted; first, because it deprived Government of the increased value of its land, owing to the cultivation of more valuable produce; and the cultivation of vast tracts of waste land, the value of which was not estimated, and mainly because it has raised up a host of greedy middlemen, who, renting lands on the same principle from the zemindar or landholder, sublet them, under an infinity of subtenures, at increased rates, to the farmers. The ryuts, or cultivators, of Bengal, are allowed, by all who know them, to be the most needy, and the least susceptible of improvement, of any corresponding class in India, and the reason is obvious. Government only receives its original charge, and that rent is enhanced in a high degree by the profits, not only of the zemindars, but of all those subordinate middlemen, who hold lands on farm under him. The result of the perpetual settlement in Bengal wisely deterred the Indian Government from further experiments of the like nature elsewhere; and while middlemanism, to coin a word, is invariably checked, the people pay only the Government assessment of the land—the rent, in fact, which is established on a fair relative estimation of the produce which can be raised on it, and the capability of the land to produce.

But if land-rent or land-tax be still objected to as unsound in principle, we must come to the consideration of

what might be equitably substituted for it, so as to afford an equal return. And here the wisest Indian legislators would be sorely at fault.

Taxes or duties are, for the most part, levies upon the consumption or the enjoyment of luxuries. We need not particularise the assessed taxes of Great Britain, nor the property-tax, said to be the fairest of all in principle. In India, where 99-100ths of the people are in a comparatively low scale of civilisation, where luxuries are comparatively unknown, where there are so few high distinctions of wealth or rank, and where there is only in the mass a simple agricultural population to deal with, there could not be invented any system of general taxation which could uniformly and equitably supply the place of land-rent from the aggregate of the population, or answer a purpose of general revenue. India exports no produce which could be taxed to any amount commensurate with the fair demands of Government. It has no manufacturing export; what few manufactures exist, remain only so long as they cannot be imitated and supplied from our own looms, which supply all plain ordinary kinds for consumption, better and cheaper than they were ever made in India. Whatever, in short, is produced in India, with the exception of some indigo, cotton, rice, sugar, opium, &c., is required for the consumption of her own vast population, and sometimes hardly sufficient for this; and as the land, except in Bengal, is nowhere very productive, produce can never be raised to exceed, as in America, in any great degree, the general local consumption, and to be taxed by export duty to supply in any adequate degree the levy of land-rent by Government. The import duties of India are comparatively trifling; she imports little except British manufactures and metals, except for re-export, and if import and export duties are found insufficient for revenue, we are driven back upon the old position of rent, or taxes instead of rent; and of the two, we sincerely believe that land-rent is, in every point of view, not only the most equitable and sound in principle, but the most acceptable to the people themselves.

There is no doubt, however, while Government levies land-rent or tax, that it is bound, by heavy obligations, to make it as easy as possible of payment to the people—easier than at present; and the main source of relief in this point would be the construction of roads, thus insuring a better and quicker transport than is at present known. Roads in India are sadly wanted; and though some exist, it is undoubtedly a reproach to Government that by this time they are not universal. Production and trade, both ensuring prosperity, languish without them. Produce, for the most part, can only be transported from place to place upon bullocks, here and there in carts, and both are slow and expensive. When the extent of India, and its vast central plateau, without any water carriage, is considered, it is evident that it would be of the highest importance that land-carriage should be made as easy and as rapid as possible. Produce, beyond local demand, can only be valuable for export, and as there can be no higher object to Government than to aid the producer, and thus enhance the value of its own land; until relief, whether by good metalled roads, or what would be of far higher importance—railways—is afforded, cultivation and production cannot increase in districts far from the coast, beyond that resulting from increase of population, nor the value of land increase, without corresponding sale and export of produce.

A very erroneous supposition is prevalent in England, which we have been frequently called upon to expose in society, that all lands are assessed at the same rate, or at an even rate. On the contrary, the assessment of each district, and each field in each district, according to the revenue survey, which is becoming universal, has been separately made, and made entirely in regard to the quality of the soil, the local prices of grain during a series of years, and careful averages of production. The rental of a village is thus established for a term of years; the present settlements are for twenty to thirty years, and are, in point of fact, leases. That this system has lowered the rent, before collected under the ordinary system of competition for land, or charges on particular produce, there is no doubt; but Government has been a gainer on the whole, as a great quantity of waste land has

been brought under the plough, and there is little doubt that the settlement has induced farmers, who are not disturbed in occupation, or liable to be outbid as before, to improve their lands by a superior culture; and although a formal lease for a term of years may not exist, yet a certain amount of tenant-right being established or recognised, the farmer does not hesitate to till his land and improve it, which was hardly the case before.

In reference to the rate of assessment per acre, English standard prevailing, we proceed to submit a few statements from official settlements in our possession, in proof of our assertion that they are not only not excessive, but in truth remarkably low. The first is of a small district in the Dekhan, fertile, producing dry grain of all sorts, cotton, sugar, and rice. The land is, for the most part, of excellent quality, being either a rich, dark, cotton soil, or a red, gravelly loam, suited for light grain, oil-seeds, &c.

Irrigated garden land—861 acres; assessment, 3,342 rupees.

Rice lands irrigated—229 acres; assessment, 771 rupees.

Dry grain cultivation—Wheat, cotton, jowarree, &c., &c.—280,695 acres; assessment, 188,667 rupees.

281,785 acres; assessment, 194,780 rupees.

Another larger one also in the Dekhan, in which there is no rice cultivation.

Garden land irrigated—11,123 acres; revenue, 27,062 rupees 9 annas 3 pie.

Dry cultivation, as in preceding—18,221,492 acres; revenue, 864,053 rupees.

Increase—seven annas and six pie per acre; or about tenpence halfpenny sterling.

The above two districts, which we know of our own personal knowledge, are fair averages of the Dekhan assessment. Probably the assessment of the fertile cotton districts of Gujerat may be higher in some degree in the Bombay Presidency; but even then, the average would hardly prove more than one rupee eight annas, or three shillings to two rupees, or four shillings per acre per annum. A recent census of the north-western provinces of India, and the papers which accompany it, give the following result of the assessment there, which, in reference to the richness of the soil, the amount of population, the cultivation of sugar, indigo, cotton, and higher kinds of grain, and, above all, the facility of water-carriage, must also be considered low.

The area of these provinces is, 46,070,000 acres, of which there are—

	Acres.
Assessed land cultivated	23,112,000
,, cultivable	9,816,900
Unassessed land cultivated	1,733,000
,, barren	11,408,000

The land revenue is 40,535,000 rupees, or four millions sterling. The average rent paid Government in the whole of the assessed land is one rupee three annas and eight pie per acre; and in the acres actually under cultivation, one rupee twelve annas, or three shillings and sixpence per acre. If to the land rent we add 2,894,804 rupees, obtained from stamps, and the excise on spirits, the taxation per head, on 30,200,000 people will be found to amount to one rupee fourteen annas, or about three and ninepence for the year.

Of the Bengal districts we have no official records immediately at hand for reference; but our impression is, that, not taking into consideration the greatly enhanced and enhancing rent which proceeds from the universal middlemanism which exists, the government rent is very small, and far less in proportion than that of the north-west provinces. In corroboration of this, we extract the following paragraph from *The Friend of India*, of the 19th July:—

"*The Englishman* publishes a valuable letter from a correspondent at Mymensing, respecting the statistics of that district, which affords a strong corroboration of the assertion we have repeatedly made, that if the ryuts (farmers) had nothing more to pay than the rent which Government receives from each bugah of land, he would present a picture of happiness and contentment. The correspondent states 'that the district of Mymensing is supposed to contain seventy lakhs of baguhs. Allowing that the gross revenue is ten lakhs, we have a (eoot) rent of less than three annas per bugah—what a trifling assessment! I am confident that the collections from the ryuts are not under

fifty lacs of rupees. You might surmise from this that the zemindars are rich—far from it. There are not three in the district that could produce a lakh in cash, mostly in debt; and the fate of the ryut left to the arulah and mookhtars (stewards and managers).' "

To this we would add, that, as a specimen of the result of the perpetual settlement, and its attendant grinding middlemanism, from which Government derives no benefit whatever, it is greatly to be regretted that the land is not under Government alone, at the usual average rentcharge of India, and so to, at least, double, if not treble, its amount, and with vast relief to the ryut, available for the public purposes of the country.

Of Madras, too, we have no records, nor are they easily obtainable; but the quality of most part of the soil would, in reference to the above, render it impossible the assessment could equal the north-western provinces—indeed, with the exception of valuable irrigated rice lands, we should consider it would prove lower than that of Bombay.

It must be remembered, in conjunction with the foregoing, that there are now no custom transit duties in India; Government has also abolished all taxes upon trades and manufactures, &c., which existed under the term "moturfa." The people are, therefore, subject to no demand or tax, but the very small excise upon stamps, only used in legal proceedings, bonds, &c., the excise upon liquors, and other intoxicating preparations, and the duty levied upon salt, which falls in a very light proportion upon the consumer. Our space forbids us to enter upon details which could readily be given on all the above points; but enough will have been said to satisfy the most sceptical, that the Indian revenue system, so far from being exactive or oppressive, is, in fact, the very contrary; and that it would be next to impossible, if not quite impossible, to devise any other system of revenue or taxation for a country embracing so many races and distinctions of people, which would work easier, and, in the main, be more just and acceptable to the population, than that which exists. When the relative value of land and produce were less known and attended to than at present, and when the administration was still pampered by the vicious systems of detail and revenue settlement, which we inherited from native governments, where, also, the civil officers of India lacked the resolution to break through every established usage in revenue settlements, because the result of new measures might be uncertain, time was lost, in which permanent reform might have been estabished, and much of the old burthens relieved. Now, however, the case is very different; it is impossible for any one who has noticed the practical working of the Indian revenue administration, not to be struck with the disposition to afford every possible relief to the people.

That very much remains to be done, no one can doubt. In the management of a small estate even, the proprietor who consults the interests of his tenants, and his own together with them, will never be idle or indifferent; and in how much greater a degree must this apply to the great national estate of India. We must, however, be of good hope, when we observe practical men perpetually directing their attention to this subject, and grand undertakings of general relief, such as the revenue survey has afforded, and is affording, carried out at a vast expense by government.

It is only fair to give the government of the present day credit for advance in the system of revenue assessment, while there is no doubt that the Company's administration, till of late years, have been culpably indifferent to the question, and, under an exaggerated conservation, gravely perpetuated the worst abuses. The revenue surveys, both in the north-western provinces and in the Dekhan, are settlements to last from twenty-five to thirty years: the value of the land is determined, and does not fluctuate; and in a short time there will be no trace throughout the British possessions in India of the old contract ratio, or rates varying with the produce, which were most injurious in operation. The price of land already settled, the cultivator may sow and reap what he pleases, whether of high or low value, and special terms of exemption from increased rent are given to persons who will improve the lands, by digging wells in them. Loans are even afforded for this purpose, and

however late it may be, much is done to encourage the cultivator to improve his land and his produce.

If, however, Government has at last made a movement in a right direction, and is undoubtedly doing good, there are manifest points which are as yet disregarded, and which we consider would be easy of attainment, and beneficial in operation. For instance, we consider it to be the bounden duty of Government to make tenures as permanent as possible. To ensure this, leases for terms of years might be granted, with manifest benefit both to Government and the people. At present village lands are fairly assessed, and individuals pay according to the assessment of their holdings. There is, however, no guarantee of occupation beyond the term of settlement, or even during its existence, though occupants are not interfered with so long as they pay rent; and these evils, which prevent, we sincerely believe, the full expenditure of capital upon land, might be remedied by the grants of leases for terms of years, even beyond the settlement, or at least while it continued in force. There can be no doubt that such leases would at least operate beneficially in settling the population; that they would induce feelings of independence which, at present, are comparatively rare, and that they would in time become a species of property which would be valuable to the possessors. Again, we consider that the institution of rewards on the part of Government for the best cattle and produce in every district, the rewards to be adjudged by a committee, or punchayet of the native head-men, under the superintendence of the European civil officers, would have a very beneficial effect in exciting emulation, and inducing the cultivation of higher descriptions of produce. A few districts have agri-horticultural societies, but they are, for the most part, private associations, and are not of the weight or influence which would be attained under Government, assisted by private individuals also. These are not set forth as panaceas for evils which exist, or have existed: those time alone can correct, and that assiduity in good management which becomes the more imperative as time progresses, and leaves with its lapse still heavier arrears of indifference to be remedied.

It has been much the fashion of late to institute comparisons between India and America, in reference to their produce, in particular of cotton, and to attribute deficiency of production to the operation of the land-tax; but comparison should hardly have been attempted. India is an old, well-worked, if not greatly exhausted country; America a new and fertile land, with, for the most part, virgin soil. In India, rent has been levied for ages, and the people used to provide the charge. In America, there has been no agricultural population till comparatively lately, and Government is even still selling its lands to provide and encourage one. When the population of that country shall be as dense as that of India—when property in land shall have become subject to rent-charges, from sale to individuals, and then change to others, and when the land loses its exuberant fertility by protracted cultivation—then will be seen how far the New World can produce in relative proportion to its present period and to India. At present the amount of the purchase-money bears, for the most part, no relative proportion to the value of the produce, or to any ordinary system of rentcharge. the purchaser is most commonly the cultivator, and till his possession becomes broken up in the course of time, and is sold at an enhanced and enhancing value, there can be no comparison with England or with India. That India exports less cotton than she did is indubitable; but this we consider is to be traced to the very large increase of her population during the last thirty years of peace, which requires not only food which cannot be imported, but cotton for local consumption. How else can the vast amount of increased cultivation be accounted for? The non-production of cotton is, however, attributed by the Manchester manufacturers to the operation of the land-tax. There may be districts where the rent was too high—it was too high, we believe, in Gazerat, till the survey reduced it; but in the main land-rent has been greatly lowered. There is no doubt whatever of the increase of the population; and during all the recent discussions on the subject, it is at least

strange that no one connected with India should have ventured even to suggest it as a cause of decreasing export, instead of that serious and everlasting bugbear, and sheet-anchor of grievance-mongers—the land-tax.

CHAPTER III.

MONOPOLY OF OPIUM—MONOPOLY OF SALT—GREAT DEFICIENCIES OF MEANS OF TRANSPORT—NEGLECT OF PUBLIC WORKS—EVILS ARISING FROM DIFFICULTY OF TRANSIT—NECESSITY FOR RAILROADS—NAVIGATION OF THE GANGES

In connexion with the revenue of India, there are two subjects of vital importance to it placed continually before the public, which can hardly fail to become objects of severe attack at the expiration of the charter. These are, the monopolies of opium and salt; and there are well-meaning persons by the hundred among us who believe, as they have been taught to believe, that these two monopolies are sources of evil without measure; that the cultivation of opium is carried on by some dreadfully tyrannical process—that persons are forced to produce it in certain quantities, from whom it is taken forcibly at a nominal price, and sold by Government at an enormous profit—and that in many other points of view it is a reproach and a shame to the Government of India. In regard to salt, most doleful rawhead-and-bloody boned stories have been told and credited of Government, how it has flogged people because they would not buy its salt; how whole districts have been desolated by cholera because there was not enough of salt to be had; and how even the salt monopoly is the primary cause of cholera, a point which an Indian gentleman has lately taken pains to prove. We cannot ourselves see what valid objection can be made to the opium revenue. The greatest probably is, that if opened to general sale and production, the price of the drug might rise higher in the districts where it is produced, and thus prove more remunerative to the producer; but there can be little doubt that its production is as profitable as any other produce, or it would not be cultivated. Government offer a certain price for opium, at which it is produced, and sold by the cultivator, or the capitalist in conjunction with the cultivator. This price is lower than the price realised by the Government at the periodical sale of the drug for shipment to China, and the profit forms one of the items of the Indian revenue, amounting at present to upwards of two millions sterling. Is it proposed to abolish this monopoly? We believe that Government would do so to-morrow if it could be shown that a proportionate amount of revenue could be raised by any other less objectionable means. Government has no abstract desire to perpetuate this, any more than any other monopoly; but it would at present be a manifest impossibility to raise two crores of rupees, except by the imposition of some other tax, which would in its turn be a subject of equal or superior vituperation, and could not by any means be so easy of collection.

It is a manifest absurdity to suppose that Government, with all its means and appliances to boot, could force farmers to till a certain portion of their lands with opium, which, when produced, was taken from them at a price less than its cost of produce; therefore, it may be fairly assumed that both parties are contented with their bargain, and that the farmer obtains as fair a return upon the cultivation of opium as he would upon the cultivation of sugar, indigo, or other produce; and this is literally the case. The opium sent from Malwa is for the most part the produce of the dominions of Holkar and Sindia, and of other native princes in that region of India over whose subjects our Government has no control whatever. We, however, take the opium at a fixed rate, according to treaty, and it is supplied in such quantities as to prove that the production cannot be locally unprofitable. Suppose the trade were thrown open to the public, Government must yet look to its own financial interests, and the establishment of an export duty equal to the profits on the present government sales must be the result—a duty Government has undoubted authority to impose, and which would have the same relative effect upon production as the present system.

But the Government of India can no more afford to tamper with the present existing circumstances of this

department of its finance, than that of England can to reduce the duty on tea, or on any other article of popular consumption which yields a large revenue—state necessities in both cases are imperative, and cannot be underrated or overlooked.

The same necessitous considerations apply with equal force to the tax on salt, which, in all its relations to the people, its local and general consumption would require an article of its own. Much has been done by Government in the last six years to render it less burthensome to the people; and there can be no question that the severe strictures of the press, and the discussions of the question at public meetings in England, have been of great service.

The rates of sale duty have been lowered in Bengal, and facilities afforded for import and sale. Government finds that its revenue has not been deteriorated, but, on the contrary, increased by the removal of restrictions; and as concession has already been made on many most important bearings of the question with advantage, so more will gradually follow, as they can be carried out without risk to the general revenue.

Nothing, however, can be done to supply the internal portions of India with cheap salt, until the means of transport are improved. Were it to be had for the picking upon the sea shore for nothing, the mere cost of carriage, as at present, would render it scarce and expensive, by the time it had travelled some 400 miles on bullocks, or on carts, into the interior. We must trust to the operation of railways in time, to pour into the interior a stream of supply of this necessary of existence, at less cost for carriage, and in a more regular manner than at present, by the capricious movements of bullock carriage. Railways cannot penetrate everywhere; but entrepôts will be gradually formed, whence the present carriage will be constantly and rapidly available at all seasons for its removal to more distant and unfrequented portions of our dominions. We do not think that any general valid objection can be taken to the tax itself. It falls upon all in proportion to consumption, in so small a degree individually, that no other tax could be devised which could be so equally distributed, and, at the same time, be so easily realised. The Indian Government cannot dispense with the revenue arising from the tax, any more than it can with that on opium, or the rent; and these three being the only grand sources of revenue, supply grievance-seekers with a never-failing stock in trade. But while we have heard and read many diatribes against all three, we have never yet heard, or seen it stated, how it was proposed to supply the aggregate of revenue derived from them, or some sixteen millions sterling per annum, by any other means. Our Indian Government has a vast civil and military establishment to support, debts to pay, improvements to make, when it can, wars to wage occasionally, and has revenue hardly sufficing for this; indeed there is too often a deficiency, and it is reduced to borrow. Just now, also, it is paying sixty-five lacs a-year (£650,000) to the proprietors of India stock, for the cessation of the China trade, which we trust will cease at the expiration of the charter.

If her expenditure could be reduced, the taxation of the people of India might be reduced also; we might abolish salt and opium monopolies; but so long as imperative necessity exists—and who will deny it?—it is worse than useless to raise outcries against sources of revenue which are as indispensable to India as, in proportion, the property-tax, or the tea and sugar duties are to England, and which are, abstractedly considered, neither exactive nor oppressive.

It is urged by many that the laws of India, referring principally to the land-rent, are partial, and, therefore, oppressive; and, to a certain extent, this is the case. The land is taxed for rent, and, in a small degree, the population for import and export duties, salt, stamps, &c. The monied interest abstractedly is not taxed at all; but the only way to approach this would be by a property-tax, apart from the agricultural interest of the country, already paying its quota; and we very much question whether Government, in its present relations to the people, and to the general peace of India, would be able to introduce anything so unusual, so unpopular, and so inquisitorial. The very levy of it, from the instruments it would have to employ, would be, in the last degree, difficult and unpopular.

It is not easy to suggest to a government which has been struggling with war expenses since the memorable expedition into Affghanistan, that, in essential matters of improvement for the country, it is still miserably deficient, or to reproach it with the neglect or indifference of its individual predecessors in administration. There can be no question, however, that the British Government of India has not as yet done its duty to the noble possession it has acquired; and that in times of peace, when the treasury overflowed, when the army was literally upon peace establishment, and when it possessed the power to enter upon works of magnitude and utility, it lacked the comprehensive desire to do so; and that opportunities have been allowed to pass which it will be difficult to redeem. Still we are not of those who for ever cry, the British Government has done nothing; on the contrary, it has done, and is doing a good deal.

There are roads in the Madras Presidency which are very respectable, and kept in very fair repair—they serve as mediums of communication to distant districts at all seasons. There is a noble trunk-road from Calcutta to the north-western provinces, and branch roads in various directions from it.

There is a road from Agra to Bombay, not perfected perhaps, but passable always for wheeled carriages, and in many parts metalled. The Bombay Presidency can shew some very noble roads; that from Bombay to Poona, including the ascent of the Ghaut at Khandalla, is as fine an undertaking of its class as exists anywhere in the world. There are roads also up to Nassak, which are noble works, rendering the Ghat passes open at all seasons. The Government of this presidency has recently opened a road from Kholapoor to Gherie Bunder or Viziadroog, which will prove of incalculable importance to the trade, export and import, of the southern Mahratta country, as far as Beejapoor and the territories of His Highness the Nizam, into which, as far as Hyderabad, it is proposed to extend it. The passes down to Compta, the export port of Dhawar and other cotton districts, has been opened, and substantially constructed. A new road, thoroughly metalled, has been recently completed from Poona to Sholapoor, which will assist the cotton trade thence; and many others might be mentioned, in particular, those to the Hill Sanitariums of Jushà, as having been completed, or which are in progress. In works of irrigation, we have the works on Grand Ganges Canal in active operation; and the weir across the mouth of the Godavery, which is near completion, and which will be as noble a thing of its kind as any in the world. Of minor works not a few; but these are for the most part appertaining to the civil and military establishments of the country. There are few comparatively that benefit the public, but those we have detailed notwithstanding the existence of these. The Government is frequently reproached with having done nothing that will hereafter prove its existence—that, were it to cease to-morrow, there would be no memorials left of the greatness of the Government of a hundred years. It is true that we have built as yet only a few churches, and not many of these are calculated to endure like Hindoo temples and Mahomedan mosques. Our Indian religious edifices are not the offerings of public or private pious zeal, like the temples and mosques of India, mostly the work of private individuals, but mere buildings of accommodation. We have not a Christian society to pay for such edifices, nor a Government which desires to do so; and so long as India is not a country for permanent European residence, we cannot expect that it will be adorned with public or private edifices such as we see in England. The whole means of the Governments of Hindoos and Mahomedans, applied for centuries, have left only temples, mosques, and tombs. A Christian Government cannot construct the former, and no Governor-General, however magnificent his ideas were, would dare to erect a mausoleum to the memory of his wife like the Taj at Agra. It is, therefore, no reproach to our Government, as yet, that there are not buildings equal to the old architectural wonders we behold—that there are not rivals to the Taj, or the mosques and tombs at Delhi or Beejapoor, the temples at Bobanèshwur, or the caves of Ellora; and such are alone remaining of the old Hindoo

and Mahomedan splendours. The palaces of those who built them have long ago crumbled into the dust. What Hindoo or Mahomedan ever made a road to equal even the smallest of those we have detailed? Not one! On the other hand, during the long ages of their dominion, tanks have undoubtedly been executed, vast reservoirs of water made by damming up streams existing in the monsoon, which supply means of irrigation in the hottest seasons, which, valuable as they are, and profitable as an investment of capital, we seem to have been strangely indifferent to; nay, so far from attempting any new structures of our own, we have allowed many to fall into decay. A report on the tank department of the Madras Presidency, the land revenue of which, or the majority of it, is dependant upon the tanks, the year before last shewed that hardly one per cent. of the revenues had been expended on the repairs—a niggardly allowance, indeed—the fruit of which was, that the revenue had suffered in a far heavier degree than the mere outlay would have caused, by the unavoidable decrease of cultivation. It is too much to be feared that a great many of our Indian departments have been managed on the same penny-wise-and-pound-foolish system. If Government had, or could have accomplished the construction of tanks, in imitation of their Hindoo predecessors, for the Mahomedans constructed but few, how many noble ones might now exist, built under the scientific superintendence of English engineers, and in how small a space of time would they have covered their outlay! The Hussein Saugur tank at Hyderabad Dekhan, which has a circumference of about twelve miles, and has a depth of from forty-five to twenty feet when full, the earthen embankment of which is a mile long, fifty feet high, and is faced with rough granite, cost, it is said, eleven lacs of rupees (£110,000), in the time of the Golconda kings, one hundred and fifty years ago: since then it has yielded a revenue of a lac and a-half per annum when full, and continues to do so yet. The embankment is in perfect repair, and requires no yearly outlay whatever. Three very inconsiderable streams, dammed up, create this noble sheet of water, and there are thousands of similar streams in the country, more particularly in southern India and the Dekhan, which could be turned to a like profitable account. It is a reproach, then, to our Government, as well on its own account for revenue, as on a higher consideration, of the well-being of the people, whom these tanks have often saved from famine—that not only new ones should not have been constructed, but that old ones should have been permitted to decay, in a niggardly spirit of false economy.

In a country where the fall of rain is scanty, as in the Dekhan, and often capricious, every drop of water is of use, and every stream that can be arrested should be dammed up. No fear of return of capital, so long as land which is irrigated can command from ten to twenty rupees per acre, while dry lands are not one or two. We do not ask Government for expensive buildings, or architectural displays, even in churches. We are in difficulty, and must be just before we are generous or ostentatious. Let us, then, see roads, tanks, and wells, plain, but substantial places of shelter for travellers at stages along the road; canals and weirs, as many as can be made, and, above all, railroads; and should it be that we are ever driven from India, there may remain monuments of our occupation as useful as the tanks and canals, though not so ornamental as the temples and mosques of our Hindoo and Mahomedan predecessors, or should it be that we remain, may we be enabled to exhibit works of utility to the people.

Alas! for the weary years that have passed in the accomplishment of even what has now been done! Most sorrowfully do we deplore all the wasteful wars of late years which, after the full treasury existing under Lord William Bentinck's careful administration, swept away what resources had accumulated, and have plunged India millions further into debt, and anticipated the resources of years, deprived her of all improvements, besides leaving a heavy additional burthen, as of Scinde (and we fear of the Punjab also), to be maintained at the general cost of the empire, till their revenues, if ever, can cover their expenditure!

It is useless to deplore the past, bitterly as it is to be deplored, or that apathy which, for years after the Ma-

haratta war, kept those to whom the administration of India was entrusted from attention to this most needful subject. How much time has been lost—how many wasted years there are to deplore—we need not even sit down to reckon. That seven hundred millions sterling have been drawn from India, and that not one per cent. of this vast sum has been expended for its benefit, is a fact past question. All we ask is, that our local governments, present and prospective, should be up and doing; and those in the home administration who have the power should see to it, that the obligations of our conquest of India are as exactly fulfilled to the country as is compatible with its financial condition; for it cannot be denied that there is a very heavy reproach to be overcome, which not even all the useless, or useful, or inevitable wars we have been engaged in, can furnish excuse for.

In particular, we urge the speedy accomplishment of railways. No land can be fully valuable—no produce can be adequately remunerative—which labours under the disadvantages which are attached to all districts in India which are remote from the coast, where the only markets are to be found—surplus cotton, surplus grain, sugar, oilseeds, hemp, hides. The other products of India generally exported cannot remain, as they now remain, on the hands of the farmers, or of the capitalists who purchase from farmers, but at a loss. Carriage by bullocks is only available for six months in the year—the others are too hot, when forage is not to be had, or too wet, when merchandise or produce is destroyed in transit. To reach Bombay, for instance, from a distance of two hundred miles, requires at least a month, or more, in the best season. Grain and cotton ripen in March and April, and May is required to clean them for the market. Under speedy transmission and sale, the farmer or capitalist might receive his returns in time to apply them to the next year's agricultural operations. This he cannot do now—the rains intervene, the cotton receives dirt and injury by keeping; grain also becomes damp and musty. Both, however, must be sold; but neither can be sold at the price that could be realised when they are fresh, and capital has lain idle. Meanwhile, six to seven months must elapse, or from April to September or October, when the roads open, and carriage is resumed by the carriers.* When taking down cotton or grain to the coast, they bring up salt and groceries, usually making but one trip each way before the hot weather or the rains again intervene, and suspend further operations. Thus is situated the whole of the Dekhan, the Nizam's dominions, Central India, and Rajpootana, and the greater part of the Madras Presidency. The valley of the Ganges is the only exception; and there even, from the slow movements of the rain, craft trade is hardly accelerated by the dispatch of produce by them, especially from the upper provinces. But did long lines of railway exist, which could be fed by the districts they passed through, the enterprise of the people would be aroused to exertion, as deeply as it now sleeps, to supply those entrepôts for export which would be gradually formed along its course. There are no more enterprising merchants than the native Indian traders; but while the present hindrances to trade exist, what can they do but follow the old slow track and systems of their forefathers. Give them physical means of improvement, and there can be no doubt whatever that they will avail themselves of them.

There is every prospect that ground may be broken for the first Indian railway at Bombay in the ensuing cold season: the line has been limited to an experimental one of twenty-two miles, but it will lead to the place to which produce is brought by the land carriers, and from thence shipped in country vessels, for the most part hitherto for Bombay. The line will hereafter constitute part of the great line which it is proposed shall ascend the Malsey Ghat, and thence, traversing the northern portion of the Dekhan and Khandeish, reach the valuable coal fields of the Nerbudda. Whether this much may be realised, whether, as proposed, the line will hereafter be carried, as well to the north as to the south-east, to afford the whole of the Dekhan the advantage it promises to afford, has to be proved. We trust this grand problem may not be long of solution: and in the lines from Bombay, as well as those from Calcutta, the utility of

the most wonderful invention of modern times may be applied to the benefit and civilisation of this vast possession.

The Bengal railways seem to be likely to prove of more importance than was supposed. It had been feared that the steam navigation of the Ganges would prove a serious rival to the rail, and that while there were regular steamers on the Ganges, the employment of the railway would be much diminished. There is no doubt, however, that the navigation of the Ganges becomes more difficult every year, and that however light of draft the steamers are, the obstruction to their progress in the dry season are such as to render their value very uncertain; nor does it appear that any vessel drawing more than three feet water can pass at all these points. During the present year, the Indian papers have teemed with accounts of steamers aground, and of delays and vexatious obstructions too numerous to mention. The Ganges Steam Navigation Company has been reported in difficulty, and it is presumed will be broken up. The government-steamers seem to have fared no better than those of the Company. But the railway can carry goods, heavy and light, as cheaply as native boats, while the rates of freights in the steamers, and their capabilities of storage, preclude the possibility of sending by them any but the lightest goods. They cannot, therefore, ever enter into competition with a rapid and certain railway, either for general merchandise or for passengers; and in the great coal fields of Bengal, which improve as they are worked, there is an ample supply of fuel, of which the western coast is deficient, until the rail can reach the Nerbudda. The traffic of the valley of the Ganges is enormous, both downwards for exports and upwards for imports. Do not, then, these combinations give fair hope of success? There can, indeed, be little to doubt of it, nor of the impetus which the rail will give to every undertaking within its influence. Its importance in a military and political point of view cannot be overrated. For the transport of troops, now sent in native boats, exposed to all the dangers and delays of the river navigation, for the transport of stores and munitions of war, and, perhaps, above all, for the rapid and certain transmission of intelligence, it will be an assistance to Government beyond all present computation.

Delayed, as it has been, by various circumstances, we trust that its commencement may not be postponed beyond the present season, and that a happy spirit of rivalry may obtain between the three presidencies (for Madras also is to have its railway, and has obtained its guarantee) in this noble object; nor can it be that our own country can be indifferent to its success, nor that our leading capitalists should hesitate to invest their capital in these undertakings. India has never received assistance from English capital; investments in undertakings there, though under our own Government, have been hitherto received with mistrust, while we have seen those of foreign nations obtain credence and support which has been marvellous. Loans to North Americans, South Americans, Portuguese, Spaniards, Greeks, have been afforded readily, and have proved dire sources of loss and vexation. Yet an Indian investment, under the controul of our own Government, a dividend of five per cent. more than many of our own railways now pay, guaranteed by that Government, and the whole managed by our own countrymen, is looked upon coldly! Ought it to be so? We think not. Had the millions which have been invested in the stock of foreign states, with small chance of regular repayment, been employed judiciously to the improvement of our own greatest possession, even in private enterprises, they would have, ere this, afforded satisfactory returns, and aided to cement that union of interests between the countries which, in every respect—social, political, and mercantile—is of the very highest national importance—we would by this time have established confidence in India. Such we firmly believe to be the opening for employment of capital, now available in India, in railways. Much of the delusion regarding the vast profit of those in our own country is dispelled; but in India there is a new field of enterprise, a vast population, a vast internal trade, all waiting the result of the application of capital, which we cannot think will be withheld at this interesting period, under the guarantees offered, and the very reasonable hope of profit which exists.

ON THE DEATH OF MARSHAL NEY.

Could haughty Britain stoop so low from her laurel-girded throne,
When that noble chief was fallen, and all his glory gone?
When vanished was his martial pride, and torn his waving plume,
To lead the captive warrior forth to meet a felon's doom?

With nations banded at her side—when from her throne she hurled
The arbiter of kingdoms wide, the conqueror of the world;
Could she not then have stretched forth her victor arm to save
Napoleon's honoured chieftain—the bravest of the brave?

When bayonets flashed around him, and the sheen of sabres bright,
As he clove his red path forward through the thickest of the fight;
Where'er his waving crest was seen tossed by the battle's breath,
There his brave host followed him, to victory, or to death.

Look on him now, how fearlessly he marches forth to die!
How proud his noble bearing, and how calm that haughty eye:
And his voice will sound its latest in tones as full and clear
As when above the fight it rose in spirit-stirring cheer.

He waved his white-plumed hat, high as he did of yore,
When his comrades stood behind him, the enemy before;
"Adieu, my brethren!" was the last, the hero's brief farewell—
The signal waved—the volley streamed—and the noble chieftain fell.

He fell—whose life the northern snows on red Smolensko's plain,
The Cossack's lance more deadly still had both assailed in vain;
Whose heart, though swayed by destiny, was to the mighty true—
He fell, who stood where thousands died, at deadly Waterloo!

And, oh! if in that bloody day when the star of victory waned,
Amid the thundering cannon's smoke, nor ev'n a hope remained;
Oh! if the death so oft he dared had found him even then,
And he had died—as soldiers die—on the field of fighting men.

He should have fallen with the brave upon that glorious field;
With those immortal guards who died, but knew not how to yield—
Leading the chivalry of France along like a resistless tide—
Where battle raged the thickest, 'twas *there* he should have died.

And can it be that England—the glorious and the free—
The conqueror of France on earth, the mistress of the sea—
So far forgot her laurelled pride, nor even dared to save
The glory and the pride of France—the bravest of the brave.

She did forget, and from that hour for ever shall her name
Be stained with the accursed spot—the impress of her shame—
The mightiest power looked placid on and saw her allies slay,
When the fight he led so well was o'er—all that could die of Ney.

And, oh! when dark oblivion has for ever o'er them thrown
The shadow of her silent pall, nor ev'n their names are known:
The memory then of him they slew shall glorious shine on high,
In the light of fame's immortal wreath—"the brave can never die!"

ANNALISTS OF THE RESTORATION.—NO. I.

MR. SECRETARY PEPYS.

The minute examination of any one authentic work does more to familiarise us with the history of the period to which it refers, than the perusal of a hundred abridgments. It is probable that more graphic pictures of the bar of his time, and of the civic contests at a period of what soon became a death-struggle between political parties, are to be gleaned from Roger North's highly-coloured narratives, than in any other way.* A single sentence often implies a whole train of feelings scarcely suspected to have existed; and yet which when exposed to view give the explanation of secrets otherwise wholly unintelligible. We begin to understand—nay to participate in—the passions that divided society in the days of the Charleses and the Jameses. We see the interior of courts and cabinets in a way in which it was not given to the historians—from whose works the public yet gleans its general knowledge of the facts of any particular reign—to see them. The Walpoles and the Herveys have betrayed secrets which the Smolletts, and Belshams, and the tribe of compilers never dreamt of. The almost unlimited publication of private documents, which each day is disinterring from old family repositories, will compel the whole of our civil history to be re-written. Of the period of the Restoration no man can be said to know anything who has not read the memoirs of Evelyn and Pepys.† Evelyn is many ways a more respectable man, and must remain a higher name in our literature. Pepys was, however, a much more entertaining fellow; and we doubt whether the revelation of his own character, strangely given as in his memoirs, is not almost as valuable a part of his work, as that which, in a more proper sense, adds to the materials of history.

We speak of the revelation being strangely given us. Lord Braybrooke has published three editions of the Memoirs,‡ each in some respects communicating information not to be found in the others, though the last is in every important respect infinitely the best. The "Diary," by which we chiefly know Pepys, was drawn up in the form of a journal—he noting down in a peculiar cipher the incidents of each day, important or unimportant as they might be. This short-hand seems to have answered its purposes of concealment; for, as far as we can learn from Lord Braybrooke's preface to the earlier editions, it does not appear to have been deciphered till some short time before its publication. That Pepys himself trusted to his disguise is plain, from an entry with which the journal closes:—

> "And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my journal, I not being able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes every time I take a pen in my hand, and therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear; and therefore resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than what is fit for them and all the world to know; or if there be anything, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open to add here and there a note in short-hand with my own hand."

We have thus become almost accidentally acquainted with what Pepys—indulging at the same time his habitual caution, and the garrulous propensity which was his very nature—thought

* An analytical review of Roger North's "Lives of his Brothers, Lord Guilford and Dudley North," with most amusing extracts from that odd book, will be found in Volume X. of The Dublin University Magazine.

† "Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II. Edited by Richard Lord Braybrooke." 5 vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1828.

‡ 1825—1828—1848.

he had effectually hidden. Of Pepys's "Correspondence," for which we are also indebted to Lord Braybrooke, and which exhibits another phase of his character, a great portion had a narrow escape of being altogether lost. Some seventy volumes of original papers that had belonged to Pepys are now deposited in the Bodleian Library, among Dr. Rawlinson's collection. How Dr. Rawlinson became possessed of these, Lord Braybrooke was unable to learn. It would appear, however, that his interposition saved them from destruction, and secured their preservation in a place of secure and convenient deposit.

Samuel Pepys was descended from the Pepyses of Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire. Our hero is said to have been of a younger branch. His father was a tailor, which may for a while have dimmed his pretensions in heraldic eyes; for we find him telling us of reading for the first time "Fuller's Worthies," and "being much troubled that, though he had some discourse with me about my family and arms, he says nothing at all of us, nor mentions us either in Cambridgeshire or Norfolke. But I believe, indeed, our family was never considerable." The father retired from trade in or about 1660, and resided for the rest of his life—some twenty years—at Brampton.

Samuel was born on the 23rd of February, 1632. He appears to have passed from Huntingdon School to St. Paul's, where he continued till 1650, early in which year his name appears as a sizar on the books of Trinity College, Cambridge. In the next year he removed to Magdalene's, where he was elected into a scholarship. The only record of his college career is the following:—

"October 21, 1653.

"Peapys and Hind were solemnly admonished by myself and Mr. Hill, for being scandalously overserved with drink the night before. This was done in the presence of all the Fellows then resident.

"John Wood, Regr."

In October, 1655, he married Elizabeth St. Michel. His wife was of French descent. Some account is given of her parentage in a letter addressed by her brother to Pepys—they were grandchildren of the high sheriff of Anjou in France, all of whose family were rigid Catholics. The father of Mrs. Pepys was disinherited on his conversion to Protestantism. Being deprived of any fortune from his family, he came over as gentleman-carver to Queen Henrietta Maria. This would not seem a good place for a Protestant, and he was soon dismissed, having struck a friar who rebuked him for not attending mass. He soon after married an Irish widow, and then served against the Spaniards. While he was away, his wife and children were "inveigled by pretended devouts" into a Roman Catholic establishment, whence the future Mrs. Pepys, "then only twelve or thirteen years old, and extremely handsome, was removed into the Ursulines, which was then considered the strictest convent in Paris." St. Michel, however, who was almost distracted at what had occurred, succeeded in recovering them. How Pepys and his wife became acquainted is not recorded. The marriage seems to have been a sufficiently happy one, though nothing could easily be more rash. He was but twenty-three, and his wife fifteen, and neither of them had anything. Sir Edward Montague, afterwards first Earl of Sandwich, was, however, a relative of Pepys's, and appears at all times to have been a faithful and anxious friend, and with him he was employed, probably as secretary. In 1658 he attended Sir Edward on his expedition to the Sound, and on their return was, through Montagu's interest, employed in some public office connected with the pay of the army.

He was afterwards appointed secretary to the two generals of the Fleet, and went to Scheveling on board the flag-ship of his patron, to bring home Charles the Second. Sir Edward was rewarded with an earldom. In the following summer Pepys was nominated *Clerk of the Acts* of the Navy. In this office Pepys's great talents for business soon developed themselves. The age was a licentious one, and Pepys, though he escaped its vices, was one who enjoyed pleasure. We say, "though he escaped its vices;" but we say it with hesitation, as Pepys had an eye for female beauty, and gave frequent occasions to what may or may not have been causeless jealousy on the part of his wife; and Lord Braybrooke's suppression of parts of

the "Diary" may have reference to stories of the kind, too good to be translated out of the secretary's own cypher. His attendance on the theatre was constant. However, his first object was a conscientious fulfilment of his duty; and Lord Braybrooke expresses amazement how he could have found time to despatch so much business as he did, and to make copies of the voluminous papers connected with the Navy. "These papers afford," says Lord B. "the best evidence that he laboured incessantly for the good of the service, and endeavoured to check the contractors by whom the naval stores were then supplied, and to establish such regulations in the dockyards as might ensure order and economy. He also strenuously advocated the promotion of the old-established officers of the navy, striving to counteract the undue influence exercised by the court minions, which too often prevailed on that unprincipled government over every claim of merit or service; and he resisted to the utmost the open system of selling places practised in every department of the state in the most unblushing manner."

In Pepys there was a resolute heroism which shewed itself in doing his duty in circumstances where others held aloof. When the Plague came and London was deserted, Pepys remained at his post. "The sickness thickens round us," said he, writing to Sir William Coventry; "you took your turn of the sword—I must not, therefore, grudge to take mine of the pestilence." During the Fire of London Pepys again exhibited the calmest courage, and did more than any one else in rendering essential service. He sent persons from the dockyards to blow up the houses, and thus arrested the progress of the flames.

"In the spring of 1668, when De Ruyter's successful enterise against Chatham, in the preceding year, became the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, the officers of the Navy Board naturally incurred the greatest share of the public indignation; they were accordingly summoned to the bar of the House of Commons. Upon this occasion the Clerk of the Acts undertook their defence, and, in a speech of three hours' duration, succeeded so well in proving that the blame neither rested with himself nor his colleagues, that no farther proceedings were instituted against them."

In the summer of 1669, Pepys discontinued his Journal, in consequence of increasing weakness of sight, and though his eyes recovered he never resumed it. We must, then, in judging of the Journal remember that it gives but the early years of his official life; and the Clerk of the Acts was a different man from the Secretary of the Admiralty of after days. His comparative youth too accounts for the temper of levity with which he regarded the sins and scandal of the most vicious court that had ever existed in England. In the course of 1669, Pepys obtained leave of absence from his office for a few months, and accompanied by his wife he visited France and Holland. His time was, even while abroad, devoted to the service of the department to which he belonged, and he occupied himself in obtaining information with respect to the Dutch and French navies. Shortly after his return he lost his wife. Through Pepys's life he had some misgivings of his wife's religion. Having been educated for some years of her early life in a French convent he thought she might have retained some of the feelings towards Romanism that it had been the object of her instructors to inculcate, but shortly before her death she received the sacrament with her husband from the rector of the parish, and thus this doubt was dispelled.

In a few years afterwards the question was Pepys's own religion. Pepys had been a roundhead when a boy, and he tells us of serious fear that he at one time entertained after the Restoration, lest a schoolfellow should remember that on the day the king was beheaded he said, "Were I to preach on this occasion my text should be 'the memory of the wicked shall rot.'" The fact that Pepys had been a roundhead, or called so when at school, was entirely forgotten, but in general malice dealt not with facts or half facts, but with absolute falsehoods, admitting of no explanation, nor of any other contradiction than such as arises from being able to prove the witnesses of the invented calumny unworthy of any credit. Pepys was returned as member to the House of Commons, but his seat was disputed, and the House thought itself entitled to examine some statements that personally

affected Pepys. It was stated that he had an altar and a crucifix in his house. It was with difficulty extorted that the information on which the House was disposed to act had been given by Lord Shaftesbury. Sir J. Banks was also said to have seen the altar. Shaftesbury evaded and equivocated, denied the altar, but said he saw something like a crucifix, whether painted or carved he could not say, "his memory was so imperfect that were he on his oath he could give no testimony." Banks denied the thing altogether. One solitary word of truth there does not appear to have been in the accusation. The opposition to Pepys was allowed to drop, and he was allowed peaceably to retain his seat. Pepys's journal bears incontrovertible testimony to his attachment to the Church of England:—

"In some of the earliest pages of his Diary how interesting are the accounts of his attendance on the worship of that Church, when her rites were administered to a scattered flock by a few faithful and courageous men, who met for that purpose in secret and in danger, like the Fathers of the primitive Church under the tyranny of their heathen persecutors! After the Restoration, the confidential servant of the Duke of York, and the Secretary of the Admiralty to Charles II. and James II., saw, undoubtedly, how much his temporal interests would be promoted by his conversion to that faith which both those princes had embraced, and for the propagation of which the last of them, his immediate patron, manifested such a bigoted and fanatical enthusiasm. But there is no reason for believing that any such temptation ever entered into his mind; or, if it did, the reader will see, in the close of this memoir, the most satisfactory proofs that it was steadily and successfully resisted."—*Lord Braybrooke. Life of Pepys.*

In 1673, the Duke of York having resigned all his employments, Pepys was called into the king's immediate service as secretary for the affairs of the navy. In 1679, Pepys was again accused. It was the day of pretended plots and conspiracies. Pepys was accused of treasonable correspondence with France, and was committed to the Tower. One of his servants gave testimony that his master was a Roman Catholic, and that a foreign music master who lived in Pepys's house was a priest in disguise. The servant afterwards retracted all he said, and if other evidence of Pepys's innocence be required it is enough to say that Evelyn states his belief that the accusation was altogether groundless.

Another change in the constitution of the Admiralty separated Pepys from it, but during this interval he attended Charles at Newmarket, and it was then and there that he took down in shorthand from Charles's own lips the romantic narrative of his escape after the battle of Worcester.

In the next year the king assumed the office of Lord High Admiral, and Pepys was constituted secretary for the affairs of the Admiralty, which office he filled during the remainder of Charles's reign, and the whole of James II. When news came of the landing of William, James was sitting to Kneller for his picture; with entire composure he desired the painter "to proceed and finish the portrait, that his good friend might not be disappointed:"—

"The history of the period from Mr. Pepys's committal to the Tower to the abdication of James II., so far as the administration of the navy is concerned, and the part borne by him therein, will be found fully and elegantly detailed in his Memoirs, published in 1690, which the reader may consult for his more ample satisfaction. From the perusal of this interesting little tract, as well as many parts of the work now published, it may be seen how erroneously the merit of restoring the navy to its pristine splendour has been assigned to James II. by his different biographers. Mr. Stanier Clarke, in particular, actually dwells upon the essential and lasting benefit which that monarch conferred on his country, by *building up and regenerating the naval power*; and asserts, as *a proof of the king's great ability*, that *the regulations still enforced under the orders of the Admiralty, are nearly the same as those originally drawn up by him.* It becomes due, therefore, to Mr. Pepys to explain, that for these improvements, the value of which no person can doubt, we are indebted to him, and not to his royal master. To establish this fact, it is only necessary to refer to the MSS. connected with the subject, in the Bodleian and Pepysian Libraries, by which the extent of Mr. Pepys's official labours can alone be appreciated; and we even find in the Diary, as early as 1668, that a long letter of regulation, produced before the Commissioners of the Navy

by the Duke of York, *as his own composition*, was entirely written by the Clerk of the Acts."—*Lord Braybrooke.—Life.*

Pepys's attachment to James was too great to have it natural that he should continue to be employed after the Revolution, and he passed into private life. Still till the time of his death he was consulted about all things that in any way related to the navy. In 1684, he was raised to the high station of President of the Royal Society. In 1703 he died. "I never," said the clergyman who attended him in his death illness—"I never attended any sick or dying person that died with so much Christian greatness of mind, or a more lively sense of immortality, or so much fortitude or patience, in so long and sharp a trial, or greater resignation to the will which he acknowledged to be the wisdom of God."

The "DIARY" is the record of ten years—from January, 1659-60, to May, 1670. In the earlier editions of the work Lord Braybrooke had considerably abridged the narrative; and even in the last edition there are omissions. The manners of our age will not permit much that, in days infinitely less licentious than those of the second Charles, was inoffensively and innocently spoken and written, and we doubt, accordingly, the fitness of any omissions whatever. Allowance is made for the difference of manners which neutralises whatever is mischievous: and a distrust of every part of the work is introduced, when an editor once begins to exercise his own discretion in determining how much or how little of the work he edits is to appear before the public. In the new edition of Pepys, the additions are very considerable—scarce a page where they do not occur; and, as in the original selections, all that bore on the general history of the country was studiously preserved, it now happens, that the matter, for the first time printed, and which was then omitted, is that which relates to Pepys himself, or to some passing incident of no seeming importance. To us these trifling traits of character—these transient indications of manners, are of more value than the more formal passages, if, indeed, anything in this most amusing and most unreserved journal can be called formal. There is not a single page of the new edition which it is not necessary to read, as the additions are often of but a few lines, and are not in any way distinguished by any difference of type. The new edition is, in truth, an absolutely new work. Lord Braybrooke's notes to it are also considerably more illustrative of the text than those in the former editions. Five-and-twenty years have not passed without having considerably increased his means of information on the subjects with which his notes are occupied.

The "Diary" commences at a time when it was manifest that the son of Cromwell had not the genius or the disposition to retain the sovereignty of England. Everything tended to a restoration. We may as well transcribe Pepys's two first entries, as they have the advantage both of exhibiting the posture of public affairs, and of shewing his own character:—

"1659-60.—Blessed be God, at the end of the last year I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain, but upon taking cold. I lived in Axe-yard, having my wife, and servant Jane, and no other in family than us three.

The condition of the state was thus, viz., the Rump, after being disturbed by my Lord Lambert, was lately returned to sit again. The officers of the army all forced to yield. Lawson lies still in the river, and Monk is with his army in Scotland. Only my Lord Lambert is not yet come into the parliament, nor is it expected that he will without being forced to it. The new common council of the city do speak very high; and had sent to Monk their sword-bearer, to acquaint him with their desires for a free and full parliament, which is at present the desires, and the hopes, and the expectations of all. Twenty-two of the old secluded members having been at the House-door the last week to demand entrance, but it was denied them; and it is believed, that neither they nor the people will be satisfied till the House be filled. My own private condition very handsome, and esteemed rich, but, indeed, very poor; besides my goods of my house, and my office, which at present is somewhat certain. Mr. Downing master of my office.

"Jan. 1st (Lord's day).—This morning (we living lately in the garret), I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them. Went to Mr. Gunning's chapel at Exeter House, where he made a very good sermon upon these words—

'That in the fulness of time God sent his Son, made of a woman,' &c.; showing that, by 'made under the law,' is meant the circumcision, which is solemnised this day. Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand. I staid at home the whole afternoon looking over my accounts."

The Downing here mentioned is described by Wood as "a sider with all times and changes, skilled in the common cant, and a preacher occasionally." He was employed by Cromwell, and after the Restoration he became secretary to the Treasury. Pepys's employment under him was in some way connected with the Exchequer. The Mr. Gunning whom he mentions, became afterwards Bishop of Ely. He had continued to read the Liturgy at Exeter House, when the parliament was most predominant, for which Wood often rebuked him. Downing's changes of politics in these strange times, when no man could see his way, are not to be too harshly judged of. The fact itself was, probably, nothing more than that he served under the parliament, and afterwards under Charles. The temper in which it is recorded is, that of some writer of the day relating the fact in a tone that exhibits his own feelings, and not those of the person he describes. We mention this, because too much stress has been laid on Pepys's school-boy Roundheadism, and his being indebted to Downing for the humble office which he held, has been made the subject of absurd accusation against him. In spite of his schoolboy republicanism, which was but a transient fever of the mind, Pepys was, long before the Restoration, in spirit and in heart, a loyalist. In religion, he was at all times an episcopalian; and the thought of Royalty and the Church were at that time fixedly associated in men's minds. There is a striking entry, dated the 30th of January, 1659 (1660, as we would write), for the first time printed, in Lord Braybrooke's last edition of the "Diary," which shows the true tone of Pepys's feelings:—"This morning, before I was up, I fell a singing of my song 'Great, good, and just,' &c, and put myself thereby in mind that this was the fatal day, now ten years since, his Majesty died. There seems now to be a general cease of talk, it being taken for granted that Monk do resolve to stand to the parliament, and nothing else." The expectation, then, of the Restoration was dying away at the time when Pepys's thoughts were thus occupied. What Pepys calls his song, was the beginning of Montrose's verses on the execution of Charles, which he had set to music:—

"Great, good, and just, could I but rate
My grief, and thy too rigid fate;
I'd weep the world to such a strain,
That it should deluge once again.
But, since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies,
More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds."

The fluctuations of opinion everywhere, and the watchful anxiety with which Monk's movements were regarded by all, during a period in which the fate of the nation seemed to depend on the part he might take, are nowhere so strikingly described as in this journal. His whole conduct, interpreted by the fact of his ultimately declaring for the Restoration, is, in the popular histories of England, described as if it were consistent, and as if the purpose which he accomplished was a part of his original design, and not like most of the acts of men, in whatever position, a compromise with circumstances which they but partially influence. We learn more of human nature, and more of actual fact, in these successive notices, drawn up without the key which after-events give. The joy of the city, when Monk declared for a free parliament, and when the Rump was dethroned, is well told:—

"*11th February*, 1659-60. — We were told that the parliament had sent Scott and Robinson to Monk this afternoon, but he would not hear them. And that the mayor and aldermen had offered their own houses for himself and his officers; and that his soldiers would lack for nothing. And indeed I saw many people give the soldiers drink and money, and all along the streets cried, 'God bless them!' and extraordinary good words. Hence we went to a merchant's house hard by, where I saw Sir Nich. Crisp, and so we went to the Star Tavern (Monk being then at Benson's). In Cheapside there was a great many bonfires, and Bow bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a-ringing. Hence we went home-

wards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was everywhere to be seen! The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge I could at one time tell thirty-one fires. In King-street seven or eight; and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps. There being rumps tied upon sticks, and carried up and down. The butchers at the May Pole in the Strand rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep on the further side."

Still all was doubtful. Something like monarchy is becoming the popular thought. Pepys's entry of the first of March following tells us—"Great is the talk of a single person, and that it would be Charles, George, or Richard* again. Great, also, is the dispute now in the House in whose name the new writs shall run for the next parliament; and it is said that Mr. Prin, in open house, said, 'In King Charles's.'" The entry of March the 6th contains the following:—"My Lord [Sir E. Montagu] told me that there was great endeavours to bring in the Protector again; but he told me, too, that he did not think it would last long if he were brought in; no, nor the King neither (though he seems to think that he will come in), unless he carry himself very soberly and well. Everybody now drinks the King's health without any fear; whereas it was before very private that a man dare do it."

Pepys's solution of Lambert's not being unwilling to go to the Tower is not bad:—"My Lord did seem to wonder much why Lambert was so willing to be put into the Tower, and thinks he has some design in it; but I think that he is so poor that he cannot use his liberty for debts, if he were at liberty; and so it is as good and better for him to be there than anywhere else."

In Dr. Beattie's "Life of Campbell the Poet" we remember something like this. An Irish patriot of 1798 finds himself comfortably boarded and lodged as a state prisoner. He is detained so long that a kind of intimacy grows up between him and his gaoler. The governor of the prison has a daughter, who listens indulgently to his stories of forfeited estates and chateaux in Ireland, inherited from his ancestors in the days of Milesius. The state prisoner gradually becomes a great man; and as he is pretty sure to return each evening about dinner-time, is allowed to ramble where he pleases during the day. At last a real grievance comes—the order for his liberation—and O'Donovan is obliged to curtail his name of some dozen of Celtic letters, which he had each day amused himself in explaining to the governor's daughter; has to forget all about Milesius, and Finn M'Comhal, and the glories and victories of his ancestors, Christian and Pagan, and earn his bread, or cease to eat it, as if he were no better than a mere Saxon.

Pepys was not entrusted with the secret of Sir Edward Montagu, who had been in correspondence with the King and the Duke of York for some time; nor were the movements of Monk and Montagu in concert, though all were plainly tending to the Restoration. When Montagu determined on taking Pepys on board with him in the vessel that was to bring back the King, the object of the voyage was not communicated to Pepys, nor perhaps was it quite distinctly before Montagu's own mind—it depended on so many calculations, and on so many contingencies that were beyond the reach of calculation. Pepys made his will, and left to his wife all he had in the world, except his books. In spite of his joyous anticipations connected with the purpose of the voyage, which he more than suspected, he had misgivings; and he seems to have busied himself in reading signs in the heavens, and guessing what Destiny was about, by watching the shiftings of the clouds, and the changes of the wind. "I took," says he, "a short, melancholy leave of my father and mother, without having them to drink, or say anything of business one to another. At Westminister, by reason of rain and an easterly wind, the water was so

* Charles Rex, George Monk, Richard Cromwell.

high that there was boats rowed in King-street, and all our yards were drowned that no one could go to my house, so as no man has seen the like almost, and most houses full of water."

Montagu also made his will, for we have an entry:—"Carried my Lord's will in a black box to Mr. W. Montagu, for him to keep for him." Still, in spite of a few misgivings, the omens were favourable, and Pepys soon gets into exulting spirits. Pepys's had been a prosperous life hitherto, and there was now the dawn of higher prosperity. Competence, at least, was within his reach—probably wealth, and perhaps rank. The manners of the time were such as to us would appear strange—nay shabby. Presents—bribes, in truth—were universal; and it seems astonishing how a system of corruption, extending itself to everything, and overspreading private and public life, did not leave society less sound at the core than it appears to have been. When Downing, Pepys's first master, went on an excursion to Holland, he took a civil leave of the poor clerk, who was trembling lest his master was about dismissing him. "I was afraid," says Pepys, "that he would have told me something of removing me from my office; but he did not; but that he would do me any service that lay in his power. So I went down, and sent a porter to my house for my best fur cap; but he coming too late with it, I did not present it to him; and so I returned and went to Heaven,* where I dined."

Pepys was now in the position to feel how much more blessed it is to receive than to give. He is appointed secretary to the two generals of the fleet, and we find him writing, in his secret cypher—"Strange how these people do promise me anything; one a rapier, the other a vessel of wine or a gun; and one offered me a silver hatband to do him a courtesy. I pray God to keep me from being proud, or too much lifted up hereby." We have an entry of the 30th—"I was saluted in the morning with two letters from some one I had done a favour to, which brought me in each a piece of gold." Neither of the passages which we have last quoted are in the earlier editions of the "Diary;" and this may suggest to our readers how imperfect any acquaintance with the book derived from the former editions can be. An entry of April the 1st follows, the following sentence of which was first printed in 1848:—"April 1 (Lord's Day).—This morning I gave Mr. Hill, that was on board with the vice-admiral, a bottle of wine, and was exceedingly satisfied with the power I have to make my friends welcome." Some parts of the entry, that may be of use with reference to general history, follow; but their value for this, or for any purpose, is diminished, by omitting anything illustrative of the character of the writer. The entire unreserve with which everything that passes through his mind is jotted down, is no inconsiderable part of the evidence that makes us rely entirely on his fidelity. Montagu soon ceased to have any secrets from Pepys; but the necessity of caution and secrecy still existed. When at sea, they learn that "All the news from London is, that things go on further towards a king; that the Skinners' Company, the other day, at their entertaining of General Monk, had took down the Parliament Arms in their Hall, and set up the King's. My Lord and I had a great deal of discourse about the several captains of the fleet, and his interest among them, and had his mind clear to bring in the King. He confessed to me that he was not sure of his own captain to be true to him, and that he did not like Captain Stokes." We soon, however, have the fleet with the King. Pepys drew up the vote, and we have the letter which accompanied the official copies of it signed with his name:—"Sir—He that can fancy a fleet (like ours) in her pride, with pendants loose, guns roaring, caps flying, and the loud *Vive le Roys* echoed from one ship's company to another, he and he only can apprehend the joy this enclosed vote was received with, or the blessing he thought himself possessed of that bore it, and is your humble servant—S. PEPYS."

The pecuniary distress of the royal family at the moment of the Restoration is mentioned:—

* "False Heaven, at the end of the Hall."—*Hudibras.* A place of entertainment in Old Palace-yard.

"*May* 16, 1660. This afternoon Mr. E. Pickering told me in what a sad, poor condition for clothes and money the King was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord, their clothes not being worth forty shillings the best of them. And how overjoyed the King was when Sir J. Greenville brought him some money; so joyful that he called the Princess Royal and Duke of York to look upon it as it lay in the portmarteau before it was taken out. My Lord told me, too, that the Duke of York is made High Admiral of England."

On the 17th Pepys was presented to the King, the Duke of York, and the Princess Royal.

"*May* 23, 1660. We weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather, we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been) very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the table there was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands on the back of a chair at the fire side, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying, that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get into France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy (which was all the ship's company), and so get to Fecamp, in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms before he went away, to see whether he had not stole something or other."

Pepys is, however, occupied in one way or other for a month more, so as to have no opportunity of rejoining his family; and it is not until the 22nd of the following month that we have the entry—"To bed the first time since my coming from sea in my own house, for which God be praised." On the 8th of July we have the entry—"To Whitehall Chapel, where I got in with ease, by going before the Lord Chancellor with Mr. Kipps. Here I heard very good musique, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organs, and singing men in surplices, in my life. The Bishop of Chichester [King] preached before the King, and made a great flattering sermon, which I did not like, that the clergy should meddle with matters of state."

The 10th is an important day with Pepys. It was the day on which his patron obtained the title of Earl of Sandwich. It was more important on other accounts. "This day I put on my new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life." It had further interest. Pepys had an eye for pretty women, and that day he took his wife to "a great wedding of Nan Hartlib's to Mynheer Roder, which was kept at Goring House, with very great state, cost, and able company. But among all the beauties there my wife was thought the greatest." "Home, with my mind pretty quiet; not returning, as I said I would, to see the bride put to bed."

On the 13th Pepys rises early, for he has business to do—he had been promised the patent place of Clerk of the Acts, and he had to pass his patent. This was difficult, for fees were to be paid to everyone who had anything to do in preparing it; and it would seem that even a copying clerk who had not been the person himself to copy it, was near interrupting all by insisting that it was not fairly written. However Pepys gave him "two pieces, after which it was strange how civil and tractable he was to me." Pepys's fear was lest some sudden change should displace his patron from power, before the patent was passed. The business of the day, however, succeeded to his heart's content, and on that

day he was a happy man. "It was," this faithful record states, "the first day I put on my black camlett cloak with silver buttons." The same entry concludes with a notice which shews to what the court was coming, and that another reign than that of the puritans was what the English people had to prepare themselves for:—"Late writing letters, and great doings of musique at the next house, which was Whally's; the King and the Duke there with Madame Palmer, a pretty woman that they had a fancy too, to make her husband a cuckold. Here at the old door, that did go into his lodgings, my Lord, I, and W. Howe did stand, listening a great while to the musique." The whispering about Madame Palmer goes on, and there is more in the matter than Pepys has heard; the King, however, and not the Duke, seems the favoured lover. "There are factions," we are told, "private ones at court, about Mrs. Palmer, but what it is about I know not. But it is about the King's favour to her now that the Queen is coming." Our next meeting with Mrs. Palmer is as Lady Castlemaine. We are told of a patent for "Roger Palmer (Madame Palmer's husband) to be Earl of Castlemaine and Baron of Limbricke in Ireland; but the honour is tied up to the males of the body of this wife, the reason whereof everybody knows." Soon after we have an account that Lady Castlemaine, "being quite fallen out with her husband, did yesterday go away from him with all her plate, jewels, and other best things, and is gone to Richmond to a brother of her's; which I am apt to think was a design to get her out of town, that the King might come at her the better." This entry was in July. In the following January we have recorded a visit to Whitehall, "where I spent a little time walking among the courtiers, which I perceive I shall be able to do with great confidence, being now beginning to be pretty well known among them. Among other discourse am told how the King sups at least four times every week with my Lady Castlemaine, and most often stays till the morning with her, and goes home through the garden all alone, privately; and that so as the very sentries take notice of it and speak of it." In February he is told "that my Lady Castlemaine hath all the King's Christmas presents made him by the peers given to her, which is a most abominable thing; and that at the great ball she was much richer in jewels than the Queen and Duchess both put together." In a miscellaneous entry of the 25th of April, the greater part of which was suppressed in the earlier editions we find a good deal worth preserving:—

"April 25th, 1663.—In the evening, merrily practising the dance which my wife hath begun to learn this day of Mr. Pembleton, but I fear will hardly do any great good at it, because she is conceited that she do well already, though I think no such thing. At Westminster Hall this day I bought a book, lately printed, and licensed by Dr. Stradling, the Bishop of London's chaplain, being a book discovering the practices and designs of the Papists—a very good book; but forasmuch as it touches one of the Queen Mother's father confessors, the bishop, which troubles many good men and members of parliament, hath called it in, which I am sorry for it. Another book I bought, being a collection of many expressions of the great Presbyterian preachers upon public occasions, in the late times, against the King and his party, as some of Mr. Marshall, Case, Calamy, Baxter, &c., which is good reading now, to see what they then did teach, and the people believe, and what they would seem to believe now. I did fear that the Queen is much grieved of late at the King's neglecting her, he not having supped once with her this quarter of a year, and almost every night with my Lady Castlemaine, who hath been with him this Saint George's feast at Windsor, and came home with him last night: and, which is more, they say, is removed, as to her bed, from her own house, to a chamber in White Hall, next to the King's own, which I am sorry to hear, though I love her much."—Vol. II., New Edition, p. 134.

The course of the King's love is not, however, without eddies:—

"3rd of June.—In the Hall to-day Dr. Pierce tells me that the Queen began to be brisk, and play like other ladies, and is quite another woman from what she was. It may be, at any rate, the King like her the better, and forsake his two mistresses—my Lady Castlemaine and Stewart.

"October 14th.—My Lady Castlemaine, then, is in as great favour as ever, and the King supped with her the

very first night he came from Bath, and last night, and the night before, supped with her, when there being a chine of beef to roast, and the tide rising into their kitchen, that it could not be roasted there, and the cook telling her of it, she answered, 'Zounds! she must set the house on fire, but it should be roasted;'* so it was carried to Mrs. Sarah's husband, and there it was roasted."

The Queen is dangerously ill; but the attentions to Lady Castlemaine are not discontinued:—

"*Oct.* 20, 1663. This evening, at my Lord's lodgings, Mrs. Sarah talking with my wife and I how the Queene do, and how the King tends her, being so ill. She tells us that the Queene's sickness is the spotted fever; that she was as full of the spots as a leopard, which is very strange that it should be no more known, but, perhaps, it is not so. And that the King do seem to take it much at heart, for that he hath wept before her; but, for all that, that he hath not missed one night since she was sick, of supping with my Lady Castlemaine, which I believe is true; for she says that her husband hath dressed the suppers every night; and I confess I saw him myself, coming through the street, dressing up a great supper to-night, which Sarah says is also for the King and her, which is a very strange thing."

Public calamities do not interfere with this infatuation:—

"This day come news from Harwich, that the Dutch fleet are all in sight, near 100 sail, great and small, they think coming towards them, where they think they shall be able to oppose them; but do cry out of the falling back of the seamen, few standing by them, and those with much faintness. The like they wrote from Portsmouth, and their letters this post are worth reading. Sir W. Cholmly came to me this day, and tells me the court is as bad as ever; that the night the Dutch burned our ships the King did sup with my Lady Castlemaine, at the Duchess of Monmouth's, and these were all mad in hunting of a poor moth. All the court afraid of a parliament; but he thinks nothing can save us but the King's giving up all to a parliament."

In reviewing a book of this kind, it is impossible to adopt any very systematic arrangement:—

"21st (Lord's day).—To the Parke. The Queene coming by in her coach, going to her chapel at St. James's (the first time it hath been ready for her), I crowded after her, and I got up to the room where her closet is, and there stood, and saw the fine altar, ornaments, and the fryers in their habits, and the priests come in with their fine crosses, and many other fine things. I heard their musique too, which may be good, but it did not appear so to me; neither as to their manner of singing, nor was it good concord to my ears, whatever the matter was. The Queene very devout; but what pleased me best was, to see my dear Lady Castlemaine, who, though a Protestant, did wait upon the Queene to chapel. By and bye, after mass was done, a fryer, with his cowl, did rise up, and preach a sermon in Portuguese, which I not understanding, did go away, and to the King's Chapel, but that was done; and so up to the Queene's presence-chamber, where she and the King was expected to dine; but she staying at St. James's, they were forced to remove the things to the King's presence, and there he dined alone; and I with Mr. Fox very finely; but I see I must not make too much of that liberty, for my honor sake only, not but that I am very well received."

There was a report of Lady Castlemaine's becoming Roman Catholic. "I heard," says Pepys, "for certain, that Lady Castlemaine is turned Papist, which the Queene for all do not much like, thinking that she do it not for conscience sake." The date of this entry is 22nd December, 1663. There is a letter from Monsieur de Lionne to Louis XIV. of this date, which says, "Le Roy d'Angleterre estant tant priè par les parents de la dame d'aporter quelque obstacle a cette action, repondit galamment, que pour l'ame des dames il ne s'en meloit point."†

We have a scene in which Pepys exhibits his own character in his descriptions, not alone of the beauty, but of the dress of the ladies:—

"By and by, the King and Queene,

* Lord Sandwich's housekeeper.

† Lord Braybrooke—note in the new edition. Lord Braybrooke gives, in an appendix, extracts from this correspondence; but the letter to which he refers is not given

the Queen, in a white laced waistcoat, and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *a la negligence*, mighty pretty, and the King rode hand-in-hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine, rode amongst the rest of the ladies, but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she did light, did anybody press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it), to take her down, but she was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat, which all took notice of; and yet she is very handsome, but very melancholy. Nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queene's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing, which it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauties and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked, and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life, and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress; nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine."

There are amusing stories of the jealousies between these ladies—more amusing of their loves. One is "how Lady Castlemaine, a few days since, had Mrs. Stewart to an entertainment, and at night began a frolique that they two must be married, and married they were, with ring and all other ceremonies of church service and ribbands, and a sack-posset in bed, and flinging the stocking; but in the close it is said that my Lady Castlemaine, who was the bridegroom, rose, and the king came and took her place." A few days after Pepys had first heard this story, it was told him again by a person likely to be acquainted with the fact, and we have the following record:—"Pickering tells me that the story of my Lady Castlemaine's and Stuart's marriage is certain, and that it was in order to the King's coming to Stuart, as is believed generally." The etiquette of the French, and it would seem of the English court, was that the King's mistress should be a married woman, and hence the parody of the marriage ceremony. The Duke of York was also for a while a captive to the fair Stuart's charms; yet, in spite of Pepys's stories, she seems to have escaped the snares and scandal of this abandoned court with but slight damage to her reputation. When the Queen was dangerously ill, and her death appeared certain, the prevalent belief was that Charles intended to marry her, and there was afterwards a report that he still had the same intention, and was about to obtain a divorce from the Queen. This fear, it was said, led the Chancellor, Lord Clarendon, to make up a match between her and the Duke of Richmond. "I hear," says Pepys, "how the King is not so well pleased of this marriage between the Duke and Mrs. Stuart as is talked; and that the Duke by a wile did fetch her to the Beare, at the Bridgefoot, where a coach was ready, and they are stole away into Kent without the King's leave, and that the King saith he will never see her more; but people do think that it is only a trick." Again, "Pierce told us the story how in good earnest the King is offended with the Duke's marrying, and Mrs. Stuart sending the King his jewels again. As he tells it, it is the noblest romance and example of a brave lady that ever I read of in my life." An after entry tells us of the formidable enemy of beauty whose sting has been disarmed by modern science:—

"March 26, 1668.—This noon sent to Somerset-House to hear how the Duchess of Richmond do; and word was brought that she is pretty well, but mighty full of the small-pox, by which all do conclude that she will be wholly spoiled, which is the greatest instance of the uncertainty of beauty that could be in this age; but then she hath the benefit of it, to be first married, and to have kept it so long, under the greatest temptations in the world from a king, and yet without the least imputation."

It would seem, then, either that the former statements of Pepys had less of truth in them than he thought at the time, or that strange misconstructions were given to what was but girlish gaiety and lightheartedness. Through Pepys's work we have several notices of the pictures of Mrs. Stewart. Of one by Cooper he tells us—"There I did see Mrs. Stewart's picture, as when a young maid, and now just done before

her having the small-pox; and it would make a man weep to see what she was then, and what she is like to be by people's discourse now." The lady, however, was still lucky—she escaped without the injury that was apprehended, and re-appeared at court in more than her former beauty.

In the "Diary" we have minute accounts of the Plague, and its gradual progress. It comes in strangely—like the measured tones of a death-bell—among statements of every kind of frivolity and dissipation. We have the first notices of alarm when it is known in London that it is in Amsterdam—the quarantine regulations—the gradual increase of the bills of mortality—the flight of every body that could leave London. In one place we have him conversing on some ordinary matter of business when they come close by the bearers with a body dead of the plague, and then follows the entry, "Lord! to see what custom is, that I am come to think nothing of it." Pepys himself removed his family to Woolwich, and we have a letter from him to Lady Carteret, dated from that place:—

"The absence of the court and emptiness of the city takes away all occasion of news, save only such melancholy stories as would rather sadden than find your Ladyship any divertisement in the hearing; I having stayed in the city till above 7,400 died in one week, and of them above 6,000 of the plague, and little noise heard day nor night but tolling of bells; till I could walk Lumber-street, and not meet twenty persons from one end to the other, and not 50 upon the Exchange; till whole families (10 and 12 together) have been swept away; till my very physician (Dr. Burnet), who undertook to secure me against any infection (having survived the month of his own being shut up), died himself of the plague; till the nights (though much lengthened) are grown too short to conceal the burials of those that died the day before, people being thereby constrained to borrow daylight for that service; lastly, till I could find neither meat nor drink safe, the butcheries being everywhere visited, my brewer's house shut up, and my baker with his whole family dead of the plague."

The death-bells did not interfere with the marriage festivals; there was marrying and giving in marriage in these as in all times, and there were all the incidents of courtship as in the days that were, and the days that will be; but the days that have passed have left no other chronicler half so observant and so amusing as Pepys. In the first volume of "The Diary," Oct. 20, 1660, we are introduced to Lady Jemima Montagu, the daughter of Pepys's patron. "I dined with my lord and lady; he was very merry, and did talk very high how he would have a French cook, and a master of his horse, and his lady and child to wear black patches; which methought was strange; but he is become a perfect courtier: and among other things, my lady saying she could get a good merchant for her daughter Jem. He answered that he would rather see her with a pedlar's pack at her back, so she married a gentleman, than she should marry a citizen."

In July, 1665, we have the young lady's actual wedding. "Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing." The first mention of it is on the last day of the previous June. We find Pepys talking of removing his wife to Woolwich, on account of the plague:—"She is lately learning to paint with great pleasure and success. All other things well, especially a new interest I am making by a match in hand between the eldest son of Sir G. Carteret and Lady Jemima Montagu." Pepys seems to have been the great negotiator in this arrangement. He goes to Sir G. Carteret's—"Received by my Lady Carteret and her children with most extraordinary kindness, and dined most nobly. I took occasion to have much discourse with Mr. Philip Carteret (the intended bridegroom), and find him a very modest man; and I think, verily, of mighty good nature and pretty understanding." "It is mighty pretty to think how my poor Lady Sandwich between her and me is doubtful whether her daughter will like the match or no, and how troubled she is for fear of it, which I do not fear at all, and desire her not to do it; but her fear is the most discreet and pretty that ever I did see." A few days afterwards we have Lady Sandwich buying things for my Lady Jemima's wedding. This, it would appear, was before the young people had actually even seen each other; but not before the Carterets had paid

all manner of attentions to the young lady. "Lord! to see how kind my Lady Cartaret is to her. Sends her most rich jewels, and provides bedding and things of all sorts most richly for her, which makes my lady [Lady Sandwich] and me out of our wits almost, to see the kindness she treats us all with, as if they would buy the young lady." Such is the happy Pepys's exclamation—the same Pepys who, in speaking of another marriage a few days before, describes "the father-in-law and husband contracting for the bride, though a pretty woman, as if they had been buying a horse." The account of the courtship is so peculiar and so amusing, that we must give the entries as we find them:—

"July 14th, 1665.—I by water to Sir G. Carteret's, and there find my Lady Sandwich buying things for my Lady Jem's wedding; and my Lady Jem is beyond expectation come to Dagenhams, where Mr. Carteret is to go to visit her to-morrow; and my proposal of waiting on him, he being to go alone to all persons strangers to him, was well accepted, and so I go with him. But, Lord! to see how kind my Lady Carteret is to her! Sends her most rich jewels, and provides bedding and things of all sorts most richly for her.

"15. Mr. Carteret and I to the ferry-place at Greenwich, and there staid an hour crossing the water to and again to get our coach and horses over; and by and by set out, and so toward Dagenhams. But, Lord! what silly discourse we had as to love-matters, he being the most awkerd man ever I met with in my life as to that business. Thither we come, and by that time it begun to be dark, and were kindly received by Lady Wright and my Lord Crewe. And to discourse they went, my Lord discoursing with him, asking of him questions of travell, which he answered well enough in a few words; but nothing to the lady from him at all. To supper, and after supper to talk again, he yet taking no notice of the lady. My Lord would have had me have consented to leaving the young people together to-night, to begin their amours, his staying being but to be little. But I advised against it, lest the lady might be too much surprised. So they led him up to his chamber, where I staid a little, to know how he liked the lady, which he told he did mightily; but, Lord! in the dullest insipid manner that ever lover did. So I bid him good night, and down to prayers with my Lord Crewe's family. . . . . . .

"16th (Lord's Day). Having trimmed myself, down to Mr. Carteret; and we walked in the gallery an hour or two, it being a most noble and pretty house that ever, for the bigness, I saw. Here I taught him what to do: to take the lady always by the hand to lead her, and telling him that I would find opportunity to leave them together, he should make these and these compliments, and also take a time to do the like to Lord Crewe and Lady Wright. After I had instructed him, which he thanked me for, owning that he needed my teaching him, my Lord Crewe come down and family, the young lady among the rest; and so by coaches to church four miles off: where a pretty good sermon, and a declaration of penitence of a man that had undergone the church's censure for his wicked life. Thence back again by coach, Mr Carteret having not had the confidence to take his lady once by the hand, coming or going, which I told him of when we come home, and he will hereafter do it. So to dinner. My Lord excellent discourse. Then to walk in the gallery, and to sit down. By and by my Lady Wright and I go out (and then my Lord Crewe, he not by design), and lastly my Lady Crewe come out, and left the young people together. And a little pretty daughter of my Lady Wright's most innocently come out afterwards, and shut the door to, as if she had done it, poor child, by inspiration: which made us without have good sport to laugh at.

. . . . .

"17th. Up all of us, and to billiards; my Lady Wright, Mr. Carteret, myself, and everybody. By and by the young couple left together. Anon to dinner; and after dinner Mr. Carteret took my advice about giving to the servants £10 among them. Before we went, I took my Lady Jem. apart, and would know how she liked this gentleman, and whether she was under any difficulty concerning him. She blushed, and hid her face awhile, but at last I forced her to tell me. She answered that she could readily obey what her father and mother had done; which was all she could say, or I expect.

"But, Lord! to see how all these great people here are afraid of London, being doubtful of everything that comes from thence, or that have lately been there, so I was forced to say that I lived wholly at Woolwich. So anon took leave, and for London."

"Lady Jemima hath carried herself with mighty discretion and gravity, not being forward at all in any degree, but mighty serious in her answers.

The young man could not be got to say one word before me or Lady Sandwich of his adventures; but, by what he afterwards relates to his father and mother and sisters, he gives an account that pleases them mightily. All their care now is to have the business ended, and they have reason, because the sickness puts all out of order, and they cannot safely stay where they are."

The day of the very marriage comes—the 31st of July. Pepys is "up and very betimes at Deptford, and there finds Sir G. Carteret and my lady ready to go." Pepys is in his glory, "Being," he says, "in my new coloured silk vest and coat, trimmed with gold buttons, and gold broad lace round my hands, very rich and fine."

There is unluckily, however, some blundering about the ferry and the coach that is to meet them—wind and tide will not wait, or vary their courses to gratify impatient people, and the canonical hours will be soon over. What is Pepys to do? There is great danger that the young people will be married before he can come, and that they will not see his new coat—he, too, will not see their dresses. Pepys's party have the licence and the wedding-ring—it is sent on—they at last have crossed the ferry, and drive hard with six horses; they are, however, only in time to meet the bridal party returning from church, "which troubled us, but however that trouble was soon over, hearing it was well done, they both being in their old clothes, my Lord Crewe giving her, there being three coachfuls of them." "In their old clothes!" What an incident for the son of the old tailor to record? "In their old clothes!" We are tempted to lay down the record. The fact is Pepys himself was the only one of the company worth looking at. "The young lady mighty sad, which troubled me; but yet I think it was her gravity in a little greater degree than usual."

"All saluted her, but I did not till my Lady Sandwich did ask me whether I had saluted her or no. So to dinner, and very merry we were; but in such a sober way as never almost any thing was in so great families: but it was much better. After dinner company divided, some to cards, others to talk. My Lady Sandwich and I up to settle accounts, and pay her some money. And mighty kind she is to me, and would fain have had me gone down for company with her to Hinchinbroke; but for my life I cannot. At night to supper, and so to talk; and which, methought, was the most extraordinary thing, all of us to prayers as usual, and the young bride and bridegroom too: and so after prayers, soberly to bed; only I got into the bridegroom's chamber while he undressed himself, and there was very merry, till he was called to the bride's chamber, and into bed they went. I kissed the bride in bed, and so the curtaines drawne with the greatest gravity that could be, and so good night. But the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me indeed ten times more delightful than if it had been twenty times more merry and jovial. Thus I ended this month with the greatest joy that ever I did any in my life, because I have spent the greatest part of it with abundance of joy, and honour, and pleasant journeys, and brave entertainments, and without cost of money; and at last live to see the business ended with great content on all sides."

But we must lay down this pleasant book—the very pleasantest almost that we have ever taken up. To Pepys himself, to his wife, to his theatrical acquaintances, some of whom his wife did not altogether approve of, we must find or make other opportunities of introducing our readers. We must see him at his excellent dinners—we must assist at his philosophical soirées—we must go with him to his office, and witness him in spite of all his frivolities, the best man of business of his time. The period that followed the Commonwealth, and preceded the Revolution, is that of all English history which is best worth studying; and the "Diary" of the annalist whose work we have been examining, does more to explain the second fall of the Stuarts than all the state documents of the period put together. A dissolute and dishonest government England will not long endure.

would impart fresh vigour to the existence of the Ottoman Empire, and call forth its noblest energies; for these are not dead, but only dormant. Personal bravery will undoubtedly be displayed by every Englishman who may seek to obtain a commission in the new Turkish contingent; but more than mere animal courage is requisite in order to organize an army, and to elicit confidence and personal devotion from its ranks. The utility or uselessness of the new contingent will depend entirely upon the choice of its officers: with good and experienced commanders, it will render immense service, whilst under young and superficial officers its failure is no less certain.

'In the military clubs of London there exist tenfold more than the number of able and efficient soldiers requisite to complete the officers' corps of this Turkish force,—men who have gained a military experience in practical campaigning, and who, in the prime of manhood, only await an opportunity of gaining distinction. It is to be hoped that from these officers will be selected the future commanders of the new contingent; whose efficiency, I repeat, is dependent to so great an extent on the tact of its leaders.

'The remarks I have indulged in apply only to regular troops; for with respect to irregular corps, or bashi-bazooks, I am not so sanguine of any favourable result. The corps of bashi-bazooks in course of formation by General Beatson, will, I am confident, terminate in failure. I am, however, convinced that if properly officered and skilfully handled, the Ottoman regular army will still be enabled to render important service to this country; and that at the conclusion of a peace which will secure future independence to the Porte, the Turkish soldier will have retrieved his reputation, and have merited alike the esteem of his country and of Europe.'—Vol. ii. pp. 241—244.

The news reaching us as we go to press seems to warrant the hope that both Kars and Erzeroum may prove strong enough to keep the enemy in check until the season, or the arrival of Omar Pasha, shall give them relief. But if this great war is to last, Armenia will continue to be a field of its operations.

ART. III.—(1.) *The Faerie Queen; disposed into Twelve Books, fashioning XII moral Virtues.* By EDMUND SPENSER. Books I. II. III. 4to. 1590.

(2.) *Complaints; conteyning sundrie small Poems.* By EDMUND SPENSER. 1591.

(3.) *The Faerie Queen.* By EDMUND SPENSER. Books I. to VI. 2 vols. 4to. 1595.

HIGH as Spenser's name has been placed among the glorious poets of England, and loud as have been his praises, it is strange to find that he is even at present less known to the general reader than many a poet of far inferior claims. That during the last century, when all our finest poets were ignored, and the whole realm of faerie blotted out from 'polite literature,' it is not surprising that the great poet of the *Faerie Queen* should have been neglected; but now, when so many of our elder poets are sought out, and carefully edited, and lovingly criticized, strange is it that he, who in his own peculiar line stands alone—whose sweet versification and gorgeous imagery are almost unrivalled—should hitherto have received comparatively so little attention. We say comparatively, for as the name of Spenser stands in the foremost rank of our poets, so are his works from time to time duly published; and in the 'regulation' library his *Faerie Queen*, gilt and lettered—though but seldom his whole works—will be found; while every year our exhibitions are sure to display one or two Unas, with the well-known lion, or some nymph on the Idle Lake, or some Britomart shedding down her yellow hair, or some Florimel, wobegone in the witche's hut; but ask the first half-dozen people standing by, catalogue in hand, about these pictures, and they will just refer to the quotation as all they know about the subject, and we doubt whether the painters themselves know much more.

Now we would fain look forward, in this day of awakening admiration of our elder poets, to a far wider popularity for Edmund Spenser. Not such, indeed, as he enjoyed when the *Faerie Queen* of 'the newe poet' lay alike upon the reading-desk of Elizabeth and her nobles, and on the window-seat of the citizen's best room; but still a popularity that shall place him—and in all his entireness, too—on the bookshelf of every lover of our unrivalled poetry, and that shall make his many fine and chivalrous sentiments familiar to those who now know him only by the few well-worn specimens which have done duty through some thirty editions of *Elegant Extracts*.

It is unfortunate, we think, for Spenser's popular fame, that, unlike most of his brother poets, there has been no special incident in his life to link him together with his poetry in the popular

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